

83 12

SELECT DRAMATIC PIECES;

SOME OF WHICH HAVE BEEN ACTED ON

PROVINCIAL THEATRES,

OTHERS WRITTEN FOR

PRIVATE PERFORMANCE,

AND

COUNTRY AMUSEMENT:

VIZ.

THE BOARDING-
SCHOOL MISS
ONE AND ALL
THE DISGUISE

THE MUSICO
WHO'S AFRAID
AND
THE BULSE.

VIDEO MELIORA PROBOQUE. HOR.

By Richard & Paul Jodrell.

L O N D O N:

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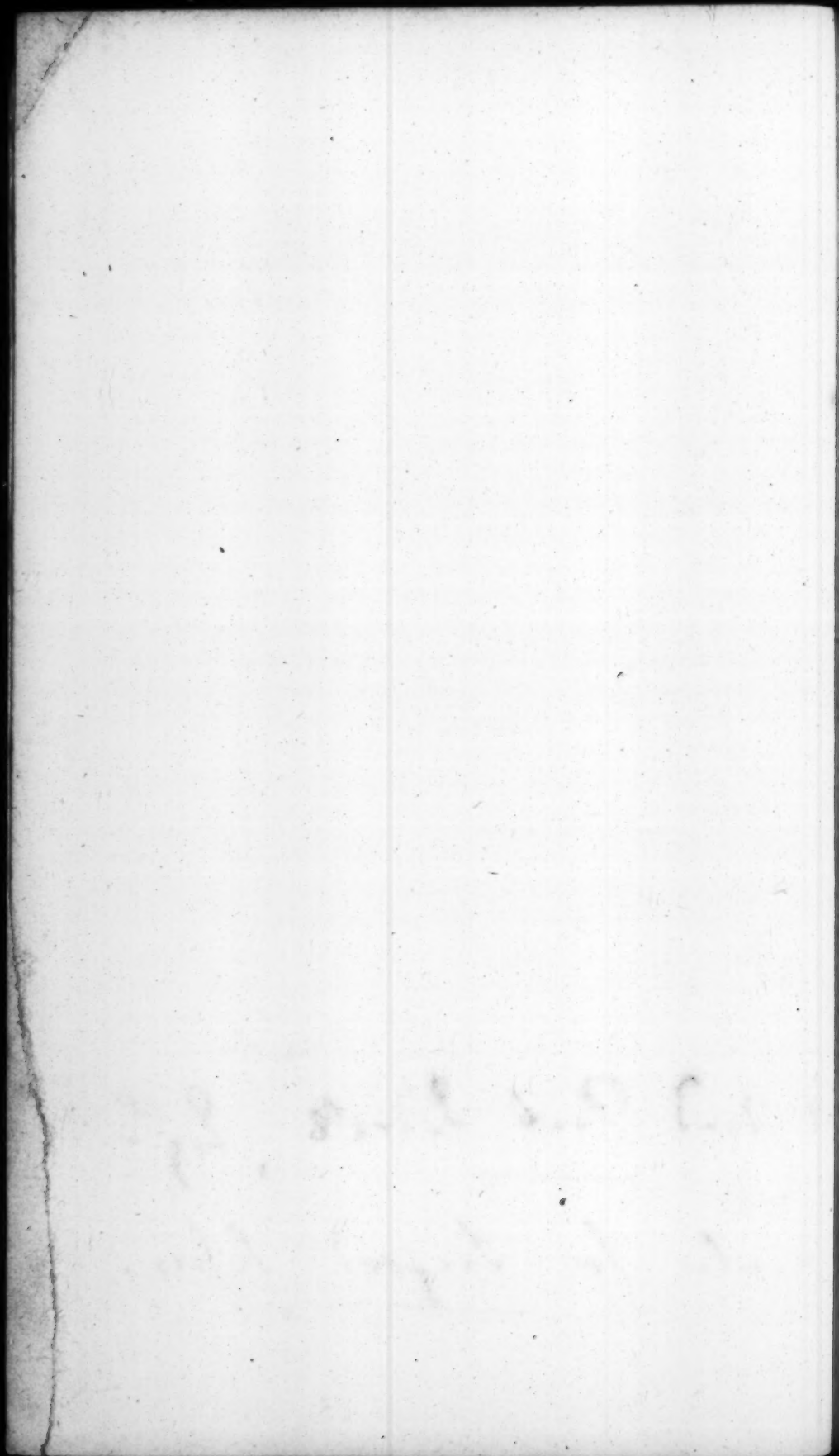
MDCCLXXXVII.



R.
C.
H.

TO
HIS EXCELLENCY THE
COUNT ZENO BIO,
NOBLE VENETIAN,
THE FOLLOWING
DRAMATIC PIECES
ARE DEDICATED,
AS A TESTIMONY
OF
ESTEEM, RESPECT, AND FRIENDSHIP,
BY
THE AUTHOR.

*Richard Paul Sodrell, Esq.
Member for Leicester, Leicestershire.*



P R E F A C E.

HORACE's maxim has been obeyed, and the substance of the following pages has long laid on the author's shelf; it would probably, too, have continued there, had it not been suggested by Addison, that no work can possibly be so bad, but that something may be obtained from it, which, in other hands, may afford either pleasure or instruction. With this view, therefore, the following Dramatic Pieces are obtruded on the world, not from the
consider-

consideration of their merit, but that they may possibly furnish hints, situations, and other materials, to some theatrical architect, who may know how to dispose them in better proportion, or convey them to some more noble design.

It is said *obtruded*, because if ever publication required modesty, or an excuse to the public, this certainly stands in need of one; but at the same time, it is the Author's opinion, that if every one who could compose any thing, let it be ever so trifling or absurd, were to print his ideas, mankind, some time or other, would derive benefit and amusement from them—the progress of the human mind would be more conspicuous. Instead, therefore, of restraining the press, and limiting the number of books, he is an advocate for universal toleration, in this particular; and when you, Reader, consider yourself not obliged either to read or buy them, and that if, by chance, they fall into your hands, they may gratify your
vanity,

vanity, either by exciting spleen, critical talents, ridicule, laughter, or wit, it seems highly probable that you will join issue, and reprobate those austere cenfurs, who decry promiscuous intercourse with the prefs, though their own very existence depends on the food which it provides for them.

Were good books, by this means, to be reduced in number, or prevented from reaching the public eye, the argument would be ridiculous, and the author the last to broach this doctrine; for, however a friend to general publication, he by no means likes to read a bad work—even his own; but the case is quite otherwise. Many an excellent composition now perishes in the flames of an ignorant executor, which would have done honour to himself and country, could the nerves of the author have stood the shock of critical batteries, did not censure roam at large, seeking whom she may devour, and if newspapers, magazines, journals, and registers,

registers, did not "*terrify the learned, and make the unlearned stare.*" Is it not better that ninety and nine *bad* works should be published, than that one *good one* should be lost to posterity?—

In vain it may be urged that the *good one* would still be lost amidst the chaos of such general publication, and that, even now, more time is consumed in scratching the literary dunghill than the jewel is worth, if by good fortune discovered.—*Messrs. the Reviewers* obviate that objection. Their surprising universal judgment in arts, sciences, and polite literature, from the ballad to the epic poem, from the turn of a corkscrew to the discovery of the satellites of the Georgium Sidus; their profound knowledge in divinity, metaphysics, medicine, and natural history; their eager desire for the propagation of learning, by the sale of their own book; the ardour which they inspire in others; and the facility with which they suffer themselves to be approached, and their notice to be purchased

chafed (for a few copies of a work, or a small fee to the bookseller, their porter, will gain any man a favourable reception); all conspire to snatch from oblivion, and raise an esteem for merit, unknown—but in the times of the Goths and Vandals. The love of truth, not flattery, obliges the author to say thus much; whoever knows him, knows he is not given to compliment; to those who do not, he offers this proof.—He himself has experienced the fostering hand of that society, supersaturated with learning; has omitted none of the ceremonies of approach, and proved their affection and benignity; has at other times sent his publications adrift, unprotected, without letters or fees of recommendation, hoping their own merit would procure them friends; but behold! they have met with the fate which ignorance and presumption deserve; they have been abused, laughed at, kicked out of doors, and threatened to be sent to the magistrate for a pass to their own parish. Merit, therefore, need not dread

b

con-

X P R E F A C E.

concealment, let it be ever so little or obscure. The mirror is ready at hand every month in the year, which any man may procure, and which can disclose the brilliant speck, and analyze its qualities.

As the present work professes nothing, it needed no such aid; besides, it sets all censure at defiance. The author anticipates its utmost malignity—he carries the marks of it about with him,

—— *hæret lateri lethalis arundo* ;

but the poison can infect but once. He is assured posterity will give him credit for the candour, impartiality, and truth of what he here advances, and that in literature, as well as in politics, the voice of the people is the voice of God.

T H E

BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS.

A C T I.

SCENE I. *Discovers Mushroom's Lodgings.*
He and Kitty, after Breakfast. She upon his
Knee.

M U S H R O O M.

SO, Mrs. Teach'em thinks nothing of your
coming here so frequently, my dear Kitty?

K I T T Y.

She might, if she knew the truth, Mushroom; but as she thinks I go to see my guardian, she makes no objection; and concludes, the frequency of my visits is a mark of your affection.

B

M U S H -

2 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

M U S H R O O M.

And so it is, you little rogue; so it is (*kisses her*). I am glad, however, she has no suspicion of who you are, Kitty.

K I T T Y.

Bless me, suspect! No, no—She thinks me the modestest girl in her whole school.—It was but the other day she observed, that if all the young ladies were like me, they would be very different from what they are.

M U S H R O O M.

I'm not sure of that—I never knew much good come of boarding-schools, within the precincts of London.

K I T T Y.

There you are an ungrateful fellow, for you know you took me from one.

M U S H R O O M.

Upon my soul, I had forgot that.

K I T T Y.

Ah, you wicked devil! I always said you would forget it.

M U S H -

MUSHROOM.

Psha! what signifies reviving old stories?—let us consider what Mrs. Teach'em says to the business.

KITTY.

She has, I suppose, told you that in her letter——

MUSHROOM.

Yes: she says, she agrees to the proposal; and will wait upon Lord Glimpse with me this morning to execute the bond.

KITTY.

Then it is time for me to return.

MUSHROOM.

Yes, Kitty; and be sure you contrive to ensure my success with Miss Wort.

KITTY.

Oh, don't fear; the girl is in love with you: and you know, when a girl is in love—so adieu. But you will be faithful now for once, and stick to your bargain with me?

MUSHROOM.

Undoubtedly—You may depend on your reward; and indeed, it is in your own hands,

B 2

if

4 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

if you play your part with my Lord Glimpse properly : but you must be cautious.

KITTY.

I warrant you.—He has no temptations to make me throw off my mask ; and a man with one eye will not easily see through it.

MUSHROOM.

There you are mistaken ; Lord Glimpse is too well acquainted with deceit, to be easily imposed upon.

KITTY.

But a woman, you know, has a way——

MUSHROOM.

Which he has travelled very often. Formerly indeed, in his youth, the turf engaged his attention ; but now he is grown old, he grows an Adonis ; ogles with one eye, dances on artificial legs, and whispers gentle love thro' a set of white teeth—made by the first hand in town.

KITTY.

Well, cunning as he may be, you sha'nt repent employing me in this affair.

MUSH-

MUSHROOM.

My sweet girl, you delight me—I could kiss you for ever.

KITTY.

Ah! you know how to overcome me, You are a sad rogue; but I can't help loving you, after all. Well, adieu.

MUSHROOM.

Adieu; but give me another kiss.—There's a good little miss, go home; my Lord shall bring it a plaything: go home, and mind your lesson, there's a good girl.

KITTY.

Yes, dear Guardian—You have always instilled good principles into me: good-b'ye, dear Guardian, good-b'ye. Ha, ha, ha!

[Exit Kitty.

MUSHROOM (*alone*).

Ha, ha!—An impudent little vixen! but I should never have won Miss Wort's affections, if I had not thought of putting her to the same boarding-school: there's nothing like one

6 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

girl to corrupt another. Well ; now for my friend Lord Glimpse : his title must be the means of introducing me to the good graces of the mistress. Rank is a fine thing, after all : it covers a multitude of sins, and entitles a man to do any thing. [Exit Musbroom.

SCENE *changes to an Ante-room in Lord Glimpse's House.*

Enter a Servant, and a Farmer in Boots.

FARMER.

Zounds ! Mr. Butler,—what, is not my Lord out of bed at twelve o'clock ?—Why, I have dined.

SERVANT.

Then get you gone till supper-time ; for I tell you, you can't speak to my Lord now.

FARMER.

Why so ?

SERVANT.

Because you can't—and because he is engaged in private business.

FARMER.

What, I suppose in the petitioning way ?

SERVANT.

SERVANT.

May be so.

FARMER.

Ah! Maister Butler, there's sad doings in the North; such abundance of every thing: such a damned good harvest last year, and such promising crops this, that we farmers will never pay another rent, and are starving with plenty.

SERVANT.

That won't do for us.

FARMER.

Nor for us neither. Some years ago we were riding in our chaises, and expected to purchase our landlords' estates; but these cursed wars have made corn grow so fast, that damn me if I don't think it grows on purpose.

SERVANT.

I'm glad to hear it.

FARMER.

That, now, is ill-natured of you; but however, I see now which side your master is of. Heaven send, I say, one good profitable distressing summer—a proper seasonable blight—

B 4

a rot

8 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

a rot among the sheep—and we farmers are made men again. (*Bell rings*) But hark you, Mr. hark ye, your maister rings.

SERVANT.

Yes ; but he wants nothing yet.

FARMER.

What rings, and does not want any thing ?

SERVANT.

Aye. (*Bell rings again.*)

FARMER.

But now he does, surely ?

SERVANT.

No, no ; we don't always go into the room, in this house ; we have things in a better manner—tables shoved into the room through the wainscot ; and conveniencies ready, without being brought in : spring-traps all over the house ; and every room has its machinery, like the play-house in a pantomime.

FARMER.

And what's all this machinery for ?

SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Oh, for a number of things ; and, to tell you the secret, he has with him at present a couple of young ladies—you understand me ; and we never go in on these occasions, till the bell rings three times.

FARMER.

Bless me ! a couple of ladies ! well then, it is in vain for me to stay : I had brought my rent, but I will call again,

SERVANT.

Hold, hold, friend—brought your rent, have you ? you must not go, then ; my master will see you presently (*Bell rings again*). There, now he's ready ; so come along, come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Lord Glimpse's apartment ; discovers him stretched on a sofa, and two girls playing to him, and singing a Duet.*

LORD GLIMPSE.

Excellent ! charming ! My dear creatures, you play like angels ; but I am tired now—so good morning to you ; come and breakfast with me again in a day or two. There, the servant will shew you down stairs. Miss Flora
your

10 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

your instrument was a little out of tune—but
good day to you, good day to you.

[Exeunt girls.]

Enter Servant, and a Farmer.

SERVANT.

Mr. Wheatear, my Lord, to pay his rent.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Oh, your servant, Mr. What-do-you-call-him.
Well, pay your money to Trusty; and, good
journey to you.

FARMER.

Yes, my Lord; but I have a complaint——

LORD GLIMPSE.

Aye, aye, none of your country distresses
now, I've no time for them.—There, shew
him down; but be sure he sees Trusty.

[Exit Farmer.]

LORD GLIMPSE.

Hark-ye, you rascal, how dare you let those
misses in, without first coming and acquaint-
ing me?

SERVANT.

I thought your Lordship was never denied
to ladies: it was but yesterday you gave a
general

general order that all ladies should be admitted that came.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Yes, when I am fit to receive them; but now these girls were at the door, when my false calves were above my knees, and my eye was upon the table.—Come here, help me up.

Enter another Servant.

My Lord, here is Mr. Sunbeam to wait on you.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Odds my life! the painter upon glass. Am I fit to be seen? how do I look?—but admit him. If Mr. Mushroom and a lady come, whilst I am engaged with this gentleman, shew them into another room.

Enter SUNBEAM.

SUNBEAM.

In obedience to your Lordship's commands, I am come to wait on you this morning—Extreme bad morning. I had like to have slipped down in St. James's Street.—Talking of the street, I saw a coach overturned in Oxford Road, with two women and three children in it.—Fine subject for the pencil of Louthembourg—sorry I had not my sketch-book about me.

I

LORD

12 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

LORD GLIMPSE.

'Twas a pity.

SUNBEAM.

True; valuable objects were lost; — nice situation for an inverted mirror. Talking of a mirror, did your Lordship see Lady Betty Plaister last night at the opera-house? sure, she had been at the looking-glass all day. Talking of glass, puts me in mind of my own.

LORD GLIMPSE.

I am glad of it.

SUNBEAM.

A lost art; but happily revived by your humble servant. Talking of servants, I never saw handsomer liveries than your Lordship's had on at the last birth-day, in my life.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Yes, I have some taste.

SUNBEAM.

Talking of taste, I dined yesterday with Alderman Napkin, and I thought I should have died, all night long. Talking of dying, my life will be short;—intense application—violent

lent heat of my profession—exertion of genius, will soon lay me low; but my fame will last—till my glassess are broke.

LORD GLIMPSE.

I don't doubt it, Mr. Sunbeam; but I sent for you to paint——

SUNBEAM.

Right, my Lord....., it is a difficult task.....few know the science of the profession.—Seldom with any money in our pockets, and obliged to travel through Europe for instruction: Poverty is the mother of all the fine arts. Talking of fine arts—heard there was to be a woman burnt for clipping and coining; heard also that George Hang'em had taken a front row of the first gallery for self and friends;—fond of executions—has a taste for death:—some time ago, laid a bet he did not attend;—could not stay away, and was found there in the dress of an old woman.

LORD GLIMPSE.

An unfortunate *gout*——

SUNBEAM.

Pity he was not an anatomist. Talking of anatomy,—obliged to study that in my profession.

14 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

sion.—No doing without a knowledge of the Nude—had a young lady in that situation this morning;—flatter myself, when I have finished, your Lordship will think it an excellent piece.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Aye, you painters are fly dogs; you have fine opportunities with handsome girls,—placing them here, and placing them there—Hey, Mr. Sunbeam?

SUNBEAM.

True, my Lord:—shut up alone—put on their best looks, — brilliant eyes,—tempting airs——

LORD GLIMPSE.

Aye, aye!——Well, go on.

SUNBEAM.

But sometimes accidents——The other day I was putting a lady into proper attitudes, to take her to the best advantage: her foot slipped, and her head went through the great church at Haerlem, organ and all; and was near breaking a banker's shop, that was highly finished in plate-glass.

L O R D

LORD GLIMPSE.

But, Mr. Sunbeam, have not you a wife?
[I'll pump the puppy, perhaps she may be had.
Aside.]

SUNBEAM.

Yes, my Lord, I have a wife:—yes, my Lord, the first woman at business in the world; did your Lordship never see her at the Haymarket?—Knows a connoisseur at first glance. O Sir, says she (she is now in a room full of company)—pray step into this dark corner, and you will see every thing to the utmost advantage.—Ma'am, says she, my husband now begins to think he can do something—Contours happy; colours divine; perspective preserved; sun-light, moon-light, star-light, fire-light, and no light comes in,—but at the windows.

LORD GLIMPSE.

The devil!—but now, Mr. Sun-beam, to business.

SUNBEAM.

Yes, my Lord—talking of business, no work is done.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Nor shall we do any thing, Mr. Sunbeam, if we go on talking.

SUNBEAM.

SUNBEAM.

Talking of talking, my Lord, my wife, that we were talking of, is the greatest talker in the three kingdoms.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Can that be possible? But now give me leave to talk a little, Mr. Sunbeam; but I must intreat you not to speak of it, as it is a secret, and my appearance in life depends upon it.

SUNBEAM.

Talking of secrets, my Lord, I will tell you one——

LORD GLIMPSE.

Zounds! will you hear me? I say, then, you have no doubt that I am the handsomest man in the British court?

SUNBEAM.

My Lord!——

LORD GLIMPSE.

And, you know, when once a man has got a reputation for his person, he ought, in justice to himself, to endeavour to make the most of it.

SUNBEAM.

SUNBEAM.

Talking of making the most of it,....it is a maxim that I inculcate to my wife every day.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Damn your maxims: I was going to mention my misfortune of having but one eye.

SUNBEAM.

Oh! then I suppose your Lordship is always drawn in profile.

LORD GLIMPSE.

May be so: and I was going to shew you this box of artificial eyes, which I had made when I was at Florence.—You know, that place is remarkable for blue glafs.

SUNBEAM.

True; but this is not so good as we make at Newcastle.

LORD GLIMPSE.

No; their colour is faded from much use: but if you had seen them formerly, Mr. Sunbeam—There was a sparkler; this was my summer eye.

SUNBEAM.

Indeed! and did nobody find it out?

C

LORD

LORD GLIMPSE.

No : but if I thought any body suspected it, I immediately clapt my spying-glass before it, as if I were near-sighted.

SUNBEAM.

Oh !——

LORD GLIMPSE.

This was my winter eye, dull and sleepy; and this here was my lover's eye—what a melting look it has !

SUNBEAM.

To be sure, my Lord—Love relaxes the animal spirits, and drives the blood to the extremities. Talking of extremities, if it had not been for my art, I should have died in the King's Bench.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Zounds ! mind what I say : This was my court eye—this for birth-days ; it has had damn'd hard work in the present reign. But the most valuable is here, broken to pieces—Ah, Mr. Sunbeam, if this can be repaired, I shall be young for ever—no woman could withstand this—An unfortunate blow from Miss Tickle broke it last night at Vauxhall.

I

SUN-

S U N B E A M.

They will make you another, my Lord, at any toy-shop in London, for half a crown.

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Toy-shop, Mr. Sunbeam ! for half a crown ? I'd give half my estate for one half so good— No man can do it but yourself, and I sent to you for that purpose.

S U N B E A M.

My Lord ?

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Pray set about it as fast as you can ; for I cannot shew my face, till it is done with propriety.

S U N B E A M.

Talking of propriety, my Lord,.....I would not paint an eye, to be as handsome as your Lordship—Better have recourse to the glass-house in Thames-street, or the man who travels the country, spinning figures in glass by a farthing candle.....So your Lordship's most devoted, most obedient——

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Eut, my dear Mr. Sunbeam, my only dependence——

20 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

SUNBEAM.

Talking of dependence, my Lord, no Englishman is dependent that has genius.....so.....

LORD GLIMPSE.

But I'll give you all you ask.

SUNBEAM.

I ask nothing, my Lord. Talking of nothing,—nothing more need be said.....I am—

[Exit, bowing.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Mr. Sunbeam, Mr. Sunbeam.....damn me, if the talk of the whole town won't be my eye.

[Exit.

SCENE *changes to another Room in Lord Glimpse's House; discovers Mrs. Teach'em and Mushroom.*

MRS. TEACH'EM,

Very true, Mr. Mushroom—but then consider the sweet little girls.—

MUSHROOM.

I do, I do.....but to the business.—

MRS.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Lord, Mr. Mushroom, I can talk about nothing else. Are not they my constant care? and am not I setting them a good example, from morning till night, and giving them useful lessons?—And says I, “Children, you are all born to be married; and those who please most, and behave in the prettiest manner, will always get the best husbands.”—And then says I again——

MUSHROOM.

But, my dear Mrs. Teach'em, to business, to business—You know, the agreement with my Lord, is—

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Hush! Is no one listening?

MUSHROOM.

No, no. There are double doors in every room in Lord Glimpse's house.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

But caution is necessary, for I was once——

MUSHROOM.

True.....The proverb says, “*a burnt child*”.....

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Bless me! Mr. Mushroom, I would not have such a thing known for all the world. But to oblige Lord Glimpse and the dear little girl, let me hear the agreement.

MUSHROOM.

I was going to say, that the agreement between you and my Lord, is, that you, Isabella Teach'em, of the parish of Kensington, do give Lord Glimpse free ingress and egress to your school, for the purpose of paying his addresses to Miss Wort, who is under your care; and, should a marriage between the parties take place, Lord Glimpse promises to pay you one thousand pounds, on demand.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

One thousand pounds! A trifle—The dear little creature is worth thirty——

MUSHROOM.

I hope so (*aside*).

MRS. TEACH'EM,

And then her fortune too, independent of her parents—Oh! she is an absolute treasure!

MUSH-

MUSHROOM.

I dare say, you think so, Mrs. Teach'em.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

But then I do no more for her than I have done for many others.—There was Miss Di Delicate, the sweetest angelic child—She married Mr. Shadrach Capadoce, the rich Jew in Crutched-Friars.—Poor creature! she has not been quite so happy since; but I did all for the best, that is my consolation.—Matrimony is a lottery, where there are ten blanks to one prize.

MUSHROOM.

I am afraid so.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Aye, 'tis this that makes me so careful: I would not for the world now have a hand in letting you speak softly to a child under my care (for I don't think his bond worth a farthing)—(*aside*)

MUSHROOM.

Why so, Mrs. Teach'em?

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Because I know you are a rake; and you should never have entered my school, if it had

not been for my Lord, who is quite another thing.

MUSHROOM.

Yes, yes, I will insure his making a good husband : he will easily be managed by a woman of sense ; for, betwixt ourselves, he is not overburdened with abilities.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Hey ? then don't you think he will give me another five hundred ?—I am sure I only speak out of regard to my Lord's interest ; because, as in that case I must take more pains.....

MUSHROOM.

I see it, Mrs. Teach'em, I see it.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Besides, too, since my Lord is so formed for a husband, the dear little infant will be so happy—I deserve—Oh ! I would not lay any thing to my conscience——But the other five hundred pounds, Mr. Mushroom——

MUSHROOM.

We can but try.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Do, Mr. Mushroom.....you are a good kind of man, and wish to make us all happy—If
you

you could but get me the other five hundred;
.....and I'll be generous to you.

MUSHROOM.

Hush, hush, here he is!

Enter LORD GLIMPSE.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Mrs. Teach'em, your most obedient—Bob,
good morning to you—I beg pardon for keep-
ing you so long; but I have been detained by
a prating puppy above stairs.

MRS. TEACH'EM:

Well, my Lord, I have considered your pro-
posal, and will accept of your Lordship's kind
present—for Mr. Mushroom has given you such
a character——

MUSHROOM.

Oh, don't mention it—it is only what he de-
serves.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Yes; but let us hear what he says.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Only, my Lord, that you are calculated for
a good husband—not at a youthful, gay time of
life.

LORD

LORD GLIMPSE.

Hey?

MRS. TEACH'EM.

—And though you have the appearance of being young, yet you are very different from it in reality.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Hey, what?—Damn it!

MUSHROOM (*Aside to Lord Glimpse.*)

It was proper to say so, you know.

LORD GLIMPSE.

True.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

But then, my Lord, only think of the risk I run—if any body should say I encouraged a debauched old Nobleman to run away with my scholar.—I ask your Lordship ten thousand pardons—I only say what other people may say.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Aye, aye,—never mind them, Mrs. Teach'em; let them say so and welcome, when I do run off with her—Hey, Bob?

MUSH-

MUSHROOM.

And you know, Mrs. Teach'em, you have your bond to indemnify you—Besides, Mrs. Wort, the mother, is too much employed to think about her daughter.—All her time is spent with poets and politicians, whilst poor Mr. Wort says little, and knows less.

LORD GLIMPSE.

But how am I to be introduced to the young lady?

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Mr. Mushroom and I have settled that—and, in order to conceal our design, he will attend you; and there will be another of my scholars as a companion to Miss Wort.

LORD GLIMPSE.

That will do, Mushroom;—therefore, just step into my dressing room, and bring the bond which you'll find there ready executed.

MUSHROOM.

I go, my Lord.

[Exit.

LORD GLIMPSE.

My dear Mrs. Teach'em, you are a most charming woman, upon honour.—Such an under-

understanding — such an air — of the je-ne-sais-quoi — such a person — allow me the honour of a salute.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Oh dear, my Lord!

LORD GLIMPSE.

My dear Mrs Teach'em, how can you refuse me?

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Lord! my Lord, how can you think of it?

LORD GLIMPSE.

Indeed but I must, Mrs. Teach'em.

MRS. TEACH'EM

Well, my Lord, if you must, you must.

Mrs. Teach'em in retiring touches a spring, and the back scene flies back in the middle, and discovers a large sofa surrounded with glafs, &c. &c. &c.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Bless me, my Lord! here's somebody in the room, or it is bewitched! — I hope you have no designs on my person.

LORD

LORD GLIMPSE.

Was there ever such an accident!—Mrs. Teach'em, I ask you ten thousand pardons—You unfortunately trod upon a spring which discovers that little place, a small contrivance of mine to deceive people with:—the French call it a——

MRS. TEACH'EM.

I don't care what the French call it—but you can't deceive me, my Lord! I am not what you take me for.

LORD GLIMPSE.

My dear Mrs. Teach'em, don't be ruffled.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Oh, not for the world, my Lord.

Enter Lord Kettledrum, Sir Jeffery Goat, Lord Settlement, and others.

LORD KETTLEDRUM. (*From without.*)

But we will come in, ha, ha, ha!—There they are—Well, Sir Jeffery, I have won your bet.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

Always with a woman, by Jupiter!

LORD

LORD SETTLEMENT.

Zounds! Lord Glimpse, what a damned vigorous lucky dog you are!

LORD GLIMPSE.

Was there ever any thing—Now, my dear Settlement, for heaven's sake hold your tongue.

LORD KETTLEDROM.

Come, come, Glimpse, don't pretend to sham us.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Why Gentlemen!—my Lord!—now Gentlemen!—

LORD KETTLEDROM.

Zounds! do you think to keep her to yourself?

LORD SETTLEMENT.

Keep her!.....Does he pretend to keep?

LORD GLIMPSE.

Upon my honour, Gentlemen, this Lady is not what you imagine.....she's an old maiden aunt of mine from Scotland.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT!

Your aunt! oh, ho! Come, come, old Lady, uncase—Good wine needs no bouche.

LORD

LORD GLIMPSE.

For shame, Sir Jeffery!—I tell you she's my father's own sister, Lady Alexandrina.

Enter Billy Briskit (looking through a large spying-glass.)

BILLY BRISKIT.

Let me look at her—Who do you say she is?
—Aye, aye, I know her.

ALL TOGETHER.

Who is she then?—Who is she?

BILLY BRISKIT.

The most notorious woman in all London—
She was kept by General How-do-you-call-him
a year or two ago in America; and was formerly
State-washer-woman to the Congress.

LORD KETTLED RUM.

Ha, ha, ha!—then she is an old campaigner.

Enter MUSHROOM.

MUSHROOM.

My Lord, I looked for a long time; but at
last——

LORD

LORD GLIMPSE.

My dear Mushroom, I am glad you are come—pray, take my aunt away as fast as you can—You know Lady Alexandrina is subject to fits.

BILLY BRISKIT. (*Aside*)

Fits of the mother, I suppose.

MUSHROOM.

Yes, my Lord, I know her fits are horrible. It is very lucky, Gentlemen, that you have not frightened her—She distorts herself in such a manner.—Come with me, Ma'am, I'll conduct your Ladyship to your chair—Come along.

MRS. TEACH'EM. (*To Lord Glimpse, who follows.*)

I hope there are no more springs in the room, my Lord.

MUSHROOM.

No, no:—come along, my Lady.—These, Mrs. Teach'em, are the members of the Gouterie. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt Mrs. Teach'em and Mushroom.*]

BILLY

BILLY BRISKIT.

Well but seriously, Glimpse, who is she?

LORD GLIMPSE.

Faith then I don't know—As Mushroom was coming to breakfast, he picked her up in the street.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

No, Glimpse, that won't do. I think I know every woman in the street.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

Come, come, what signifies talking about an old woman. I have made such a discovery, my boys!—a fresh face—she comes out in my new vis-a-vis to-morrow morning. Such a figure!—such a sweet little foot!—Ah rogues!

LORD KETTLEDROM.

Yes, Settlement: but has she a voice?

LORD SETTLEMENT.

Zounds! do you think I keep a woman like a Black bird, my Lord Kettledrum, for her singing?....I am not to be drawn in by the ears.

D

BILLY

34 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

BILLY BRISKIT.

Nor led by the nose.....witness the lady you
last lived with, who had none.

. A L L.

Ha, ha, ha!

LORD SETTLEMENT.

Come, come, none of your freedoms, Billy,
with the Ladies.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Allow him the freedom of talking at least.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

But, boys, have you seen my advertisement
to-day?

A L L.

No, no.

BILLY BRISKIT.

Your old one for girls wanting places, I
suppose?

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

For a wife, you rogues.....for a bachelor just
going into business and she is to be under
twenty years of age.

L O R D

LORD GLIMPSE. (*Aside.*)

My scheme is better than that too.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

But come, it grows late, and I must go to the printer's to see the success of it....so adieu, boys, adieu.

LORD KETTLEDROM.

Well, Glimpse, good morning to you....we shall all meet at dinner, and I'll sing you a new catch....I am going to the House to talk about œconomy.

LORD GLIMPSE.

I shall lounge at the Repository—I sell my horses to-day.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

I am going to Parkington's to be electrified.

BILLY BRISKIT. (*Spying thro' his glass.*)

And I, as usual, *Upon the look-out.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

SCENE I. *Discovers Wort's House—Him, Mrs. Wort, and Inkhorn.....Mrs. Wort reading at a Table, with a number of Books, Papers, &c. strewed about.*

W O R T.

THAT may be true, Inkhorn; but let me ask my wife.....Well now, my dear Mrs. Wort, lay aside your book, and tell us what is to be done.

M R S. W O R T. (*Reading.*)

"The Germans, commanded by Prince Eugene, to attack on the left.....and the Dutchmen, headed by a Burgomaster, to push vigorously into the centre."——

M R. W O R T.

Lord bless us!.....Now, my dear Mrs. Wort, do give us your opinion.

M R S. W O R T.

Don't tantalize me, Mr. Wort:.....Do you cogitate that I can have my lucubrations impeded by your mercantile negotiations?

M R.

MR. WORT.

Well then, I'll ask my man. So, Inkhorn, what did you say you had done about the hops?

INKHORN.

No more to be got, Sir, from the same quarter....Where then shall we apply?

MR. WORT.

Aye—where shall we apply? Very true, Inkhorn....you are a thoughtful fellow—Where shall we apply?....that must be determined on; and therefore I think, you see....we had best....you see....ask my wife. Now, my dear, this is a matter of consequence....the Hops.

MRS. WORT.

Desist your verbosity, Mr Wort....Do you imagine that I will derelict the memory of the illustrious Dutchman, and the magnitudinous....

MR. WORT.

Very true, my dear—then I'll ask my man.—So you see, Mr. Inkhorn, that it is very necessary....you see—to think—you see, beforehand....and therefore, as you say—What do you think should be done in the business?

INKHORN.

Why, Sir—if you have no objection, we'll apply to Sir Joseph Hogstye—and——

MR. WORT.

Aye—that's true—Sir Joseph Hogstye—and then, you observe, we will be very cautious not to mention—that is—to be careful—but before we do any thing, I must ask my wife.

MRS. WORT. (*Reading.*)

“Had the Duke of Marlborough answered”.....

MR. WORT.

But, my dear Mrs. Wort, what think you of Sir Joseph Hogstye?

MRS. WORT.

And can you cogitate, Mr. Wort, that when immersed in information—when I am deep in the great Marlborough—the most private parts of his——

MR. WORT.

Well, well then, my dear, I'll ask my man..... Therefore, Inkhorn, it will certainly be proper—but what do you say?

INK-

INKHORN.

I thought I told you, Sir——and likewise I would advise to throw the bad small beer into the camp contract; and it may be said the firing has soured it.

MR. WORT.

My dear Inkhorn, I thank you.....The luckiest thought in the world—I'll certainly follow your advice.....but stop.....let us ask my wife. Now, my dear Mrs. Wort, here is a matter of importance has occurred—about serving the camp.....

MRS. WORT.

And can you expect I will prostitute my capacity to serving a camp?

MR. WORT.

Well, but, my dear Mrs. Wort——

Enter a Servant in Boots.

SERVANT.

Sir, my master sent me forward to say that he is coming as fast as he can. *[Exit,*

MR. WORT.

Well, my dear Mrs. Wort, Ensign Short, our son-in-law that is to be, is coming.....now, pray tell me what you would advise about him?

40 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

MRS. WORT. (*Turning away, and reading.*)

“To detach the flank squadrons”——

MR. WORT.

Well then, Inkhorn, I must ask you.....Shall I send for my daughter, or shall I send the Ensign to her?

INKHORN.

Why, Sir——

MR. WORT.

But hold.....I must ask my wife.....therefore, my dear, just now in plain English.....I beg your pardon—but you know I like—to consult you on family affairs.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Dr. Lexicon, Madam, is in the library.

MRS. WORT. (*Starting up, and catching up her Papers.*)

Thank Heaven he is there! Mr. Wort, I will leave you to arrange the nugatory affairs of your family, while I volate to that wonderful man below stairs, and enjoy the cool concentration of his mental powers.

[*Exit,*

MR.

MR. WORT.

Lord blefs us ! what a wonderful woman my wife is !----If I could but get to the bottom of her, I fhould be a happy man, Mafter Inkhorn !

INKHORN.

I would not mind that, Sir, if I were you.---- I would not go out of my depth for her, or for any woman.

MR. WORT.

But what were we faying?---Oh ! Ensign Short ----I heard, Inkhorn, an excellent character of the young man----and fo I fixed on him for my daughter, but I have never yet feen him, though he is a relation. You know ſhe has an independent fortune----fo I thought it beſt to marry her as ſoon as poſſible—for you know, Inkhorn, theſe are tickliſh times. Oh ! here he comes.

Enter ENSIGN SHORT.

MR. WORT.

My dear Enſign, welcome to town.

ENSIGN SHORT.

I thank you.

MR.

MR. WORT.

Inkhorn, go, ask my wife whether the Ensign shall wait on her directly, or not. [*Exit Inkhorn.*] Well, cousin, you received my letter, and are come.

ENSIGN SHORT.

Always obey orders.

MR. WORT.

My daughter is quite ready for you; and it is as good as done—We have only just to..... consult her.....finish the writings.....and to ask my wife.

ENSIGN SHORT.

Indeed!.....Then I need not have rode post..... but I would come, because I had said it.

MR. WORT.

Said it!.....Oh, that is the way in the army, is it? Do you always do what you say?

ENSIGN SHORT.

We do.

MR. WORT.

I wish we had that way in the city——
But as to my daughter.....I suppose, now, you
have

have been studying fine speeches, and compliments, all the way on the roadHey?

ENSIGN SHORT.

Not one.

MR. WORT.

How!—a lover without a fine speech?.....One might as well have small beer without hops in it, or a barrel without a bung-hole.

ENSIGN SHORT.

That may be—but talking is of no use in the army. In our regiment a word is sufficient—we do much.....talk little.....ask few favours.....and the General always says *no*.

MR. WORT.

But, Ensign, a mistress expects——

ENSIGN SHORT.

Oh! if you know what your daughter expects, make the speech for me, and say I said it.

MR. WORT.

I tell you what, Ensign Short, that may be the manner of making love with you, but it was very different when I was young.....A fat, chub-

44 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

by apprentice in Pudding-lane.....Oh! I shall never forget it; when I kept company with Mrs. Wort, how I raved and ranted, and spoke; and she answered for all the world like the ladies at the *assemblies* in the Haymarket.....and then, with a posy in one hand, and my handkerchief in the other, beating the ground in a pair of double-channel pumps, oh! how I used to.....I used to.....only now ask my wife.....Bless me! I think I could now.

ENSIGN SHORT,

What, at your time of life!

MR. WORT.

For you, I mean.

ENSIGN SHORT.

With all my heart—it will save trouble.

MR. WORT.

Well then, Ensign, walk into that room there, and you will find my wife.....pray refresh yourself after your ride, and make free as if all were your own. I'll go to my daughter at Kensington, and acquaint her that you are come, and what I intend—But, Ensign——

ENSIGN

ENSIGN SHORT.

Well, Sir.

MR. WORT.

I'm sure you will be pleased with my wife—
You need not talk much to her, for you see,
Ensign, she will talk enough for you both.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to the Boarding-School, discovers Mrs. Teach'em and her Scholars, Masters attending, &c. &c.*

DANCING MASTER.

Tol de rol, dol dol de rol—turn out your
toes, Miss.

MUSIC MASTER.

Now, Miss, forte-piano—and be sure you die
away thus.

DRAWING MASTER.

Psha, Miss Wort! have I not always told
you to begin lightly and increase your stroke....
there....thus....that's right....now stronger if you
please....take my pencil in your hand, the hair is
thicker.

KITTY SLY.

Oh! Mr. Coupé, you hurt me.

DAN-

46 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

DANCING MASTER.

It must be so at first, Miss.

MUSIC MASTER.

Now, observe me, Miss.

DRAWING MASTER.

Capital, Miss Wort—You give me infinite pleasure.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Well, Gentlemen, have you done with the Ladies?

MASTERS ALL.

Yes, Ma'am; yes, Ma'am.

DANCING MASTER.

I have been longer than usual, as it was Miss Kitty's first entrée. I'm going to St. James's—can I give you a cast, Mr. Ariette?

MUSIC MASTER.

I'm obliged to you, Mr. Coupé—but I've my hands full this morning—Teach two schools at St. Mary Axe—sing at a private concert—perform at the Synagogue—step into the Catch-club, and rehearse a farce—so must lose no time. Gentlemen, adieu—Ladies, I'm always yours.

[Exit.

D A N-

DANCING MASTER.

Well, Mr. Perspective, can I be of any use to you, Sir?.....I've room for one.....a small cabriolet, made by Hatchet; cost me two hundred pounds:.....when I take in any body, my kit goes in the well at the bottom.

DRAWING MASTER.

I embrace your offer, good Sir.....I can't resist the enchanting opportunity of your conversation.

DANCING MASTER.

I'll follow you, Mr. Perspective.

DRAWING MASTER.

I can't possibly, Mr. Coupé.

DANCING MASTER.

Oh, Sir, my own carriage!

DRAWING MASTER.

Miss Wort, good morning to you: to-morrow we will begin upon parallel lines and perpendiculars.

[Bows, and exit.]

DAN-

48 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

DANCING MASTER.

A vulgar dog! (*Aside.*) Ladies, with profound respect, I'm down to the ground—ha, ha!—that's something like a bow.

[*Exit.*]

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Well, Ladies, you may now go into the garden and play—get yourselves an appetite—you know I love to see you happy.

[*Exeunt Children.*]

Miss Wort, Miss Kitty Sly, come here, my dears, I want to talk with you—Well, my dear Miss Wort, you have considered what I said to you about Lord Glimpse?

MISS WORT.

Yes, Ma'am: but I'm so afraid of my Papa and Mamma.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Your Papa and Mamma, my dear creature!—Do you think they would care whether you got a husband or no?—I'm sure Miss Kitty Sly joins with me.

KITTY.

No doubt of it, Ma'am,.....I've been advising her to marry.

MRS.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Right, Miss Kitty—you have a proper idea of life; and I dare say you have told her what a fine thing it will be to be called Lady Glimpse!—to have a box at the opera: and then to take the lead of Miss Prune, Lord Mayor's daughter—and when she gos down to the family-seat in Scotland——

KITTY.

Aye, Miss Wort, you know I mentioned Scotland too.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

How respected she will be by the whole clan of maiden aunts.

MISS WORT.

Heigh ho!

MRS. TEACH'EM.

That's right, love.....I'm glad to find you so happy; and I'm sure hereafter you will remember me.....But I do love my little girls, for they are always generous and pay me.—Aye, aye, you'll be sending me some nice piece of plate, with your name upon it, in token of your remembrance.....Won't you?

E

MISS

50 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

MISS WORT.

Yes, Mrs. Teach'em: I dare say I sha'n't forget you.

KITTY.

And, as for me, I shall think of nothing else.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Two Gentlemen, Ma'am.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Shew them into the parlour.....Come then, my little dear, there he is.....now put on your best looks, and shew him your best temper.....behave as a girl ought to do that's going to be married—all courage and resignation—come along.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE *changes to the Parlour in Mrs. Teach'em's House, discovers my Lord Glimpse and Mushroom.*

LORD GLIMPSE.

Then you think, Mushroom, we shall succeed?

MUSH-

MUSHROOM.

I'll venture my life on it—all the way down stairs the old Lady could talk of nothing but your Lordship, and kept laughing at the thoughts of passing for your aunt; instead of being offended with the mistake.—

LORD GLIMPSE.

Well, but with respect to the girls—Is Miss Wort's companion apprised that I am in love with her—and that it is on her account I make my appearance?

MUSHROOM.

Yes, my Lord:—The girls understand the whole scheme—There was no sending a letter; but depend on it, Miss Wort's sense told her the story, as soon as she heard that I was to be of the party.

LORD GLIMPSE.

And you are sure this Miss Kitty Sly will hit my taste?—

MUSHROOM.

Zounds! my Lord, don't I know it to a tittle?—something little and pretty, with pouting lips, &c.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Aye, you did know my taste once, Bob, when you were a plain honest man—but now you are

a member for a borough, and know how to vote, you must not wonder if one doubts a little, Mr. Bob——

M U S H R O O M.

That conduct is very well in its place; but on my conscience——

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Oh! damn it, if you talk of conscience 'tis all over with me—here they come——

Enter Mrs. Teach'em, and Miss Wort, and Kitty.

M R S. T E A C H ' E M.

My Lord Glimpse, your most obedient—This is Miss Wort—this Miss Kitty Sly—Don't be ashamed, my dear little creatures—I bring my scholars up so modest, my Lord, that they are afraid of every thing.

L O R D G L I M P S E.

I'm glad to hear it, Mrs. Teach'em—and I hope you have explained to Miss Wort the ardour of my passion, unequall'd but by my gratitude to Mrs. Teach'em for giving me this opportunity.

M R S. T E A C H ' E M.

Your Lordship is too polite—the pink of taste—but a little business requires me, so I'm your Lordships, &c.

L O R D

LORD GLIMPSE. (*To Mrs. Teach'em going.*)

Don't let any body interrupt us.

(*As soon as Mrs. Teach'em is gone, Lord Glimpse, and Mushroom change sides—My Lord runs up to Kitty, and Mushroom to Miss Wort.*)

MUSHROOM.

My dearest Miss Wort, and have we at last obtained the interview we so long wished for—have not I managed the plot admirably?

MISS WORT.

Admirably—my dear Mushroom, admirably—both Kitty and I discovered the plot the moment we heard of Lord Glimpse.

MUSHROOM.

Well then, let us seize so favourable an opportunity.

MISS WORT.

'Tis impossible.....Be assured you have my affections, and when 'tis in my power——

(*They retire.*)

LORD GLIMPSE. (*To Kitty.*)

Enchanting creature!—loveliness itself! how many weeks have I been miserable for your sake!

KITTY.

But are you really in earnest, my Lord?

LORD GLIMPSE.

On the honour of a Peer, and they must speak truth, my dear girl, you may depend on my marrying you.

KITTY.

But if you shou'd not—I'm a poor friendless girl.

LORD GLIMPSE.

So much the better—Then I'll be your friend, and we'll go off immediately—Come, my charmer.

MUSHROOM.

Bless me, my Lord, I hear somebody coming.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Let us get right then:

(Lord Glimpse and Mushroom change sides—My Lord Glimpse falling on his knees before Miss Wort—throws his bat on a sofa in the middle of the room.)

LORD GLIMPSE.

O! my adorable angelic girl!—Then you do consent to our union?—Fortunate man that I am!

Enter MRS. TEACH'EM. *(In haste.)*

MRS. TEACH'EM.

O! my Lord, my Lord:—the most unlucky circumstance!—There's Mr. Wort inquiring for his

his daughter, and is already in the hall—He must not see you for the world.

LORD GLIMPSE and MUSHROOM.

What shall we do?

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Get behind the screen—He will never go to that end of the room.

Enter MR. WORT.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

My dear Mr. Wort—I'm so happy to see you well.....quite got rid of your gout?—I hope Mrs. Wort and all the family enjoy good health this hot weather.

WORT.

So, so, Mrs. Teach'em—glad to see you, but how does the girl?

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Delightfully, good dear Sir.....there she is.....always employed—I'm particularly careful about that, for idleness, you know, Mr. Wort, is—

WORT.

Aye, aye, Mrs. Teach'em—but you may leave us, as I have something to say to her in private.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Yes, Sir—(I dread to go) yes, Sir, I wish

you a good day (If he should discover them)
I hope you will find Miss improved, for I'm
very careful of the company she sees— Sir,
your most, &c. [Exit.]

W O R T.

Well, my girl, I'm come on a very serious
errand.—

MISS W O R T.

You don't say so, Papa?

W O R T.

Indeed but I am....so sit down on this sofa—
and now tell me whether you have ever yet
thought of marriage?

MISS W O R T.

Dear Papa, what a question! how can you
think I should have thought of such a thing
at my time of life?

M U S H R O O M. (*From behind.*)

There's a good child.

W O R T.

Aye, aye, aye....You think it necessary to
say so—but I don't altogether believe—I know
better—and I know—I know——

MISS W O R T.

What do you know, Papa? I'm sure I never—
(*Aside*) Bless me! he can't have found me out!

W O R T.

W O R T.

I hope not, my dear.

M I S S W O R T.

I hope so too (*Aside.*) Why has any body told you that I ever thought of marriage, Papa?

W O R T.

My dear child, I should be glad if you had.

M I S S W O R T.

Indeed, Papa? Why if I had known that——

W O R T.

Right, my dear—confess the truth—then you will be glad that I've a match in my head for you.——

L O R D G L I M P S E.

What do you think of that, Mushroom!—
(*Aside.*)

W O R T.

But I've not done as most parents would have done——sacrifice you for interest to some old rich Peer, without a tooth in his head, or an eye to see out of.

M U S H R O O M. (*From behind.*)

My Lord, what an abusive old dog it is!

W O R T.

Nor will I let you run away with some handsome gambling fellow without a shilling, who
would

would marry you for your fortune, and then leave you for the hazard-table.

LORD GLIMPSE. (*From behind.*)

Bob, I think he is abusive, or so——

W O R T.

Therefore, my dear babe, I've fixed on an excellent husband for you, who does more than he says—Your cousin, Ensign Short.

M I S S W O R T.

Ensign Short, Sir——Oh! I thought you might mean—But I beg Ensign Short's pardon, I can't think of him.

W O R T.

How! not think of the man I have chosen!

M I S S W O R T.

Indeed, Papa, my dear Papa——

W O R T.

I won't have a word—I'm absolute.

M I S S W O R T.

But confider, Sir, if one does not like——

W O R T.

Like!.....Stuff and nonsense—No body marries for that now.....and tho' I liked my wife when we were married—yet now—but I insist upon it—and where I insist—I am..... I am.....the very obstinate.....devil himself—only ask my wife.

M I S S

MISS WORT.

What then you will force me?

WORT.

To be sure—Who shou'd force you if I don't?

MISS WORT. (*Aside.*)

Mushroom.

WORT.

Well then, I'm going home to ask my wife, and we will finish the business immediately with Ensign Short—You shall leave school to morrow—I'm determined on it—I'm resolved—and when I undertake any thing I always go through with it.....only ask my wife.

[*Exit, taking up Lord Glimpse's bat from the sofa, instead of his own.*]

MUSHROOM. (*Coming forward.*)

My adorable Miss Wort, I'm distressed to death.....You see how necessary it is that we should lose no time—Going to marry you to a man you dislike—Is it possible you don't look on it with horror? Let us fly immediately.

MISS WORT.

'Tis impossible, unless you can contrive it with Mrs. Teach'em through my Lord's means.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Bob, Bob!—Why zounds, the old fellow has
taken

60 THE BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS,

taken away my hat, and left his here in the room!

MUSHROOM.

The devil he has !.....what a thief!

MISS WORT.

Oh! heavens—he'll be back again in a minute....For God's sake make your escape as fast as you can—Get into the other room.

MUSHROOM.

But you will consent, my dear girl——

MISS WORT.

We'll talk of that—Pray be gone for heaven's sake.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Zounds! if he should walk through the street in my hat——

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to Wort's Brewing-yard, discovers men at work, &c. &c.*

FIRST MAN.

Well, Dick, do you think this new tax on malt will hurt us Brewers?

SECOND MAN.

Psha! you Blockhead.....did you ever know a tax affect tradespeople—Don't all them things fall on your gentle folks?

FIRST

FIRST MAN.

Aye, aye! there's the comfort of being poor: those that have nothing to lose, have nothing to fear.

SECOND MAN.

Then depend upon it, Dick—we shall remain untaxed till we are able to pay for it—therefore give us a song.

Enter MRS. WORT *and* ENSIGN SHORT.

MRS. WORT.

Now, Ensign Short, I will elucidate the operose machinations of our manufactured fermentation.

SHORT.

Ma'am——

MRS. WORT.

I say, I will explicate with brevity the mysterious manœuvres of our negociation.

SHORT.

If you please, Ma'am, I shall be glad to finish the business about your daughter as soon as possible.

MRS. WORT.

Incontinently——

SHORT.

Ma'am?

MRS.

MRS. WORT.

You see those immense repositories of hordeal fermentation.

SHORT.

Ma'am?

MRS. WORT.

Their capacity is infinity, and their depth profundity itself.

SHORT.

Ma'am?—

MRS. WORT.

The ton of Heidelburgh was an half anker to them—and they are the produce of my investigations.

SHORT.

But now, Ma'am, to Miss Wort—

MRS. WORT.

Why I cannot but say that you have not no qualifications for connubial felicity.

SHORT.

How !....Have I no qualifications, Ma'am?

MRS. WORT.

You misconceive, Ensign—and I see by your dialogue that you are not accustomed to Latin phraseology, where two negatives constitute an affirmative.

SHORT.

Oh—

MRS.

MRS. WORT.

But I was saying, Mr. Short, that you are not unqualified to fill up the interstices of time in the vacuities of life, by a total dereliction of words.

SHORT.

Ma'am——

MRS. WORT.

Then must I descend to the familiarity of diurnal colloquation, and divein to the vulgarity of your diction.

SHORT.

Indeed, Ma'am, we are not used to such language in the army.

MRS. WORT.

I shall obliviscate all patience!—Was there ever any thing like the bluntness of his ability, and obtuseness of his penetration?

SHORT.

Penetration!—I'm sure I've as much as any man in the regiment.

MRS. WORT.

Then I commiserate its inefficacy to afford voluptuousness—its deprivation of genius in totality, and defalcation of useful parts.

Enter WORT—having just pulled off his hat, and wiping his forehead as he enters.

W O R T.

Bless me! these dog-days are not fit for a christian. Well, I hope you and Ensign Short have finished the business—The child is all compliance—and——

M R S. W O R T.

Yes, Mr. Wort—my offspring assimilate to me—they imbibed benignity with their lacteal nutriment.

S H O R T.

Mr. Wort, will you explain it?

W O R T.

Oh! no; I don't interpret for her, you must ask my wife.

M R S. W O R T.

Yes, my elocution is too recondite——

S H O R T.

Ma'am?—Pray, Mr. Wort, am I to have your daughter or not?

W O R T.

Have my daughter!—humph!—ask my wife.

S H O R T.

Then, Mrs. Wort?——

M R S.

MRS. WORT.

Wisdom is not addicted to promptitude of reply.

SHORT.

What, Mr. Wort?

WORT.

Oh! damn me, if I understand a word.

MRS. WORT.

Why, Mr. Wort, do you think that I will condescend to colloquial vulgarism.

WORT.

Hey—hey?—

MRS. WORT.

Do you cogitate that I will explicate—

WORT.

I'll tell you what, Mrs. Wort....I don't know what you may *explicate*—but if you were a little intelligible—a little....a....about this business, it wou'd be better....ask the Ensign—

MRS. WORT.

Mr. Wort....do you cogitate—

WORT.

Aye! Mrs. Wort—if instead of *cogitate* and hard words, you concerned yourself a little more about your daughter....it wou'd be better—and become a citizen's wife....ask the Ensign.—

F

MRS.

MRS. WORT.

Vulgar Mr. Wort——

WORT.

Yes, Mrs. Wort :—but let me tell you, you will be the ruin of your family—mark what I say—the ruin of it—with your running after dictionary doctors — butterfly catchers.....and antiquated societies.——

MRS. WORT.

Mr. Wort, I turn rubicund at your ignorance.

WORT.

But you should imitate your husband—and know that I am an alderman.....a plain speaking man, of a decent.....proper—respectable appearance.—(*putting on his hat.*)

MRS. WORT.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us !——

SHORT.

He, he, he, he, he !——

MRS. WORT.

Is that a cephalic ornament for an alderman ?

WORT.

Why what is the matter with me ? what do you laugh at, Short ?.....is any thing the matter with my head ?

SHORT.

SHORT.

Ask your wife.

WORT. (*Taking off his bat, and finding it not his own.*)

Hey! what the devil have I got here.....where can I have picked this up? Zounds I must have brought it from the boarding-school.

SHORT.

Indeed?—

WORT.

Yes.....and now I recollect my daughter refused you, and was in confusion.

SHORT.

Confusion!—

MRS. WORT.

The bashful emblem of virginal timidity.

WORT.

Impudence, I say—I wish there was not somebody there that should not be.

SHORT.

Probably.

WORT.

Do you think so?—but what says my wife?

MRS. WORT.

Absurdity.

F 2

WORT.

W O R T.

Then I'll ask the Ensign—what do you say, Ensign? was there a man or not?

S H O R T.

The hat did not go to school of itself.

W O R T.

No, to be sure....but I'll ask my wife.

M R S. W O R T.

I'll be tormented by the folly, levity, ignorance, and impertinence of no man. [*Exit.*]

W O R T.

Then I'll ask the Ensign—what did you say?—a man or not?

S H O R T.

'Tis possible.

W O R T.

Then I'll go back again....and ask the mistress and the neighbourhood....and know who he was—so come along, Ensign Short....you shall ask too, for you are as much concerned as I am—These boarding-schools are damned suspicious places, and you officers know the ways of them better than any body....only ask....no damn it....I'm sure of that however. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T

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fatigues of the evening.....Come, Mushroom, as
you are a visiter to day, give us a toast.

MUSHROOM.

A toast—a toast—what sort of a one?

LORD KETTLEDROM.

Any thing that is wicked and laughable, my
boy.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

Then he had better give Billy Briskit; for
I'm fure he is both.

BILLY BRISKIT.

Yes, my Lord Settlement; but it costs me
nothing.

MUSHROOM.

Well then I'll give you, gentlemen—Hasta
Jovis, Venerisque Lucus.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Admirable by Jove—excellent!—well then,
gentlemen, here's—Hannah Jones and Phœbe
Lucas.

ALL.

Ha, ha, ha ha.....

BILLY BRISKIT.

I'll do them justice for once, and here they go.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

Better late than never, Billy.

BILLY BRISKIT.

Come, come, Sir Jeffery, I tell you I'm as much a man as ever I was—you know, my Lord Kettledrum, I am only forty-five.

LORD KETTLEDRUM.

To be sure I do—you have told me so these twenty years.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

He had taken his degrees before I went to school.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

In impudence of every kind.

BILLY BRISKIT.

Yes, but I never arrived at that pitch, as to settle upon every new face.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Aye, Billy, you had too quick an eye for that.

BILLY BRISKIT.

Yes, Lord Glimpse—they cou'd not get on my blind side.

MUSHROOM.

But this is not drinking, gentlemen—come, the bottle stops with Lord Settlement.

BILLY BRISKIT.

Aye, that's his way on all occasions—nothing can pass him, but he stops its.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

You say that, Billy, I suppose, because I stopt you the other day as you were pursuing a tall milliner with a large head of hair.

LORD KETTLEDROM.

Which you longed to comb, my Lord, I dare say.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

Aye, aye—we all know he is a man of feeling.

LORD GLIMPSE.

But we have not yet drank the new Lady Abbess of Arlington-street.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

I am told that Billy Briskit *keeps* a room there for himself, all hung with magnifying glafs.

BILLY BRISKIT.

Psha! my Lord, there's no occasion to magnify things in that way....but I must own I don't *keep* at home, as Lord Settlement does.

LORD KETTLEDROM.

Aye, that's the way he ruins the market; there is no doing any thing now but for-money. I remember the time when I cou'd go through the whole town with my fiddle and a few promises.

SIR

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

But something more substantial is necessary now.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Well, but, Kettledrum, give us a song to-day, or a catch or something—come, any thing new and clever.

LORD KETTLEDRUM.

Then I'll give you one of my own composing. (*Song.*)

Enter Servant with a Letter to Lord Glimpse.

SERVANT.

My Lord, an answer is required.

BILLY BRISKIT. (*Looking about.*)

Waiter, is she there?

LORD GLIMPSE.

Gentlemen, I'm sorry I must leave you on particular business.

KETTLEDRUM.

Well we wont disturb you, Glimpse, you may have her here—for we are going :—waiter, call up the carriages—I'm going to hear a new voice to-night.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

Well good bye to you, Glimpse—I wish you success—but I dare say I've had her.

BILLY

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BILLY BRISKIT. (*Looking through his
glafs*.)

And I'll be bound I'll find her out.

SIR JEFFERY GOAT.

She'll be in the Garden by and by—so good
bye to you.

BILLY BRISKIT.

Come, Lord Settlement, you and I will go
and take a stroll in Kensington Gardens.....while
one has spirits, health, and constitution, one has
a right to enjoy them.....so come along, my boy.....
I'll shew you the way. [*Exeunt Club.*

MUSHROOM.

Well, my Lord, what news?

LORD GLIMPSE.

Extraordinary for us, by heavens!—the
damned old fellow of a father has suspected
all from my hat.

MUSHROOM.

Zounds!—then all is over.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Quite the contrary.

MUSHROOM.

How so?.....the girls can't see us this evening,

LORD GLIMPSE.

They are the more desirous of it—look here,
the letter is to you, though directed to me.

MUSHROOM.

MUSHROOM. (*Reads.*)

"My father suspected.....returned about the hat.....scolded Mrs. Teach'em—who turned it off admirably.....intends to hasten my marriage with Short—pray lose no time.....garden wall.....half past ten—my friend Lucy is enchanted with Lord Glimpse.....dear Mushroom, yours for ever, L. Wort.".....Well, my Lord, this exceeds our expectation.

LORD GLIMPSE.

And what's to be done?

MUSHROOM.

Fly immediately to the place of meeting.....when I will go off with Miss Wort.....and if *you* don't know what to do with her companion when you have her in a garden.....why ——

LORD GLIMPSE.

Zounds!....I'm all on fire.....I'll go and take Smith's restorative this moment.

MUSHROOM.

And I'll prepare a chaise.....come courage, my Lord, you can scale a wall for once.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Don't be so robust.....you ruffle my nerves so that you destroy me totally.

MUSHROOM.

M U S H R O O M.

Damn it, my Lord, don't talk of your nerves when you are going to a fine girl.....but consider hers. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to Wort's House.*—Enter Mrs. Wort and a Poet.

M R S. W O R T.

Divine Mr. Stanza.....I'm so enraptured with your company.....pray give me a specimen of your Poem on the Peace.

S T A N Z A. (*Repeating.*)

Now the tempestuous Mars all blood and mire,
With ghastly looks, and eyes as red as fire,
Drove forth his car, with sithes at ev'ry wheel,
Not widows' weeping sighs, but sithes of steel.

M R S. W O R T.

And is this in your Poem on Peace? it carries with it the semblance of war.

S T A N Z A.

To be sure it does.....no-body cares for a peace now a-days; but perhaps you wanted to hear my satire.

M R S. W O R T.

Aye, aye—the satire.....I love satire.....especially if it is on any one that I know.....on particular people.

S T A N Z A.

S T A N Z A.

Then you must like mine, for it is on every one....and I call it the Universal Dæmoniacs, or Hell upon Earth.

M R S. W O R T.

Rather an unpopular subject.

S T A N Z A.

Quite the reverse—it must be popular if I take in every one.

M R S. W O R T.

True, Mr. Stanza.

S T A N Z A.

Besides, I make a ministerial gambler stand up in the House of Commons....thus——

“ The gambling senator assumes his place,
“ Uncomb’d his hair, and all unwash’d his face ;
“ So strange that shuffled from the pack you’d swear,
“ Some unshorn knave of clubs was speaking there.”

M R S. W O R T.

Charming..... “ Knave of Clubs”delectable.... “ Unshorn”—transporting....Well I must say, Mr. Stanza, that I never auscultated better poetry in my life—But now you shall hear my piece.

S T A N Z A.

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STANZA.

Stop one moment.

MRS. WORT.

Aye, and you will auscultate.

STANZA.

The rest of my poem——

MRS. WORT.

But mine comes in.

STANZA.

Never mind that, mine comes in much better.

Enter WORT and ENSIGN SHORT.

WORT. (*From without.*)

But before it is done, let us ask my wife. My dear, my dear Mrs. Wort, here is your own——

STANZA.

No, no, 'tis *my own*, and all my own—I assure you, I am no compiler—I'm no stealer of words.....no server up of scraps—no Sir Fretful Plagiarist, I assure you.

SHORT.

Sir——

WORT.

Hush! Ensign Short.....let me tell her the consequence. Now, my dear Mrs. Wort.....

WE

we—that is Ensign Short and myself—have been
at the school.....and what we suspected this morn-
ing is all true.....there was a man

STANZA.

“Man is but man, and every man’s the same.”

SHORT.

Sir——

WORT.

My dear Ensign Short, hold your tongue—
I know this man—let us ask my wife.....My dear,
Mrs. Wort, I said there would be a man, and
so there was—and unless you go, and take your
girl from school, it will be all over with her—
she will be no better than she should be—she
will be—be——

STANZA.

“To be or not to be, that is the question.”

WORT.

Damn your questions! I won’t answer one of
them.....I say, Mrs. Wort—I must speak plain—
your daughter will be ruined—so come along.

MRS. WORT.

Mr. Stanza, proceed with your poem.

STANZA.

Well, Ma’am, after this I go into West-
minster Hall (you won’t be surprised they
play

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play the devil there), and I describe a new-made Chancellor's first entrance---and I finish with a simile---and what do you think I compare him to?

SHORT.

Sir, comparisons are odious.

MRS. WORT.

Compare him to, Mr. Stanza?

WORT.

What signifies, my dear --- consider your daughter.

MRS. WORT.

Lycurgus, perhaps---

STANZA.

An old ram---

WORT.

Sir, I don't understand your interfering in family affairs.

MRS. WORT.

Proceed, Mr. Stanza.

STANZA.

Thus, Ma'am : (*Repeats.*)

" So some black ram before his fleecy fold,

" With branching head, rough top, grim,
gruff, and old,

" Leads first the way along some dirty lane :

" Whilst

"Whilst tired behind the dying lambs complain,
"Doom'd to the rot or butcher's knife---to
him 'tis all the same."

W O R T.

Zounds ! Ma'am—you are losing time—your
daughter will be undone.

M R S. W O R T.

" 'Tis all the same." (*Repeating.*)

W O R T.

I tell you it is not the same....what, Ma'am,
do you say 'tis the same, whether my daughter
is run away with or not ?

M R S. W O R T.

Mr. Stanza—it is impossible, you see, with this
interruption to indulge the union of our facul-
ties—we will retire, therefore, to the retreat of
my closet, and there taste the elysium of con-
genial minds, and an uninterrupted flow of
felicity.

S T A N Z A. (*Leads her out.*)

"To him 'tis all the same."——

[*Exeunt Mrs. Wort and Stanza.*]

W O R T.

Now this, Ensign Short, is being married to a
woman of capacity.

G

S H O R T.

SHORT.

I hope your daughter then has none?

WORT.

None, thank heaven!.....but I'll not answer for what she may have.

SHORT.

I'll take care of the may's.

WORT.

I don't know that—I'm sure I've taken as much pains with my wife.....but there she goes with a new piece into her closet, and don't care a fixpence about me or my family.

SHORT.

Piece!.....zounds! you ought to cut her piecemeal.

WORT.

Oh! bless me! cut her:.....no, no.....she's too used to it for that. But what shall we do, Ensign Short?

SHORT.

What I said before—take your daughter away, and never ask your wife.

WORT.

So I will—zounds! I will take her away, and I'll shew her who is master of this house, so come along, Ensign Short—you shall see what I'll

I'll do—I'll do—I'll do—Lord blefs me! what
I will do—aye, and I'll not ask my wife—come
along— [Exeunt.]

SCENE *changes to the Garden belonging to the
School—a Summer-house in the back Scene, &c.
&c.—and a Wall.*

Enter MISS WORT *and* KITTY SLY.

MISS WORT.

Do you fee, or hear any thing of them,
Kitty?

KITTY.

No, not yet—and it is full the time ap-
pointed.

MISS WORT.

Well, if Mushroom deceive me, I shall have
no confidence in protestations.

KITTY.

Oh! don't be afraid—I'll venture my life on
him; but as to my lover, Lord Glimpse, I have
my doubts: however, I shall have one consol-
ation—that of seeing my friend happily married
to a deserving man—but don't I hear a noise?

MISS WORT.

Do you?—Lord! how I tremble!—Oh! Kitty,
what a silly girl I am—though I'm transported
with the idea of beholding the object of my
G 2 affection,

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affection, yet I cannot hear his name without fearing I know not what.

KITTY.

Aye, my dear—but believe me you will laugh at all your fears by and by—see the light——

Enter MUSHROOM and my LORD GLIMPSE over the Wall.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Mushroom——zounds! put the lantern on the other side—I can't see—and the wall is so cursedly high, I shall break my neck if I fall.

MUSHROOM.

Make haste, my Lord, and the town is our own——for behold the citizens await us with open arms.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Do they?—so they do—zounds! I'll be up if it was twenty feet higher—lend me your hand, Bob—there—well, I am mounted at last——now search about lest there should be any men-traps in this damn'd garden.

MUSHROOM.

Oh! never fear, my Lord, the fruit is not yet ripe.

KITTY.

Well, Miss Wort, are you prepared for resistance, or shall we surrender at discretion?

MISS

MISS WORT.

We may as well submit, I think.

LORD GLIMPSE.

My dear little girls—what dangers we have run for your sakes!—Mushroom has broke both his shins, and I'm half blinded with the dust.

KITTY.

We are sensible, my Lord, of the obligation.

MUSHROOM. (*To Miss Wort.*)

Well, my dearest girl, since our attachment is discovered, there's no time to lose.

MISS WORT.

What do you mean, Mr. Mushroom?

MUSHROOM.

To fly to Scotland immediately, and to be united to my love in the indissoluble bonds of gratitude and affection.

MISS WORT.

But my father——

MUSHROOM,

Oh! talk not of fathers—what is father, brother, sister, all to love?

MISS WORT.

And will you always love me?

MUSHROOM.

Upon my life, my word——

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LORD GLIMPSE. (*To Kitty.*)

And my honour, my dearest Kitty.

MISS WORT.

But my mother will die when she hears it.

MUSHROOM.

Poor woman, then I fear she is already dead.

MISS WORT.

How!

MUSHROOM.

Because I wrote to her half an hour ago, and said we were gone to France, in order to avoid a pursuit.

MISS. WORT.

Oh! you were not so rash?

MUSHROOM.

Indeed but I was.....I knew it was the only way of quieting your scruples—and you see, therefore, we have no alternative.—Come, my dearest girl—a chaise is without the wall—come.....my Lord will take care of Kitty—and Kitty will take care of my Lord—come——

(*Mushroom and Miss Wort go over the Wall.*)

LORD GLIMPSE.

But Bob—Bob.....be sure you leave the rope-adder; and now, my dear creature, let us just retire

retire into the summer-house there, if it is only for safety.

KITTY.

No, my Lord, we may as well talk here; I would not go in for the world.

LORD GLIMPSE.

My sweet little creature, what risk can you run with me?—only try now.

KITTY.

Oh! my Lord, I would not be with a man in the dark for a great deal.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Bless me! my love, I've been in the dark with a thousand ladies, and they never complained....besides, my dear creature, you know we are as good as married—I look on you as my Lady Glimpse.

KITTY.

I don't know that, my Lord; you don't offer to carry me to Scotland, as Mr. Mushroom has done Miss Wort---You may be all deceit.

LORD GLIMPSE.

A fly Gipsy. (*aside.*) My dear creature—come—come....come....my love....my life.

(*Tries to push her into the Summer-house. A Noise is heard within.*)

G 4

WORT.

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WORT. (*From without.*)

I will look into the garden.

KITTY.

Oh! my Lord, there is somebody coming.

(*Runs into the Summer-house.*)

LORD GLIMPSE. (*Following.*)

Zounds! what an interruption.

Enter WORT, ENSIGN SHORT, and MRS.
TEACH'EM.

WORT.

I tell you I will search the garden---when I was a young man, there was all kind of things going on in the garden.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Dear Sir, the Ladies are in bed, I dare say.

SHORT.

Sir, the man declared he saw two gentlemen get over the garden wall.

WORT.

Aye, aye! she's a vile woman---and here is this damn'd peacock---do, Ensign Short, look down the throat of it---they may be there---I always suspected trees cut into such damn'd strange shapes.

MRS.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Oh! Sir---you are welcome to search any where.

W O R T.

Then look behind that naked Mercury in the corner---and if we don't find them there, we will draw the pond.

S H O R T.

Oh, oh! Sir---here's a summer house.

W O R T.

Then they are there for a thousand.

S H O R T.

I'll see however.

W O R T.

Zounds! do it quickly, or it will be---

Enter L O R D G L I M P S E.

Oh! 'tis too late.

S H O R T:

Well, Sir---you are dislodged, however.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Bless me!--Lord Glimpse here!--

W O R T.

A Lord is he?---but where is my daughter, then, MY LORD?

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Your Daughter!

W O R T.

W O R T.

Yes, my Lord, my daughter—whom you, I suppose, have pretended an affection for—and, for what I know, betrayed.

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Sir!—

W O R T.

Yes, my Lord—and let me tell you—that when a Lord—I mean if you are one—descends to use arts—that a Lord—should be ashamed of—his being a Lord---makes it ten times worse....ask the Ensign.

S H O R T.

I tell you what, Sir—you shall do justice to the Lady—I've said it.

M R S. T E A C H ' E M.

Thank heavens! then my bond will be good.
(*Afide.*)

Enter M R S. W O R T, *in a hurry.*

M R S. W O R T.

Oh! Mr. Wort—here's such a discovery.

W O R T.

So there is, I think—only ask the Ensign.

M R S. W O R T.

Then they are not eloped?

W O R T.

W O R T.

No, no—they are here sure enough.

S H O R T.

In the summer-house—and the Man is a Lord.

M R S. W O R T.

Lord bless us!—why my letter says that she is gone to France with one Mushroom.

W O R T.

And who the devil is *he*?—pray, Sir, or my Lord, is your name Glimpse, or Mushroom?

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Glimpse, Sir, at your service—and Mr. Mushroom, whom you inquire after, is a very honest, good kind of a man. He is just set off for France with a Miss Wort.

M R S. T E A C H ' E M.

Oh! then I'm ruined, indeed.

W O R T.

Oh! you vile woman, you wretch——

M R S. W O R T.

You incarnate—you Hyæna.....get out of my sight.

[*Exit Mrs. Teach'em.*]

W O R T.

Why then my daughter is not in the Summer-house?

S H O R T.

SHORT.

I'll see however. (*Brings out Kitty.*)

LORD GLIMPSE.

Now, gentlemen, you are convinced—and as you find I have nothing to do with your daughter I shall take my leave, and am—thank heavens! a lucky escape....(*Aside, going.*)

KITTY.

No—you have not escaped, you monster....do you think you shall go, and not complete your promise of marrying me?

WORT.

Zounds! another girl ruined!—these old Foxes kill all the game.

KITTY.

Oh! gentlemen....I beg you will assist me....here is this old wretch has bribed the mistresses of the school to ruin me—You know not half her arts....she has, besides, betray'd a poor unhappy girl—a Miss Wort, who is gone off to France with a gentleman, and left me a sacrifice to this man, who under a promise of marriage....oh! gentlemen, if you have any compassion——

SHORT.

So Sir—you promised to marry this Lady?

WORT.

W O R T.

And was caught in a Summer-house with her?

S H O R T.

Come.....no deceit with us.

K I T T Y.

Indeed, gentlemen, he is full of it.

M R S. W O R T.

He has the semblance of deceit.

S H O R T.

We will see that.....come, my Lord, I promised to see justice done to one Lady in the Summer-house, and I'll now do it to another.

(Draws his sword.)

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Oh! I shall be murdered.....pray, Captain..... Colonel.....General—pray, Miss Kitty, defend me.

K I T T Y.

Not I, my Lord.

S H O R T.

Come.....come—do the Lady justice.....I said it.

L O R D G L I M P S E.

Justice....this is not a situation to do a Lady justice.....and, besides, what justice?

K I T T Y.

A promise to marry me before these gentlemen.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Zounds ! marry you !.....I can't do that.....but, indeed, Captain, I'll make her any reparation in my power ; I have a trifle about me—a bill of five hundred pounds.....if that is sufficient. (*Kitty takes it.*) But I hope, gentlemen, this affair will be kept secret, for I value my character, I assure you. Bless me ! if the Goatine Club were to know of it. (*Afide.*)

(*A Noise without.*)*Enter* BILLY BRISKIT *and* LORD SETTLEMENT.BILLY BRISKIT. (*Without.*)

What is all this riot in the street ? (*Within.*) Let me look at her.....a Miss Wort caught in a summer-house with a nobleman—let me look at her—Zounds ! Lord Settlement, here's little Kitty Sly, that lived at the Stag, on Epping-Forest, and you know was debauched by Bob Mushroom, from a Boarding-school.....an intriguing little vixen.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

But where's the nobleman?.....poor dog.

LORD GLIMPSE.

Are you Kitty Sly?

ALL.

He, he, he, he, he——

LORD GLIMPSE.

Zounds! have I given five hundred pounds for an old face—and to be laughed at?.....'tis too much.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

Why have you made a settlement too?

LORD GLIMPSE.

And that incarnate, Mrs. Teach'em, to impose upon me....and my friend, Mushroom, with his turned-off girls....zounds!

Enter MRS. TEACH'EM *with* MISS WORT,
and INKHORN.

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Oh! Madam....Madam....here's your daughter come back again....I hope now you won't blame me.

INKHORN.

Stand by, woman.....Sir.....as I was going after Sir Joseph Hogstie and the hops—I thought I spied our young Lady with a Gentleman in a chaise, and as I knew you suspected something of the sort, I made up, and insisted on the Gentleman's giving her up.....which he easily agreed to.

MRS. WORT.

O! thou auspicious Being——

INKHORN.

INKHORN.

He said, indeed, that he was a member of Parliament....No, says I, that won't go down—a member of Parliament, and break the laws!....no, no, says I, that won't do, indeed.

SHORT.

And so without a word he gave her up?

INKHORN.

Immediately.

SHORT.

There's a villain!

MISS WORT.

Oh! Sir, if words can express how sensible I am of my error—forgive——

WORT.

Oh! damn all fine words....we will talk about forgiveness by and by....since you are come back I'm satisfied, and you have only to ask my wife.

MRS. WORT.

But, I'm not satisfied, Mr. Wort....do you think the involuntary retrogradation of my offspring can be any atonement for such audacity?

WORT.

Zounds! Mrs. Wort—if you are at your hard

hard words, every thing will go wrong again. It was your cursed philosophy that made you neglect your daughter, or this would not have happened.—You know I told you this morning that you would ruin the family.....Ask the Ensign.

LORD SETTLEMENT.

So, Lord Glimpse—Kitty tells me that you have made her a *present* of five hundred—

BILLY BRISKIT.

A fool and his money, you know, my Lord—

LORD GLIMPSE.

Zounds! I'll never intrigue again.....but every man has his blind side.—Oh! you infernal hag!.....(*To Mrs. T.*)

MRS. TEACH'EM.

Nay, my Lord, if you say a word, I'll shew your bond.....

LORD GLIMPSE.

Oh! the devil!.....Mr. Wort, if you have any regard for your daughter, take her from a boarding-school as fast as you can.

WORT.

I intend it;—and I hope this escape will be

H

a cau-

a caution to parents, how they trust the education of their children.....And I hope, my Lord, the loss of Five Hundred Pounds will be a caution to you, how you look again into—a School for Misses,

END OF THE
BOARDING-SCHOOL MISS.

ONE AND ALL;

A

F A R C E,

OF

TWO ACTS.

H 2

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

LORD SINGLETONE.
SIR PHILIP FINEER.
BARBATE.
LAMBSKIN.
CAPTAIN O'NETTLE.
DR. METAPHOR.
SMALL-TALK.
JOHN DOE.
DOUBLE-DO.
NIMBLE.
LADY SINGLETONE.
CHARLOTTE.
HARRIOT.
FANNY.

SERVANTS, &c. ATTORNEY.

SCENE, *London.*

P R O L O G U E.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SIR PETER.

MY LADY.

MR. SPATTER-WIT.

SERVANTS, &c.

SCENE. *A Room in Sir Peter's House.—A Door in the Back Scene.—Ringing of Bells.*

Enter a MAID SERVANT in a hurry.

MAID. (*calling*)

JOHN, Harry, Will, where are you all?—

Enter a FOOTMAN.

—Why don't you shew the company into the boxes?.....

SERVANT.

They must *stand*, I tell you.—My Lady gave strict orders the Miss Draw-waters should *stand*—

[*Exit Maid.*

H 3

Enter

Enter 2d FOOTMAN, in a hurry.

Second SERVANT.

John, John—Where's Master William's hat and feather?

First SERVANT.

Zounds! can I attend to dressing the actors when I am door-keeper to the boxes?—

[Exeunt.]

Bells ring violently.—Enter two Servants meeting.

First SERVANT.

O zounds, zounds! if the floor has not given way, and let two whole rows of people into the cellar!

Second SERVANT.

Damn the people! run directly to Mr. Spatter-wit, to know whether Sir Philip should wear rouge or not.

First SERVANT.

Run yourself, you blockhead—

Second SERVANT.

Not I, by Jove! *(Sits down with his back to the scene.)*

First SERVANT.

Nor I, split me! *(Sits down in the same manner.)*

[A pause,

[A pause, then ringing of bells most violently.]

Enter Sir Peter and my Lady; the two Servants run away.

SIR PETER.

They'll pull the house down.....acting plays! I wonder, my Lady, you can be so absurd..... better let the girls stick to their samplers, and the boys to their grammar, by half.

LADY.

Sure, Sir Peter, I should know best what is proper for children.—When they are men and women, you may take the management of them—at present, I say, nothing is better for their morals and improvement than well-written plays.

SIR PETER.

Why don't you send them, then, to school at Drury-Lane and Covent-Garden, instead of putting me to the expence of Eton and Queen's-Square?

LADY.

Psha! Sir Peter.....you are always at your far-fetched arguments. I wish you were *not* in Parliament, and then you would learn to hear reason.

H 4

SIR

S I R P E T E R.

And so you call it reason to keep my children at home a month after the holidays, to stuff their brains full of a nonsensical Farce, without wit, humour, or moral in it (as far as I can see) for the entertainment of a parcel of country bumkins.....It is reason, too, I suppose, to have my best dining parlour stripped of all my pictures, and converted into a playhouse.....my carpets and damask curtains sewed into scenes; and all my own and your wardrobe cut up into dresses.....I dare say this affair will cost me twenty pounds.

L A D Y.

Suppose it should—you don't spend so much among your constituents here in the country, that you should scruple giving them an innocent amusement. Indeed, my dear, you begin to be very unpopular. Unless you live a little more, and spend a little more, in the country, I question whether you will be returned at the next election.

S I R P E T E R.

Our constituents are so exorbitant at the time we are chosen, my Lady, that we consider them as amply paid for the honour of representation.

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Would you have gained your last election, if I had not gone about to every tradesman that had a vote, and purchased half their stock in trade? Nay, did not I go into the public market, and buy up as much provisions as would have victualled a man of war? Did not I expose my very person to the salutes of common mechanics, and all the liberties which they think themselves entitled to from female candidates?

S I R P E T E R.

And surely, my Lady, you might do for your *husband*, what the first ladies of quality do for their *friends* in London—

L A D Y.

And now, if I were not to keep up your interest a little, by visiting, and losing at cards, and giving a little hop now and then to the parson's wife and daughters, nobody would know any thing about you; for you never speak in the House, or cut any figure in the papers.....Well, if I were a member of parliament, I would always be upon my legs.

S I R P E T E R.

Suppose the whole house were of the same mind?

L A D Y.

L A D Y.

Then there would be no opposition....

Enter Servant.

S E R V A N T.

There's Dr. Decimal, my Lady, his wife, and five misses; all getting out of a post-chaise;where are they to be put?

L A D Y.

Into the Pit, to be sure.....You see, Sir Peter, what a full house we shall have!

S I R P E T E R.

I wish Mr. Spatter-wit at the devil, with all my soul, for putting such vagaries into your head—but you must always have some of these idle fellows following you into the country—wits—or poets—or—

L A D Y.

For shame, Sir Peter! to speak so of Mr. Spatter-wit, after all the pains he has been taking to divert your company. I'm sure he was a whole week writing this little piece, according to the present taste, and I do think nothing was ever more novel and diverting.—Oh! here he comes—

Enter Spatter-wit.

S P A T T E R - W I T.

The actors and actresses are all ready, my Lady, and the house fills apace.

L A D Y.

I'm glad of it, 'twill give the children such spirits. Upon my word, Mr. Spatter-wit, Sir Peter and myself can hardly express our obligations to you, for this favour.

S P A T T E R - W I T.

O dear, my Lady!—whatever my poor abilities—

L A D Y.

Indeed, Mr. Spatter-wit, your fancy and taste are exquisite. It is a great pity you don't favour the town oftener with your productions.

S P A T T E R - W I T.

And does your Ladyship really think the little piece has merit?

L A D Y.

Infinite,.....and quite in the present taste.....equivoque improbability — and every thing that is charming !

S P A T T E R - W I T.

I was afraid it wanted improbability.....

L A D Y:

L A D Y.

You are too modest—it rises superior to any thing I have seen.

S I R P E T E R.

How the taste of the times differs!—I remember when the least deviation from what is natural, was the greatest fault a dramatic production could have; and, for my own part, I conceived the dialogue should be formed from genuine manners, the passions arise from character and incident, and the catastrophe closed with an instructive moral.

S P A T T E R - W I T.

Thanks to a more enlighten'd taste, Sir Peter, all that vulgarity is now laid aside. Genius has leave to roam through the spacious fields of imagination; and the successful Dramatist would no more stoop to describe manners as they walk, than a Raphael would have painted a common portrait.

S I R P E T E R.

All your likenesses are caricaturas.

S P A T T E R - W I T.

Quite the contrary!.....a caricatura is nature enlarged, or diminished; whereas we put nature quite out of the question, and form a

new

new creation.....There lies the difficulty ; for as any painter, with decent colours, and a little knowledge of perspective, may draw your likeness, if you sit for your picture ; so may any poet describe your character and manners, with the smallest observation of your behaviour and conduct. The art of copying, therefore, is wisely banished from the stage, and nothing succeeds without originality.

S I R P E T E R.

I thought the stage was like a looking-glass, in which men might see their vices and foibles, and learn to correct them.

S P A T T E R - W I T.

That's old stuff from Horace and Shakespear.—But give me the poet, who, as the latter says of the players, “ outsteps the most defty of nature.” For instance now,—It is mighty easy, you know, to make a man talk intelligibly.....if he's a taylor, he may discourse about his goose—if an undertaker, he may bury people in his own way.—But what say you to a character that talks half a dozen different tongues, all blended together like Cerberus's triple voice, without one single line of either sense or language ?.....That, now, is the effort of a great genius.

S I R

SIR PETER.

I would advise you then, for the future, to take your characters from the Parliament House; for damn me if I have not sat there a whole day, and heard twenty members talk just as you have described—

SPATTER-WIT.

Then, again, as to stage effect and situation.—You are a Justice of the Peace, and I am Hugh Spatter-wit, Esq. an humble admirer of the Muses.....What great matter is it to botch up a conversation between us two, when we know each other perfectly? But if, at the time I am announced to you, the servant (an ignorant booby) happens to call me Mr. Batter-it, and you immediately take me for the constable of the next parish; and when I am thinking about Melpomene the Muse, you suppose it to be Mol Pominy, the cook-maid come to swear a rape—what a field of variety it displays, and what an opportunity for equivoque and pun, and every thing that is laughable and interesting!

LADY.

Pray, Mr. Spatter-wit, for what reason have you introduced your deaf and dumb man in
this

this little piece?....He does not seem necessary to the plot.

S P A T T E R - W I T.

And for that very reason he is there—to open the other characters, which is far better done by an extraneous person, than by the others who are necessary to the catastrophe; by that means a variety is brought forward, that keeps alive the eye of the spectator, if his ears are not entertained. It is, in fact, to person, what a pun is with regard to dialogue. For the same reason, we always endeavour to *surprise*, by making the audience expect something diametrically opposite to what is really to happen.—For example, if a hero is announced, we produce a Lilliputian; if it were necessary to bring on a blind man, we should call him *Argus*.—I have in contemplation an excellent stage situation for a new piece, which will come out at one of the Winter Theatres next season.

L A D Y.

What is it?

S P A T T E R - W I T.

The piece is an alteration of Shakespear's Henry the Eighth; and as Cardinal Wolsey was a remarkably stately, upright prelate, after a long

long description of his uprightness and dignity, I make him, immediately after his disgrace, walk in—on his head.

SIR PETER.

Hey? (*loud*)

LADY.

He, he, he! (*laughing*)

SPATTER-WIT.

I thought you would feel it—I knew it would disappoint you—there's the great merit of the thought.—'Tis new, quite new, I believe.

SIR PETER.

And shall you make the Cardinal pun, too, Mr. Spatter-wit?

SPATTER-WIT.

Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing*) he does not take the joke.

SIR PETER.

Where is it, for heaven's sake?

SPATTER-WIT.

Why in the pun, to be sure. Thus, when he is disgraced, he is humbled, you know—so he is quite the reverse of what he was before.

SIR PETER.

Undoubtedly.

SPATTER-

SPATTER-WIT.

To shew it, therefore, by one stroke, like a flash of lightning, I turn him topsy-turvy, which is the greatest alteration possible.

SIR PETER.

Wonderful!

LADY.

Is not it a charming situation?

SIR PETER.

For those that like it.

SPATTER-WIT.

Won't it have a good effect?

SIR PETER.

To make the actor sick, I believe.

SPATTER-WIT.

Ha, ha, ha!—Very good, Sir Peter!—very good!—bravo!

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

The boxes are quite full, my Lady, and there are now twenty persons at the door.

LADY.

Cram them all into the pit.

SIR PETER.

I wish they were in the bottomless pit, with all my soul. (*aside*)

I

SPATTER-

SPATTER-WIT.

(Looking through the door in the back scene)

Yes, the house is brimful.

LADY.

Let us begin then. Ring the bell for the music—I must first go pay my compliments to the boxes—

SPATTER-WIT.

And I to the pit.

LADY.

Had not you better go behind the scenes, lest the children should be out in their parts?

SPATTER-WIT.

No! I always chuse to be in the house, on the first night of my piece—to shew the audience the proper places to clap:

LADY.

Where will you go, Sir Peter?

SIR PETER.

Never mind me, my Lady, I shall go to—sleep.

[Exeunt Lady and Spatter-wit.]

—But after all, I cannot help admiring the prudence of the poet; for the audience, who pay for it, have certainly a right to be entertained in their own way.

*[Exit.]**[Bell rings for the music.]*

ONE AND ALL:

A

F A R C E.

A C T I.

SCENE, *a Room in Lord Singletone's House.*
Discovers Lady Singletone, Harriot, Charlotte,
and Barbate—after Breakfast.

LADY SINGLETONE.

ALL that I can say, Mr. Barbate, is, that your want of fortune will be an insuperable objection to Lord Sigletone. As you are my relation, you need not doubt my partiality; and Charlotte knows, whenever I have an opportunity, I express myself in your favour.

CHARLOTTE.

I am sensible of it.

I 2

BARBATE.

BARBATE.

But if your Ladyship would be kind enough to try once more, we should esteem it an everlasting favour; and if Lord Singlestone won't hear of it, or gives a peremptory refusal, we shall then be better able to determine how to proceed.

LADY SINGLESTONE.

Your profession, too, of the Law, is another difficulty with him. He thinks it is impossible to be happy, unless you are perfectly independent of the world.

BARBATE.

I'm acquainted with the narrowness of his sentiments.

LADY SINGLESTONE.

Harriot will tell you that when *Sir Philip Fyneer* first made his proposals to marry *her*, the only question his Lordship asked was about the settlement:—

HARRIOT.

And though I have expressed my dislike to *Sir Philip*, in the strongest terms, yet you find he is inflexible, and the articles are to be signed this evening, in spite of my own consent.

LADY

L A D Y S I N G L E T O N E.

I will comply, however, with your request, and speak once more to his Lordship. He is at present engaged with his steward, but I'll watch the first opportunity.....in the mean time believe me your friend.—Harriot, follow me. [*Exeunt Lady Singleton and Harriot.*]

B A R B A T E.

Were ever lovers, my dear Charlotte, more perplexed?

C H A R L O T T E.

Heigho!

B A R B A T E.

You must not be so dejected—despair will ruin us inevitably. Your sister, you see, keeps up her spirits, even on the verge of the precipice.

C H A R L O T T E.

I wish I had her resolution—I would make a better use of it.

B A R B A T E,

How so?

C H A R L O T T E.

She declares if she is married to Sir Philip against her inclinations, he shall either allow her a separate maintenance, or she will make

him repent it before the end of the honeymoon.—Now I positively would not have

BARBATE.

Because you have an attachment ; she—

CHARLOTTE.

Has also her tender wishes, I assure you ; but....

BARBATE.

I don't wish to be made a confident.

CHARLOTTE.

You would remain ignorant, for me, if you did, notwithstanding the confidence I place in you.

BARBATE.

I love you the better for it, if possible.

CHARLOTTE.

Heigho !

BARBATE.

Come....you must not sigh. It is some consolation that your case is not quite so desperate as hers.

CHARLOTTE.

To be sure, I am not (as you say) quite so near the verge of the precipice ; but this Mr. Lambskin, whom Sir Philip Fineer has recommended

commended to my father for a husband for me, may soon make his appearance.

BARBATE.

Can't we prevent him?—Suppose I write to him, and tell him how the case stands?.....He's a gentleman, and of liberal sentiments.....Or, suppose I wait on him as soon as he arrives in town? or—stay—let me consider.....

CHARLOTTE.

Do, my dear Barbate.....

BARBATE.

Or suppose.....Oh! damn that old grandfather of yours, for leaving your fortune dependent on your father's consent!

CHARLOTTE.

I had rather had none at all.

BARBATE.

Or suppose——stop, a thought occurs..... Has not Dr. Pluralist, Lord Singletone's chaplain, wrote word he would send young Smalltalk, the curate, up to town, to officiate at your sister's and Sir Philip's wedding?

CHARLOTTE.

He has.

BARBATE.

I know him very well—they call him, in the country, the Buck Parson.

CHARLOTTE.

The Buck Parson—well?

BARBATE.

Is not that a sufficient trait of his character?

CHARLOTTE.

What do you mean?

BARBATE.

I'll tell you.—A Buck Parson is one who has undertaken the sacred function of the Church, with the same views a tradesman sets up his shop—to make the most of his stock in hand, and to deal as extensively as possible. Under this influence he holds as many livings, curacies, archdeaconries, and prebends, as he can grasp; and with the profits, he eats, drinks, plays, dresses, and enjoys life like the completest libertine. Young Smalltalk, the person in question, is the son of a celebrated auctioneer, who knocked down to himself a fat benefice at half its value. The young Blood has there built a neat sporting box, is the master of the ceremonies at all the neighbouring assemblies, keeps his pack of hounds to hunt foxes on the week-days, and on Sundays he *bunts* all the steeples within ten miles.

CHAR-

CHARLOTTE.

And what then?

BARBATE.

Lord Singletone does not know his person,
so I'll put on a black coat, represent him, and—

CHARLOTTE.

What?—quick—my blood runs cold with
joy.

BARBATE.

A Lawyer is never at a loss for a quirk or
a quibble....but your mother must be con-
sulted immediately.—If her Ladyship approve
our business is done—*allons.*

CHARLOTTE.

O my coward heart!

[*Exeunt.*]

.....

SCENE, *a Room in Lord Singletone's House.*

Enter Miss Harriot and Fanny.

MISS HARRIOT.

My dear Fanny, tell me all about it—how
the Captain swore—how he cocked his hat—
how

how he strutted—how often he said he loved me—and how—

FANNY.

First then, Ma'am, you must know, I went to his lodgings. He lives in a court in Piccadilly, at a taylor's, up two pair of stairs—

MISS HARRIOT.

Two pair of stairs!—well? (*eagerly*)

FANNY.

'Tis the genteelest place you ever saw.

MISS HARRIOT.

I don't doubt it.

FANNY.

Yes, Ma'am all fashionable people from Ireland lodge as high as possible—then there can be nobody overhead to disturb them.

MISS HARRIOT.

Charming!

FANNY.

Well, Ma'am, after I had given him your letter, he said he would answer it; so I went into his back room with Patrick, his footman; and before we could well turn ourselves about, he had finished his—

MISS HARRIOT.

Who had?

FANNY.

FANNY.

The—the—Captain, Ma'am—here 'tis (*gives a letter*). I never saw people more ready in my life; and as to blundering, 'tis quite a mistake.

MISS HARRIOT.

(*Reading*) “My dear Honey, I write you
“this to tell you I shall be with you before
“you can receive it. Yours, till death,
“MORTOUGH O'NETTLE.”

—Where is he then?

FANNY.

I don't know, Ma'am—by that he should have been here first.—Oh! here he is—John is bringing him up the back-stairs.

Enter Captain O'Nettle.

CAPTAIN.

Arrah, my dear Jewel! I have flown to your arms as quick as my legs could bring me.

MISS HARRIOT.

I thought you very long.

CAPTAIN.

Upon my shoul, now, I never made a Lady wait before; for though I have not been always ready, yet, somehow or other, I have made shift, do you see, to put something into their hand to fill up the time.

MISS

MISS HARRIOT.

My father still persists in my marrying Sir Philip Fineer.

CAPTAIN.

The devil he does!—What shall we do, honey?

MISS HARRIOT.

I must have him, I think.

CAPTAIN.

Oh for shame! don't think any such thing.

MISS HARRIOT.

Is not he a man of the first fashion?

CAPTAIN.

And if little O'Nettle is not as well made as he, I'm a Dutchman.

MISS HARRIOT.

He promises to keep me a coach and six horses.

CAPTAIN.

By my faith! and don't I command a whole troop of them?

MISS HARRIOT.

He has a very large estate in the Weild of Kent.

CAPTAIN.

And so have I, among the Wild Irish.

MISS

MISS HARRIOT.

Besides, he'll make me a handsome settle-
ment.

CAPTAIN.

And won't I settle my body and soul on
you? What the devil would you have more?—
Look at me—here's a leg and thigh—here's
a pair of shoulders—here's a fist;—and now
look at Sir Philip Fineer there.

MISS HARRIOT.

Oh! how you frighten'd me! I thought he
was behind me. (*turning about surprised*)

CAPTAIN.

Why his legs are like a pair of glover's
sticks, fit for nothing but to open a lambskin
mitten; his back, a Robin would not roost
on by moon-light; and as for his fist, damme
if I have not had a bigger down my throat a
hundred times.

MISS HARRIOT.

I must own he has not your personal qua-
lifications.

CAPTAIN.

And though his body is so light, his head
is so heavy, that, if he were to go to Ireland,
by Jafus he would be swallowed up in a bog
in five minutes.

MISS

MISS HARRIOT.

And yet he's a member of parliament.

CAPTAIN.

And ay'nt I an *Irish Volunteer*, that don't care a brass-farthing for all the parliament men in England?

MISS HARRIOT.

But will you love me as well as Sir Philip?

CAPTAIN.

Did you ever hear of an Irishman that was not in love all his life long?—Irishman and Love are synonymous terms. Love was born in Ireland, and received his education in the College of Dublin.

MISS HARRIOT.

Indeed?

CAPTAIN.

And as to Paphos and Cyprus, that the poets make such a bother about, bless your shoul, 'tis nothing all the while but little Ireland.

MISS HARRIOT.

You surprise me!

CAPTAIN.

I dare say now, you have heard talk of Cupid and Psyche.

MISS

MISS HARRIOT.

We have them in mama's bedchamber over the chimney-piece, kissing each other in *bas-relievo*.

CAPTAIN.

But do you know who they were?

MISS HARRIOT.

Cupid and Psyche.

CAPTAIN.

Arrah, my dear!—nobody but St. Patrick and his maid *Sukey*.

MISS HARRIOT.

And will you kiss me so, Captain?

CAPTAIN.

Will I? by my faith, and better by half; without any *relievo* at all at all. (*Kisses her*)

MISS HARRIOT.

Upon my word your arguments are so pressing—

CAPTAIN.

But not unanswerable, I hope; because, do you see, I should like to have another opportunity of pushing matters more home.

MISS HARRIOT.

But that's impossible.

FANNY.

FANNY.

If the Captain will come by and bye, I'll let him in, while the family are busy in the parlour, and then we will contrive some means of escape.

CAPTAIN.

Do, do, my dear jewel! and I'll bring a parcel of tight Irish lads along with me, with a good handful of shillany to cover our retreat.

MISS HARRIOT.

That won't do—if I marry without my father's consent, I forfeit my grandfather's twenty thousand—

CAPTAIN.

Can't you, somehow, cheat this old codger of a father?

FANNY.

It would be no difficult matter. Lord Singleton talks so everlastingly, that you might be with him for a week, and he would never hear the sound of your voice; and as for seeing, since he has been a peer, I verily believe he sees nobody, nor any thing.

MISS HARRIOT.

Before my uncle died, when we lived in the city, he was no more near-sighted than you are; but, now he has a title, he thinks it a
mark

mark of distinction to be for ever telling old stories, and to be purblind ; for which reason, whilst he shuts one eye, he claps a glass to the other, which makes him really as blind as a beetle. I have tried it myself, and can't see a bit. (*Imitates her father.*)

FANNY.

'Tis comical enough what mistakes he is perpetually making. The other day he took the Dean, who was walking in the garden, for a black pig, and ordered him to be whipt out. Ha, ha, ha ! (*Laughing.*)

CAPTAIN.

And, by my conscience, I have made that mistake too, before now. In Ireland the black-robed gentlemen are as like hogs as——

MISS HARRIOT.

Well, well, leave the management of the matter to Fanny and me ; only come by and bye, and never fear my constancy.

CAPTAIN.

Fear ! arrah, don't mention it. There are but two living things I fear ; the one is, *making a blunder* ; and the other, *not knowing when I do it.*

[*Exeunt.*]

K

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another Room.*

Enter Lord and Lady Singleton.

LORD SINGLETONE.

But you won't hear me speak, Lady Singleton.

LADY SINGLETONE.

Have not you told the same story twice to-day already? 'Tis *you* won't hear. Have not you been talking for four hours, without drawing breath? first about the speeches in the House of Lords, then about dinner to the cook, then educating little Billy, then returned to the House of Commons, from thence to the Old Baily—odd trial of the old woman and her mouse-trap—no company to-day at the coffee-house—newspapers dull—plot of the new comedy—sale of pictures—Ruspini the dentist—stocks rise one and three eighths;—and having exhausted all these subjects, did not the air balloon bring Blanchard, Lunardi, and Mongolfier upon the carpet? and did not they put you in mind of——

LORD SINGLETONE.

I remember——

LADY SINGLETONE.

Now you are going to your stories again.

I tell

I tell you what, my Lord, 'tis my turn now, and I will express my sentiments.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I remember——

LADY SINGLETONE.

Again?—I vow and protest you are the most provoking creature upon——Have not I listen'd to you till my tongue cleaves to the roof of my mouth, and my ears are so tired with hearing, that I hardly know what I say myself?

LORD SINGLETONE.

I remember, what I said myself——

LADY SINGLETONE.

You don't know what you said yourself, nor what I said, nor what any body said; but I know what the world says, and I'll tell you; for, though I say it myself, yet as I do say it, and the world says it, no matter who knows it, and whether 'tis believed or not; but as it comes from me, and every body may be sure I would not say any such thing without being positive——

LORD SINGLETONE.

I remember when I was positive——

LADY SINGLETONE.

There is not a more positive man in all

London than Lord Singleton. Were not you positive about the India Bill? Were not you positive the venison was tough? Were not you positive the bishop stole half his sermon from Sir Charles Grandison? Were not you positive—positive—positive, about—

LORD SINGLETONE.

I remember about—

LADY SINGLETONE.

Every thing, and nothing—somebody and nobody—every where and no where?—I believe you would talk about and upon, for and against, of and to all persons, and in all places, male and female, in England and abroad, great and small—

LORD SINGLETONE.

The great—

LADY SINGLETONE.

I won't hear another word to-day.

LORD SINGLETONE.

The great Duke of Buckingham—

LADY SINGLETONE.

I won't—

LORD SINGLETONE.

Being sick—

LADY

LADY SINGLETONE.

If you go on—

LORD SINGLETONE.

His friends thought—

LADY SINGLETONE.

I'll stop my ears. (*Holding her ears.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

He stood in need of—

LADY SINGLETONE.

Pray hear me. (*Softly.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

Spiritual advice—

LADY SINGLETONE.

I will be heard; and when I say I will, I must; for if I'm not heard when I wish to speak, a woman might as well have no powers of utterance; and though God has given the female species less bodily abilities, yet considered minutely—hem, hem, hem—

(*Speaks so quick and loud that she loses her breath, and coughs during the next speech.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

The female species puts me in mind of a woman—

LADY SINGLETONE. (*coughing*)

O this nasty cough!

K 3

L O R D

LORD SINGLETONE.

Who was brought to bed of twins—

LADY SINGLETONE.

I might as well be buried alive. (*Falls into tears.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

Speaking of being buried alive, I remember—

(*The following must be spoken together.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

When Charles XII. king of Sweden, was riding in Germany, his horse happened to fet his foot in a hollow place, and before he could recover, he fell into a deep hole.

LADY SINGLETONE.

But I'll go all the world over before I'll spend another day in such a torment. I *will* be heard, or you shall repent it.

[*Exit.*]

—What, is she gone? 'tis an excellent story. I must finish it.—Where was I? Oh!—the Duke of Buckingham, who was so intimate with Charles II.—no, stop—I was telling the story of Charles XII. of Sweden.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

A letter, my Lord.

LORD

LORD SINGLETONE.

(*Looking through his glass*) Yes, I know the hand. It comes from Dr. Pluralist, my chaplain.—Who brought it?

SERVANT.

A person in a black coat, who is waiting.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Shew the gentleman in. 'Tis Mr. Small-talk, the curate, I dare say. I have heard much of this young man: a very sensible, clever fellow; very conversible and entertaining; sings a good song, and plays a good fiddle—

Enter John Dae.

—Aye, 'tis he. (*looking through his glass*) Mr. Small-talk, I am glad of the pleasure of seeing you in London. I conclude Dr. Pluralist has the gout, so has sent you to town to marry my daughter. I'm rejoiced the Doctor had] this precaution, for it would have been very disagreeable not to have had my own chaplain officiate. I hope you had a good journey, and fine weather?—I'm glad to hear it; for travelling on dirty roads is very tiresome.—I knew you would agree with me; 'tis a subject on which few people differ.—Now we speak of differing on subjects, I don't know whether

K 4

you

you ever saw my wife. She and I scarcely ever are of the same opinion, which is a circumstance that makes married life—I beg your pardon, there you are perfectly mistaken; your argument is undoubtedly a good one; But (a mighty ingenious, clever young man!—*aside.*) as I was saying, Mr. Small-talk, I have heard you are not only a great proficient in your profession, but you have an excellent ear for music.—Oh! don't be modest; I dare say 'tis true. Modesty puts me in mind of Lady Wortley Montague.—Ay, you say perfectly right; the story is better after dinner, over a bottle.—Well, I am much obliged to you for giving yourself this trouble.—Yes, I knew your politeness would say 'twas none.—But there is one thing I'm very sorry for; my house is, unfortunately, full at present, so you must take yourself a lodging in the neighbourhood.—I beg pardon, it does make a very great difference. (What a modest, well-behaved creature!—*aside.*) I know the narrow circumstances of the generality of curates, and, what is more, the arrogance and severity of rectors. You can't afford the expence, so I beg your acceptance of these five guineas.—You are not obliged to me at all—for shame, don't say any thing about it. I shall take it very

ill

ill if you talk of it. Well, I shall see you to dinner. In the mean time, you may divert yourself with the town.—Oh! you have been in London often, have you?—Good morning—but hark you; don't *mention* again a word you have *heard*—I'm sure you won't—Not a syllable about my Lady's—that's well—Your servant. Shew Mr. Small-talk down stairs.

[*Exit John Doe.*

—A very discreet and learned gentleman; an honour to his cloth! Fine in the pulpit, I dare say. Good delivery, clear articulation, and musical voice.

Re-enter Lady Singlestone.

LADY SINGLESTONE.

(*Aside*) My best way, I believe, is to let him talk till he's tired, or I shall never be able to mention the business.

LORD SINGLESTONE.

Ha! I'm sorry you went away. You have had a great loss. Dr. Pluralist has sent Mr. Small-talk, the curate, up to town, to marry Harriot, and he has been with me ever since you left me.

LADY SINGLESTONE.

With you, my Lord? He has been with *me* ever since I left *you*.

LORD

LORD SINGLETONE.

Indeed, my Lady, you are mistaken.

LADY SINGLETONE.

Well, then, what has he been saying?

LORD SINGLETONE.

Saying?—Why he said—saying? Oh! I told him that he could not sleep here, so I gave him five guineas to find himself a lodging; I could not offer him less.—A very pleasant, communicative young gentleman; has but forty pounds a year, he told me, and preaches twice every Sunday. I'll give him a living, if I find his musical abilities—

LADY SINGLETONE.

Did he bring you that letter?

LORD SINGLETONE.

From Dr. Pluralist. See what he says. I suppose a deal about poor Mr. Small-talk's great eloquence, &c. Those people generally enhance the merit of their dependants, though they hardly pay them enough to find them in clean linen.

LADY SINGLETONE.

(*Reading*) The humble petition of John Doe humbly sheweth, that your petitioner was born both deaf and dumb—.

LORD

LORD SINGLETONE.

What? (*Calling loudly.*)

LADY SINGLETONE.

Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing*)—a very pleasant, communicative young gentleman—ha, ha, ha! sings and plays as well as he converses, I dare say—ha, ha, ha!—You *have* given him a living. Five guineas will keep him a twelvemonth—ha, ha, ha!—O, my Lord, my Lord; if you would but *see* with *your own* eyes, and hear other people talk, you would keep your money in your pocket, and not find a dumb man an entertaining companion.

(*Throws the petition down.*) [Exit.

LORD SINGLETONE.

What is all this? (*takes up the petition, and after a pause*) Well, well; I have bestowed my charity, however.—Nimble, who waits there? Nimble (*calling out*) what man

(*Enter Servant.*)

was that in the black coat, that brought me this petition?

SERVANT.

The deaf and dumb man, my Lord, who stands at the corner of the street. I hope you gave him nothing? People say he is a cheat.

LORD

LORD SINGLETONE.

A cheat! (*loudly*)—What o'clock is it?

SERVANT.

Just twelve, my Lord.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Order the carriage to the door immediately; let the moon-lanterns be lighted, as if it were midnight; tell Harry, Tom, Will, Jack, Joe, and all, to carry flambeaux, and drive me—

SERVANT.

Where, my Lord?

LORD SINGLETONE.

To the Devil, in search of an honest man.

Scene changes.—Re-enter Lord Singletone, and Barbate, dressed as a Clergyman.

LORD SINGLETONE.

(*Laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! I beg ten thousand pardons, Mr. Small-talk; the ignorant servant should have told me who the man was. I have an infirmity in my eyes, so you must excuse the mistake. Talking of infirmities, do you know the story—

BARBATE.

O yes, my Lord, very well.—If he gets into a story, 'tis all over with me. (*Aside.*)

LORD

LORD SINGLETONE.

What, of the old Lady, Sir Stephen's wife?

BARBATE.

Perfectly.

LORD SINGLETONE.

That was cut for a fistula in ano?

BARBATE.

The same.

LORD SINGLETONE.

But I'll tell it you.

BARBATE.

I beg your Lordship would not give yourself that trouble.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Oh! the courtiers were confounded odd people in those days. They studied nothing but blasphemy and double-entendre.

BARBATE.

Has your Lordship any particular instructions concerning this wedding?

LORD SINGLETONE.

Presently, Mr. Small-talk, presently; let us first have a little conversation. I want to ask a few questions about the country, and your profession, and other matters.

BARBATE.

BARBATE.

O the devil! (*Aside.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

You know, I suppose, old Mildew, the miller, at Turnabout Mill.

BARBATE.

Intimately.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Is he living yet?

BARBATE.

Yes, my Lord.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I thought so. I remember—

BARBATE.

Oh! I beg your pardon—Old Mildew! He has been dead above a year.—Surely that will stop him. (*Aside.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

It makes no difference in the story. This Mildew had a maid whose name was—

BARBATE.

Betty.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Was Nanny—

BARBATE.

True. I remember the whole of it.

LORD

LORD SINGLETONE.

'Twas before you were born.

BARBATE.

My mother told it me.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Your mother told you a smutty story?

BARBATE.

Smutty? no, my Lord, she did not tell it in that way.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Then the joke was lost. I'll tell it you worth a tansey.

BARBATE.

In that respect, my own imagination can supply my mother's deficiency.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Your mother's deficiency puts me in mind—

BARBATE.

And so it does me.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I'm sure you don't know *that*.

BARBATE.

I do indeed.

LORD SINGLETONE.

What my father used to joke about?

BARBATE.

(*Laughing*) Ha, ha, ha! 'twas very good—
excellent, faith!

LORD SINGLETONE.

Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing*) That was the retort
courteous, was not it? He had her home
there—ha, ha, ha!

BARBATE.

Quite. She was struck dumb, to be sure?

LORD SINGLETONE.

The devil a bit. Not a little would stop her
mouth.

BARBATE.

Gad! it runs in the family. (*aside.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

Cut and thrust, she would always parry.

BARBATE.

Indeed?

LORD SINGLETONE.

So, in her round-about manner, she went
on thus—

BARBATE.

(*Loudly*) Damnation!

LORD SINGLETONE.

What's the matter? Ayn't you well?

BARBATE.

B A R B A T E.

I've a most terrible pain—a terrible pain in—in one of my double teeth.

L O R D S I N G L E T O N E.

I see you can hardly speak for it; but you won't have occasion yet a while. The story is pretty long, and so diverting, it will charm—

B A R B A T E.

I beg pardon, my Lord; I must go to a dentist immediately. I shall find one in my way to the parson's of the parish. You Lordship would have me wait on him, to be sure. 'Tis always usual, when we are to officiate in another man's church; because he will expect a fee, though I perform the duty.

L O R D S I N G L E T O N E.

Certainly! Present my compliments, and tell him you are my chaplain's curate; and tell him—

B A R B A T E.

Would it not be more polite for your Lordship to write a short note?

L O R D S I N G L E T O N E.

With all my heart—here are pen and ink. How shall I express it?

L

B A R B A T E.

BARBATE.

Only that you intend the bearer should marry your daughter.—This will be the best *story* he ever told in his life! (*Aside.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

There—"Lord Singletone presents his "respects to Dr. Piper, and informs him the "bearer is the gentleman he wishes should "marry his daughter."—That's enough?

BARBATE.

The very thing!

LORD SINGLETONE.

I remember—

BARBATE.

Oh what a twinge! 'tis past all hope!—I'll let you know the Doctor's answer by and bye.

[*Exit.*]

LORD SINGLETONE.

A very ignorant, illiterate puppy!—and yet he pretends to know every thing. I can't conceive how such a fellow could impose on a bishop. This is the last time he shall do any church duty for me, I promise him. I'm very angry with Doctor Pluralist for sending him—I'll go write to him immediately, and tell him so. I remember—no I don't—but that is the first story I ever forgot in my life. [Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE, *a Room in Sir Philip Fineer's House ;
discovers him and Dr. Metaphor at a table,
with pen, ink, papers, &c. &c.*

SIR PHILIP. (*Rising*)

ENOUGH, enough, Doctor ! I shan't be
able to remember half you have told
me, without taking any further lesson to-day.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Just as you please, Sir Philip.

SIR PHILIP.

So you think I shall make some improve-
ment ?

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Very great.

SIR PHILIP.

And, in the course of a dozen or two of les-
sons, I shall be able to write a pretty good
letter, and make a tolerable copy of verses ?

L 2

DOCTOR

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Doubtless.

SIR PHILIP.

But must I begin with nonsense, as the boys
do at the Latin school?

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Till you are perfectly acquainted with metre.

SIR PHILIP.

If I can accomplish that, it will be a great
matter; for the women will be the chief peru-
sers of my composition, so it won't much sig-
nify whether I proceed any further.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

As you please, Sir Philip.

SIR PHILIP.

It will be convenient, and save me a great
deal of money, to be able to spell; for I never
could answer a letter by return of post, if my
secretary happened to be out of the way.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

I suppose so.

SIR PHILIP.

Yes, Dr. Metaphor, it was a great flaw in
my education; but my mama, poor Lady
Fineer, did not regard the essential so much
as the ornamental part of it. As soon as my
papa

papa died, I was taken from Westminster school, when I was about twelve years old, lest my morals should be corrupted, and brought up with my sisters, under a governess. There I learnt music, painting, dancing, French, Italian, and, in short, all the graces, till I went abroad to see the world. On my return, I find I know every thing but English, which is the cause of my application for your assistance.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

All that is in my power, Sir Philip.

SIR PHILIP.

But mum! Not a word of our business out of these doors.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

O dear! I'm dumb as—I have at present under my care two members of parliament, whom I expect to bring out next session; but nobody knows who they are. A secret with me is as sure as if it were in a closet, whose key is lost, and the door sealed up.

SIR PHILIP.

Good day to you. (*going*)

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Your most obsequious. (*going, returns*) But, Sir Philip, you'll excuse the liberty—I beg ten

L 3

thousand

thousand pardons—I hope you won't take it amiss—it never will happen again, but—

SIR PHILIP.

But what?

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

I'm quite ashamed to say it, but—

SIR PHILIP.

Out with it.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Will you do me the favour to advance me a few shillings?

SIR PHILIP.

Oh! pay you for the lecture? with all my heart. Twelve for a guinea I'm to have. There's half-a-crown for you.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

I never shall forget your goodness, Sir Philip. I have a wife and six children, and am much distressed, though I know as much about matter and spirit as any divine of them all; and as for learning, Hebrew I speak as fluently as a Patriarch. I have also translated two of Shakespeare's plays into Greek.

SIR PHILIP.

And did you get nothing by them?

DOCTOR

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Not a doit. Booksellers, now a-days, buy nothing but what they understand themselves; and few people, I find, have so exhausted the ancients, as to stand in need of modern imitations of them.

SIR PHILIP.

Why, then, don't you try the English theatre?

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

I did. I wrote a tragedy on as pretty and as taking a subject as possible. The names of all the noblest families in England were mentioned in it; but the devil a bit, if the managers would receive it. One thought it wanted situation, though there was a change of place at every scene; another thought it too short, though it contained the best part of the English history; and a third, I believe, did not think it deep enough for warm weather.

SIR PHILIP.

You surprize me!

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

I have now in my pocket an epic poem, on the battle of Flodden Field, which I am soliciting my friends to print by subscription. If you would grant me the favour of your name to

the list, I should esteem it an eternal obligation. 'Tis only half-a-guinea—there's no occasion to pay the money immediately; I'll call on you for it when 'tis necessary to discharge my printer.

SIR PHILIP.

Half-a-guinea! well, you may set down my name.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

(Writes) Ten thousand thanks! This will be remembered with the warmest gratitude. My next publication will be the Bible, with large explanatory notes, in numbers. I have printed off the two first, to be distributed gratis; and the next time I come, I'll put them in my pocket. Sir Philip, I have the honour to wish you a good day.

SIR PHILIP.

Your servant, Doctor.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Your most obliged, and obedient, and faithful humble servant. [Exit.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Mr. Lambskin, Sjr.

[Exit.

Enter

Enter Lambskin.

SIR PHILIP.

My dear cousin, welcome to town!

LAMBSKIN.

Sir Philip, I rejoice to see you. Pray was not that Dr. *Metaphor* I met on the stairs?

SIR PHILIP.

The same. He has been soliciting a subscription for a poem on *Flogging Field*.

LAMBSKIN.

I remember him well at college. He was the best backgammon-player we had in the common-room.—Well, Sir Philip, how go on the ladies at Lord Singletone's?

SIR PHILIP.

I meet the lawyers there this evening, which will conclude the whole, except the "*Summation devoutely* to be wished for," as *Hamlet* says.

LAMBSKIN.

I wish I may be able to get through with the other sister as expeditiously.

SIR PHILIP.

Hear all the father has to say, without putting in a word; take no notice of the mother; say any thing that comes uppermost to the girl, and there is no fear of it.

LAMBSKIN.

L A M B S K I N.

I sent word I too should be there this evening; so I'll attend you in your carriage, if you will excuse this hunting-dress, and my boots.

S I R P H I L I P.

Boots? Gad! I took them for *buskins*.

L A M B S K I N.

I suppose you imagine we still wear, in the country, large black-topt jacks, with double worsted stockings, and thick buckskin breeches?—no such thing! Hunting is now quite a different science. Instead of a strong, bony gelding, plunging through plow'd ground up to his middle in clods of earth, and at every step whirling about him an atmosphere of dirt, stones, and water, we mount a flying courser, fleet as the wind, and light as a balloon. And instead of driving through a thick hedge, at the expence of eyes and skin, we bound, like Camilla, over the top, without touching a twig, “nor leave a wreck behind.”

S I R P H I L I P.

Well you may, when you have cut down all your grandfather's timber. And are nankeen breeches and silk stockings the *ton* too? with that little whip, no bigger than my—

L A M B S K I N.

L A M B S K I N.

Undoubtedly—for as we have nothing to do but sit on horseback, walk to covert, and then fly for twenty or fifteen minutes to the death of the game, were we to encumber our horse with two ounces more than is necessary, we should be thrown out, and ruin our own and his reputation.

S I R P H I L I P.

His reputation?

L A M B S K I N.

Yes! our hunters have the same reputation to support, in the hunt, that your fine ladies in London have at a rout. They may make as many false steps as they please, provided they are able to save appearances, nor are *blown* on coming in, after a hard run.

S I R P H I L I P.

Really, this is quite new to me, who have always considered the pleasures of the country as *barbarious*. And is it the same as to shooting?

L A M B S K I N.

Precisely. Formerly, gentlemen used to make a toil of a pleasure, and would walk, six or seven hours, up to the middle in stubble and turnips;
but

but now we straddle a poney, about thus high, who supplies the place of legs. A gamekeeper carries a gun with two barrels, about the weight of a fan; and when the dogs point, we fire twice, and bring down the whole covey, without further labour.

SIR PHILIP.

Well done!

LAMBSKIN.

For my own part, I always shoot in silk stockings, white gloves, and a green straw hat, to preserve my complexion.

SIR PHILIP.

Like a master of the ceremonies—ha, ha, ha!—

LAMBSKIN.

And I dare say you think we handle a wounded bird, or a bloody hare; and that we come home all besmeared, like a Cattabaw Indian, with gore and garbage—and that we eat them?

SIR PHILIP.

Don't you?

LAMBSKIN.

The devil a bit! Like a well-broke dog, we never bite our game.

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

You'll not get me, then, to be of your party.

L A M B S K I N.

Yes, Sir Philip, we keep pace with you in refinement, I assure you. You have banished your rough pavement, and sign-posts, in the streets; we, our deep roads, and large oak trees: you have forgot your songs of Roast Beef; we, our *Echoing Horn*: you drink Burgundy, in the room of Port; we drink Port, instead of home-brewed Stingo: and as the brawny dock-tailed coach-horse is superseded by the hunter, so we ride race-horses, and keep our greyhounds in body-clothes.

Re-enter Dr. Metaphor.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

I beg ten millions of pardons, Sir Philip, but a sudden accident brings me back. I hope you won't take it amiss—favour me with your ear—

SIR PHILIP.

You may speak out before this gentleman.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

I'm really so mortified to interrupt your conversation—I'm at a loss for an apology. How shall I express myself?—but necessity has no law, as Tully says.

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

Explain.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

On my return home, I find this is the day I am to appear, on a little affair, at the Court of Conscience. I've had several summonses and orders; and, unless I go this time, I fear they will distrain on my goods and furniture. Would you be so indulgent, therefore, as to favour me with the subscription money to my poem *now*? I'm quite ashamed to be so troublesome; but as it is only half-a-guinea—

LAMBSKIN.

I think, Doctor Metaphor, I have the pleasure of remembering you at Trinity College? My name is Jack Lambskin.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

I am your most obedient and devoted humble servant! I hope I have the honour of seeing you in very good health, Mr. Lambskin?

LAMBSKIN.

Thank you, Doctor; but I'm sorry to see you look so thin. Have you been ill?

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Times alter, Mr. Lambskin; times alter—heigh ho!

LAMBSKIN.

L A M B S K I N.

I'm concern'd to hear it.

D O C T O R M E T A P H O R.

You are very kind—very kind, indeed—

L A M B S K I N.

May I enquire the cause?

D O C T O R M E T A P H O R.

Undoubtedly, if 'tis no intrusion—

L A M B S K I N.

Not in the least.

D O C T O R M E T A P H O R.

I was induced to quit the monastic life in which you remember me, through my attachment to a lady whom I long had known in the University, and who had had an excellent education. The various and considerable promises which I had received from my pupils, and noblemen who had been my acquaintance in the college, made my risque appear very inadequate to my prospect for ease and preferment. But, alas! encumbered with a family, I found (too late) the pains of inculcating learning and morality, was thought sufficiently rewarded by a few dinners, or a personal acknowledgment. In short, Sir, after innumerable difficulties, I am reduced to the necessity of supporting the character of a dignified clergyman,
by

by adding myself to the number of those who are only labourers in the holy vineyard.

LAMBSKIN.

Indeed?

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Many a time do I marry in Ratcliffe Highway, christen in the Borough, and bury at Hyde Park corner, before dinner.

LAMBSKIN.

Bless me!

SIR PHILIP.

Well, Doctor, there's your half-guinea.

LAMBSKIN.

I pity your situation with all my soul; and I beg you will add my name to my friend's, in the subscription.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Heaven preserve your kindness!—How can I thank you?

LAMBSKIN.

For ten copies; and please to accept that trifle.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

May infinite mercy reward your bounty!—'Tis so long since I have seen paper-money, that I shall be so awkward, I fear, nobody will change it for me, lest I should have got it dishonestly.

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

My *butler* will do it for you, as you go out.

LAMB SKIN.

And to shew you, Doctor, *I* do not so undervalue your precepts, or forget your morality and how conscious *I* am of the mortification you must endure to be reduced to ask charity, under the garb of your sacred profession, I here promise you the living of Lambskinbury, when old Tithley dies, who has had two strokes of an apoplexy.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Do I hear right?

LAMB SKIN.

I hope you will find it four hundred pounds a year.

DOCTOR METAPHOR.

Silence can only express my gratitude. Permit me to quit you, or joy will overpower my senses. O sir, in a few minutes you will have rendered happy the most miserable family. Let me hasten to acquaint the partners of my affliction, and unite our prayers for your everlasting happiness. [Exit.

SIR PHILIP.

Poor Doctor!

M

LAMB SKIN.

L A M B S K I N.

But how awkwardly ridiculous is his deportment. The parasite-obsequiousness of a dependent, larding the starched formality of a senior fellow.—But the Doctor forgot one part of his history.

S I R P H I L I P.

What was that?

L A M B S K I N.

That the lady he so long courted in the university, who had had such an excellent education, was his bed-maker's daughter, whom I fancy he married to save her appearances, and his own credit.

S I R P H I L I P.

Ay, we are all alike—

L A M B S K I N.

In frailty ; and therefore I gave him the preferment. I know him to be a good companion, an excellent divine, and an honest man ; so I can safely trust him with the morality of those, whose industry must cultivate my land, and from whose honesty I expect the payment of my rent-roll.

S I R P H I L I P.

I beg pardon ; but I see the carriage is waiting.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to Lord Singleton's House.*

Enter Lord Singleton and a Servant.

LORD SINGLETONE.

And why was not this letter given me sooner,
you rascal?

SERVANT.

One of the maids took it in, my Lord, and
it was mislaid.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I find I'm to have a gentleman on business;
watch his coming, and shew him in here.

SERVANT.

Yes, my Lord.

LORD SINGLETONE.

He is just arrived from the country, so I sup-
pose he will be in boots, and a travelling dress.

SERVANT.

Very well, my Lord.

[*Exit.*

LORD SINGLETONE.

If Mr. Lambskin, now, will but marry Char-
lotte, both my daughters will be agreeably
settled with rich husbands, after my own heart.
How happy it will make me!

Re-enter Servant, in a hurry.

M 2

SERVANT.

SERVANT.

The *parson* is come, my Lord!

LORD SINGLETONE. (*imitating him*)

The *person*!—Have not I told you fifty times to say the *gentleman*, you blockhead?

Enter Small-talk.

SMALL-TALK.

Your Lordship's most obedient, humble servant. I hope Lady Singletone and all the family are well. I came post all the way, fifty-two miles in five hours, one quarter, and half a minute. The roads are rather rough, but they'll be better in the spring.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I hope you left all well in the country?

SMALL-TALK.

Not over and above. Agues and colds prevail much. The summer is far the healthiest season; for then one may—

LORD SINGLETONE.

Take exercise; which, by your expedition now, I conclude you——

SMALL-TALK.

Take—No man more. I keep two brace of as good geldings as—

LORD

LORD SINGLETONE.

I remember about Seldings—

SMALL-TALK.

There are none better than mine within twenty miles; but I take monstrous care of them,—dress them frequently myself. They are now in vast order—I would have entered Pincher last races, to have run for the hunter's plate, but Lord Spavin wished his mare to win, so I galloped round the course myself along with them, just to shew what I could have done, if I had started.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Very clever, indeed—I remember I—

SMALL-TALK.

If my cattle were not good, what could I do on a Sunday? I ride, at least, twenty-two miles and three-fourths, measured across the country as the crow flies, without reckoning hedges, gates, and stiles.—Were I to go by the turnpike, I never could clear the business, for my parishes lie *nation-wide*.

LORD SINGLETONE.

(*Aside*) His parishes! that's a good hearing.—And how many parishes have you?

SMALL-TALK.

Only four at present; but I shall have five shortly; for I'm going to make an exchange, one great one for two small ones.

LORD SINGLETONE.

And visit them all every Sunday?

SMALL-TALK.

All but one, that I drop in their turn; but I could manage them all, for no man, I will venture to say, can dispatch the thing quicker than myself. You will hardly believe it, but when I was at college, quite a beginner, I could give any of the old fellows to the psalms, and double distance them in the reading the evening service.

LORD SINGLETONE.

It is a pity you were not educated for the bar.

SMALL-TALK.

'Tis a pity.—My papa—I dare say you remember him; he was very great in the rostrum—no man handled a subject better. Poor fellow, he thought my style of eloquence more suited to attract attention elsewhere. He was, to be sure, a good judge of things in general, but rather out in this.

L O R D

LORD SINGLETONE.

Probably ;—But won't you sit down? you would like a glass of wine and a crust of bread after your journey? Who waits there—bring a bottle of Madeira, and some refreshment for this gentleman. (*They sit, and servant brings them*) The intention of this visit is concerning my daughter, is it not?

SMALL-TALK.

I'm come on purpose; and though I say it, I'll do it in as genteel a manner, and with as much satisfaction to the young lady, as any private gentleman need do.

LORD SINGLETONE.

And your proposals?

SMALL-TALK.

Perfectly disinterested—no man is more liberal in serving the ladies on all occasions.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Excellent! (*aside*) And besides these parishes, what have you?

SMALL-TALK.

What do you mean? What else I get by my cloth?

LORD SINGLETONE.

His cloth! (*aside*) You have a share in some manufactory, have you?

SMALL-TALK.

Manufactory! O yes, my Lord, now I understand you. I believe no man in the county manufactures more weddings, christenings, burials, and churchings, than your humble servant.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Very well; the more the merrier, say I.—And have you any thing else?

SMALL-TALK.

Else! (*aside*) I have forty pounds for every cure.—How inquisitive he is! (*aside*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

Cure! some secret medicine he knows, I suppose. (*aside*) Faith, Sir, you are excellently paid in the country—In London, I believe, they'll doctor you up a job cheaper than that?

SMALL-TALK.

I know it; or otherwise no man would bury his parts among country bumkins, if they did not pay well.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Certainly! (*rises*) Well, Sir, what between your parishes, your cloth, and your cures, I dare say you will be approved of by my daughter—When did you think of having the ceremony performed?

SMALL-

S M A L L - T A L K.

I'm ready whenever 'tis agreeable.

L O R D S I N G L E T O N E.

What! before you see my daughter?

S M A L L - T A L K.

I shan't dispute her sex.

L O R D S I N G L E T O N E.

And that is all you care about?

S M A L L - T A L K.

'Tis indeed; and with your approbation, I'll clap the wedding ring on without seeing her face at all.

L O R D S I N G L E T O N E.

Faith, you are the honestest fellow I ever met with; you shall marry my daughter without talking any farther on the subject.—This is Lady Singlestone, Sir.

(Enter Lady Singlestone.)

Here is the gentleman, my Lady, who is come up to town to marry Charlotte. He seems very rich; has four large parishes, a considerable share in the woollen manufactory, and is a great adept in physic into the bargain—*(aside to Lady Singlestone.)* Well, Sir, I will introduce my daughter to you immediately. *[Exit.*

L A D Y

LADY SINGLETONE.

He will find he's come of a fool's errand,
though. (*aside.*)

SMALL-TALK.

Your Ladyship's most humble—

LADY SINGLETONE.

You are welcome, Sir.

SMALL-TALK.

A very fine day, my Lady.

LADY SINGLETONE.

I believe it is.

SMALL-TALK.

Is the town full?

LADY SINGLETONE.

Pretty well.

SMALL-TALK.

In the Ranelagh season there's most good
company?

LADY SINGLETONE.

May be so. Mighty easy for a country 'squire.
(*aside.*)

SMALL-TALK.

All fashionable people are in London on the
birth-day?

LADY SINGLETONE.

Generally.

SMALL-

SMALL-TALK.

Is the Opera in fashion this year?

LADY SINGLETONE.

I don't know. What a puppy! (*aside*)

SMALL-TALK.

What colour is most in vogue with the ladies?

LADY SINGLETONE.

I can't tell. How impertinent! (*aside*.)

SMALL-TALK.

(*Aside*) What an old *fogram*!—When I return into the country, I should like to give a good account of all these matters; you know the misses in the country are very inquisitive.

LADY SINGLETONE.

Are they?

SMALL-TALK.

Abominably. My girl will be ready to box my ears if I can't answer all such questions.

LADY SINGLETONE.

His girl! (*aside*)

SMALL-TALK.

From what I could observe at the shop windows, pale pinks are much worn—mighty good for the complexion! it will become Peggy vastly.

LADY

LADY SINGLETONE.

Upon my word, Sir, you seem as fashionable in the country as they are here. You make no secret of private matters.

SMALL-TALK.

None in the world, Ma'am.

LADY SINGLETONE.

Then you have a mistress?

SMALL-TALK.

O yes, my Lady; and though I say it, she's as pretty a girl as any in the country.

LADY SINGLETONE.

Here's a fellow! But I'll humour him. (*aside*)
—Then family concerns will be nothing new to you?

SMALL-TALK.

I beg your Ladyship's pardon—I am quite a stranger to family duty. All my work is done on a Sunday.

LADY SINGLETONE.

Very devout indeed!

SMALL-TALK.

Yes—four times every Sunday, without mentioning casualties; but I never move on a week day, though a *body* might require it ever so.

LADY

LADY SINGLETONE.

(*Aside*) The most impudent coxcomb I ever met with.—Why really, Sir, if your Sunday is so well employed, you ought to rest the other days, to compose yourself.

SMALL-TALK.

Not much of that neither. The Doctor says there is no occasion to *compose* myself at all in the country, we have so many of them ready to our hands; Stern, Atterbury, Sharp, Clark, Tillotson, and now Blair; but I cut them off short, I assure you—I'm no cushion-thumper.

Re-enter Lord Singletone.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Charlotte is not to be found. She went out with Mr. Small-talk, they say. Does she, too, want a tooth to be drawn?

SMALL-TALK.

Upon my soul, my Lord, she has not been with me.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I don't doubt it; three of the servants, and the porter, all swear she went out with Small-talk.

LADY SINGLETONE.

'Tis not at all improbable.

SMALL.

SMALL-TALK.

Indeed, my Lady—

LORD SINGLETONE.

They are sure of it.

SMALL-TALK.

Then they lie, my Lord.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Probably—

SMALL-TALK.

If you doubt me, I'll take my oath of it.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Not in the least; I believe you sincerely—
Here Tom, Harry, Will, John—Where's my
(*Enter Servants.*)
daughter Charlotte?

ALL.

Gone out with Mr. Small-talk.

SMALL-TALK.

'Tis false, by heavens!

SERVANT.

We all saw them together.

SMALL-TALK.

(*Aside*) I've a great mind to horsewhip the
rascals.

LORD SINGLETONE.

'Tis very odd—

SERVANT.

SERVANT.

But true, my Lord.

SMALL-TALK.

You lie, you rascals—you lie! (*Strikes the servants.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

Hold, hold! I never caught them in a lie before; there must be some mistake.

SMALL-TALK.

I don't so much as know your daughter's face by——

LORD SINGLETONE.

Who doubts it? I'm sure she would not go with any such blockhead as Small-talk.

SMALL-TALK.

I don't understand this, my Lord.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Oh! here she comes.—Where have you been, Charlotte?

Enter Charlotte and Barbate.

CHARLOTTE.

Taking a walk with my cousin Barbate.

SMALL-TALK.

There, my Lord—now you are convinced.

BARBATE.

We went no farther than the church and back again.

LORD.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I thought the mystery would come out at last.

BARBATE.

Friend Small-talk, I'm glad to see you. When did you arrive?

SMALL-TALK.

About half an hour ago.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Your friend Small-talk! Mr. Lambskin you mean?

SMALL-TALK.

My name is Small-talk, my Lord.

LORD SINGLETONE.

That it is not.

SMALL-TALK.

It is though.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I say 'tis not.

SMALL-TALK.

Then I say 'tis.

LORD SINGLETONE.

What, Dr. Pluralist's curate?

SMALL-TALK.

The identical man.

LADY

LADY SINGLETONE.

Who would have thought it? (*aside.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

Upon my word, friend, this imposition won't pass.

BARBATE.

Indeed, my Lord, if you will believe me, this is Mr. Small-talk, the Rev. Mr. Small-talk, whom you expected in town to perform the ceremony of marriage between Miss Harriot and Sir Philip Fineer.

LORD SINGLETONE.

"I think there be three Small-talks in the field;
"Two have I seen to-day instead of him."

But I find how it is; I'm imposed upon, I'm bamboozled—wife, daughter, nephew, all conspire against me. You Sir, presume, because you have the law on your side, I suppose; (*to Barbate*)—you, my Lady, because I'm an old doating fool; (*to Lady Singleton*)—you, Charlotte, because—go to your chamber, and don't let me see you again for a fortnight; and you, Sir, (*to Small-talk*) with your cloth, and your quack medicines, I will get you suspended—I was going to say from doing duty; but zounds! I believe Jack Ketch will suspend you for good and all.

[Exit.

N

S M A L L -

SMALL-TALK.

His Lordship seems in a violent passion.

BARBATE.

I'll explain it;—in order to procure his consent in writing for me to marry this lady, I took the liberty of personating you this morning.

SMALL-TALK.

You were extremely welcome.

BARBATE.

So we are just returned from being married. Keep the secret till a proper opportunity, and all will go well.

SMALL-TALK.

Mum—

LADY SINGLETONE.

There has been a ridiculous misunderstanding between us two; but I beg your pardon—

SMALL-TALK.

O my Lady—

LADY SINGLETONE.

Pray walk in, and we'll laugh at it over our tea.

SMALL-TALK.

I'm always at the command of the ladies—honour me with your Ladyship's hand. (*leads her off.*)

BARBATE.

B A R B A T E.

(Kissing her hand) O my Charlotte!

C H A R L O T T E.

O my Henry! *(languishingly.)*

B A R B A T E.

To call you mine, is real happiness!

C H A R L O T T E.

Not to be so, would be real misery!

[Exeunt.]

.....

SCENE *changes to another Room, with two
Doors in the back scene.**Enter Miss Harriot, Fanny, and Captain O'Nettle.*

M I S S H A R R I O T.

Indeed, Captain, it won't do, unless we can
get my father's consent. We can't afford to
lose my twenty thousand.

C A P T A I N.

Arrah! do you think he would have the
heart to keep it from us, when he saw how
much we loved each other?

F A N N Y.

All the difficulty lies in keeping Sir Philip
out of the way; could that be effected, we
might easily pass you on my Lord for the other.

N 2

Hark!

Hark! I hear somebody—'tis Sir Philip himself—get into this closet and I'll set my brains to work.

CAPTAIN.

Do, my dear Jewel, and we three will go halves in the money. [*Exit into the closet in the back scene.*]

Enter Sir Philip Fineer and Lambskin

SIR PHILIP. (*without.*)

Let the carriage put up; I would not have my horses catch cold for the universe. Apollo cost me seventy, and Cato a hundred, by gad.—Hah! my Harriot, bon jour. Give me leave to introduce to you *my* cousin Lambskin, and *your* brother-in-law, that is to be. Mr. Lambskin, this is Lady Fineer elect.—But where's the rest of the family?

MISS HARRIOT.

At tea in her Ladyship's dressing-room.

LAMBSKIN.

Then I'll have the honour of attending them.

MISS HARRIOT.

Fanny, conduct Mr. Lambskin.

(*Exit Lambskin, and Fanny, who returns.*)

SIR PHILIP.

I hope I have not made the lawyers wait for me? the dogs charge enough for their parchment, without paying for additional time.

MISS HARRIOT.

I believe they are not yet come.

SIR PHILIP.

What sort of a trick do you think the rascals served me t'other day? I had occasion to send one of them into the city, for which he charged me sixteen shillings and eightpence, besides coach-hire; so far so good.

MISS HARRIOT.

But the trick?

SIR PHILIP.

Was a N. B. "That there was an election in Covent Garden which delayed him in the way"—six and eightpence more; so that I paid, not to mention the letter of attorney, sixteen and eightpence and six and eightpence, that is—eight and eight make sixteen—one and threepence.

FANNY.

One and fourpence—twelve and four make sixteen.

N 3

SIR

SIR PHILIP.

True—one and four-pence—and sixteen and six make twenty-two—one pound three and four-pence—I have set down a penny too little in my account book (*afide*)—for his going only to the bank to receive fifty pounds.

MISS HARRIOT.

Very hard indeed!

SIR PHILIP.

Confounded hard! and in a *free* country, with taxes two and twenty shillings in the pound.

MISS HARRIOT.

Abominable!

SIR PHILIP.

Another of them sold me an estate the other day with a fine house upon it, as he told me—but when I came to examine it, it was built with lath and *plaster* on purpose to cut a dash, and the first high wind blew it into the air like an air-balloon.

MISS HARRIOT.

Unfortunate!

SIR PHILIP.

But I have *elected* another in the room of it.

MISS

MISS HARRIOT.

Indeed!

SIR PHILIP.

A very great man was the *Archetype*—

MISS HARRIOT.

You don't say so.

SIR PHILIP.

The knight of the *Poland* star.

MISS HARRIOT.

Bless me!

SIR PHILIP.

Quite in the Chinese taste—nothing all over
the house but *Veneson* windows—save the new
window-tax, do you see—

MISS HARRIOT.

Very *buckish* indeed!

SIR PHILIP.

But I don't wear my horns yet—ha, ha, ha,
(*laughing*) Is not that good?

MISS HARRIOT.

Very—

SIR PHILIP.

And then I have furnished the house in such
a style!

MISS HARRIOT.

I'm afraid he'll never get over it. (*aside.*)

SIR PHILIP.

The commonest bed in the *antick* floor has *floating* bedposts.

MISS HARRIOT.

Wonderful!

SIR PHILIP.

We would have gone down immediately on our marriage; but unfortunately my cook was this morning taken for a militia-man, and he must go, unless he pays ten pounds for a *prostitute*.

MISS HARRIOT.

There would be no great difficulty in finding one I should suppose among your domestic sticks.

SIR PHILIP.

Pardon me—they are too much attached to my service for that.

FANNY.

But my mistress and I, Sir Philip, have a little piece of diversion in agitation—You know my Lord's extreme near-sightedness frequently occasions very laughable mistakes.

SIR PHILIP.

I do.

FANNY.

We think therefore it would produce a considerable degree of mirth if we were to dress you in Miss Harriot's clothes, and her in yours, now the Lawyers are coming with the articles; and after 'tis over we will make my Lord believe he has signed his consent to a wrong person.

SIR PHILIP.

Comical enough—ha, ha, ha,—with all my heart—any thing for fun—I look vastly well in women's clothes. But how shall we contrive it?

FANNY.

If you will go into that bedchamber, and give us your clothes, Miss Harriot will undress here, and I will give you hers as she pulls them off.

SIR PHILIP.

I will—but be sure now and make haste, for I am very apt to catch cold. (*goes into the other door.*)

FANNY.

Never fear.—Was not the thought admirable?
(*to Miss Harriot.*)

MISS

MISS HARRIOT.

Excellent I dare say—but how?—what?—

FANNY.

You shall see in a moment—I have it. (*points to her forehead.*)

SIR PHILIP. (*opening the Door*)

Here's my coat and waistcoat to begin with.

FANNY.

We must have *smallclothes* and all.

SIR PHILIP.

Very well. (*shuts the Door.*)

FANNY. (*knocking at the Captain's Door*)
Captain—captain—

CAPTAIN. (*opening the Door*)

Here am I, my dear joy.

FANNY.

Put on these clothes instead of your own, and come out of your hole when I rap again.

CAPTAIN.

Say no more. (*takes the clothes and shuts the Door.*)

MISS HARRIOT.

Stop—I hear a noise—No, 'twas only my fears.

FANNY.

FANNY.

We are safe, depend on it.

SIR PHILIP. (*opening his door and tossing a pair of breeches, which Fanny catches.*)

There they are; and now give me the petticoats, for 'tis not so very agreeable to be without—

FANNY.

Don't be in such a hurry; creep into the bed if you are cold, and I will rap at the door when we are ready.

(*Sir Philip shuts his door, and she knocks at the Captain's.*)

Enter Captain O'Nettle dressed in Sir Philip's coat and waistcoat.

CAPTAIN.

What's all this about, my dear honeys? (*to the two women.*)

MISS HARRIOT.

Those are Sir Philip's clothes, who is secure in the bedchamber without any.

FANNY.

You may now pass for him when my Lord comes, and sign the articles.

MISS

MISS HARRIOT.

My father can't afterwards retract his handwriting.

CAPTAIN.

But the rascally attorney—

FANNY. (*taking a purse out of Sir Philip's breeches pocket, and giving it to the Captain.*)

Here's a sop for his barking.

MISS HARRIOT.

But mind he fills up the blanks in the parchment with your name.

CAPTAIN.

Or by St. Patrick I'll be point blank through his—

FANNY.

Just in time—here they come.

Enter Lord Singleton, and a Lawyer with papers.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Sir Philip is with my daughter; ay, I told you so. Mr. Double-do has been very punctual, Sir Philip, the deeds are quite ready; we have only to set our names and then—I remember—no, it was not Heliogabalus—let me consider—(*comes to the front of the stage.*)

CAPTAIN.

CAPTAIN. (*to the Lawyer, giving him the purse.*)

Put that purse, honey, into your fob, and put the name of Captain Mortough O'Nettle, do you see, into the blanks of your parchments; an exchange is no robbery in my country; and as you are an honest attorney—

LAWYER.

Nevertheless, contrariwise—notwithstanding (*fills up the blanks.*)

SIR PHILIP. (*without*)

Fanny, Fanny—

LORD SINGLETONE. (*turning round*)

What's all that?

FANNY.

John, my Lord, trying to open the bed-chamber door, which sticks so.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Come, are you ready, Mr. Double-do?

LAWYER.

Yes, my Lord.

LORD SINGLETONE.

I'll sign first. (*takes a pen and sits down*)
Is this a good pen? (*examines it*) I remember—

MISS

MISS HARRIOT.

Pray papa, make haste; Sir Philip is in a hurry. (*Sir Philip keeps knocking at the door.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

Why is that troublesome fellow meddling with the door now? (*signs*) There, I wish you joy, my children, with all my heart; do you sign it and all is done. (*Walks forward whilst they sign.*) As Lord Chesterfield was carrying home drunk from the Three Tuns at Bath, he was met by Quin the actor—stop—I have put the cart before the horse—

SIR PHILIP. (*opening the door and peeping*)

Zounds! I shall catch the pip—hilt—

Enter Lady Singleton, Harriot, Barbate, and Lambskin.

LADY SINGLETONE.

Is the business over?

LORD SINGLETONE.

Yes, my Lady, we have signed the deeds.

LADY SINGLETONE.

Where's Sir Philip?

SIR PHILIP. (*peeping*)

Here am I.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Yes, he's there.

LADY

LADY SINGLETONE.

What is he doing in the bedchamber?

LORD SINGLETONE.

Why, they are not got there already? (*looking eagerly through his glass.*)

SIR PHILIP. (*peeping*)

I'm all but dead with—

LADY SINGLETONE.

Why don't you come out?

SIR PHILIP.

You would see my—

LORD SINGLETONE.

Is the door fastened? O the devil!

(*Lady Singleton goes to the door and opens it. Enter Sir Philip without buckles in his shoes, and covered all over with a blanket, except his head, on which he has his hat and feather, bound on with a white handkerchief.*)

LADY SINGLETONE.

Oh! (*strieks out.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

Hey day! what have we here?

SIR PHILIP.

Was there ever any thing like it? O you gipsy, to serve me such a trick. (*to Fanny.*)

LORD SINGLETONE.

A trick! What have they tarred and feathered you? (*looking at him.*)

LADY SINGLETONE.

Or have they been tossing you in a blanket?

SIR PHILIP.

Zounds! give me my clothes. I shall catch my death---Hey! what business have you, Sir, with my coat on? (*to the Captain.*)

CAPTAIN.

Your coat! arrah now, because I'm an Irishman, do you think I am always making a blunder?

LORD SINGLETONE.

An Irishman! a blunder! Who are you? What business have you? (*to Captain.*)

CAPTAIN.

To get married, by my shoul! by the consent of all parties.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Hey! (*loudly.*)

LADY SINGLETONE.

What! (*loudly.*)

CAPTAIN.

This little crum of parchment that we have
all

all been signing, will tell you that without speaking at all, at all.

MISS HARRIOT.

You know, papa, Sir Philip Fineer was always my aversion. Captain O'Nettle is the object of my choice, so I have taken this opportunity of putting myself and my twenty thousand pounds under his protection.

SIR PHILIP.

Send for a physician, and get me some white wine whey.

[*Exit into the bedchamber, chattering his teeth.*]

CAPTAIN.

Though I was born in Ireland, my Lord, and have the honour to receive my half-pay on the Irish establishment, yet I always consider myself an Englishman, for surely a man is a native of the country where he eats, drinks, and sleeps.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Your country, young man, requires no apology; you are all of you brave, generous, and lovers of liberty; a little given to story-telling or so, but what *is* done——

LADY SINGLETONE.

Is done; (*stopping him*) so we'll defer that head till another opportunity,

O

LAMBSKIN.

LAMBSKIN.

(*Aside*) Was there ever such a family! I've a lucky escape.—Well, my Lord, since I am, likewise, in the same predicament with Sir Philip, I will take my leave.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Predicament! and who are you, pray, Sir?

LAMBSKIN.

My name is Lambskin.

LORD SINGLETONE.

Lambskin!

LAMBSKIN.

Upon my honour—

LORD SINGLETONE.

I'm very glad to see you, Mr. Lambskin. This affair of Sir Philip's gives me much concern, but I hope my other daughter will make me amends, and marry—

LAMBSKIN.

Mr. Barbate—the object of *her* choice:

BARBATE.

'Tis true, my Lord, Miss Charlotte has already honoured me with her hand; and though we too gained your consent by artifice, when you wrote a note to Dr. Piper for the bearer to marry

marry her, yet we flatter ourselves it will stand good in law.

LORD SINGLETONE.

One and All against me, as I hope for——Divinity—law—is there a physician amongst you? if there be, let him instantly give me a strong dose, and then probably I shall for once satisfy the wishes of my family. *[Exit.*

LADY SINGLETONE.

Though you have deceived *me* too, Harriot, I shall not be so violent as your papa, ; but I cannot help saying if you had made me your confidante as your sister did, I should have been better pleased with such a mark of respect.

MISS HARRIOT.

I acknowledge myself to blame, and hope for pardon.

LAMBSKIN.

Your Ladyship cannot but pardon an error in one daughter that you have given sanction to in another.

LADY SINGLETONE.

The reproof is just ; so let us forgive *One and All*.

THE END OF
ONE AND ALL.

THE
DISGUISE:

A
COMEDY,

IN
THREE ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

DON LEWIS (disguised as Don Antonio).

BERNARDO, his Servant.

GOOSE QUILLOS, an Attorney.

GARVA and }
VELASCO, } two Assassins.

SAVOYARD-MUSICIAN.

HOST.

Tradesmen and Attorney's Clerks.

W O M E N.

CLARA (disguised as Don Pedro).

BEATRIX, her Maid.

URSULA (a Duenna disguised as a Man Servant).

Two Savoyard Girls.

THE
DISGUISE:
A
COMEDY.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A Street in Seville. A variety of Musicians in Masks and Fancy Dresses. CLARA (disguised as Don Pedro) serenading under a Window.*

CLARA. (*to the Musicians*)

GENTLEMEN, enough!—the Lady is sensible of our attention and beckons us to depart—Adieu. (*Exeunt Musicians*) Well—thank heaven! I have executed one part of my design; Laura there approves my addressees to her,—happy, no doubt, to obtain a new lover:—How surprised she would be, if she knew

O 4 that

that I am a woman!—But I'll obey her orders and retire.

[*Exit Clara.*]

Enter BERNARDO.

Ay, there they go the whole covey of them. 'Sblood! what a city this Seville is! piping and caterwauling from morning till night: I don't believe there is such a place for love in the whole world. One makes love and one finds love made in every corner....and then, they have got such a cursed way of doing every thing in disguise, that there is no knowing who it is that you love, or who loves you. I, for instance....I am loved....at least I ought to think so, as I have picked up a wife in this same Seville....and yet I am in love with another woman....the deuce take me if I can find out my charmer, as she always appears in a veil....But then she has the sweetest little foot....Oh! how I love a little foot!

Enter Beatrix (*in a long veil*) *with a basket in her hand.*

BEATRIX. (*observing him*)

What can make my husband so merry?.... I must take care, however, not to let him see I am his wife Beatrix. (*Aside....drops her veil over her face.*)

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO. (*seeing her*)

Ah! my little unknown, as I am alive!
zounds, how my pulse beats!.....but I'll endeavour
to see who she is. (*aside.*)

BEATRIX.

Is that you, Bernardo?

BERNARDO.

Yes, my sweet invisible goddess!.....it is your
poor miserable Bernardo.....who is dying.....that
is to say.....who wants to die at your sweet,
sweet, little feet.

BEATRIX.

Yes, yes, you say so: but, Bernardo—is your
master at home?

BERNARDO.

No—my sweet one—but *I* am—which is the
same thing: so you may bestow upon me all
the favours you design for him.

BEATRIX.

Then take this basket and put it very safely
into his chamber.

BERNARDO.

What again! Oh! what an happy manner
my master has of making love! I don't know
any gentleman that sets off his person to more
advantage.

BEATRIX.

BEATRIX.

Do you then love money, Bernardo?

BERNARDO.

And pray, ma'am, what is there about me to make you think otherwise? I believe I have a pretty fashionable appearance: besides too, one looks so pleasant when one receives a gift from a fair lady——

BEATRIX.

Well then—there's ten ducats for you, Bernardo.

BERNARDO. (*affecting a smile*)

Yes, yes, I can smile now as engagingly as any body—But will you indulge me with one peep at that sweet, invisible face? (*offering to touch her veil.*)

BEATRIX.

Hold! you are too impatient——some day or other——

BERNARDO.

Why now I am not half so cruel as you are—look—there, you may admire me from head to foot at your leisure.

BEATRIX.

So I would, Bernardo—but how do I know that you are not in love with some other woman—possibly married?

BERNARDO.

Married! zounds, she can't have heard of my wife. (*aside.*)—Yes—married! I think you said married? ha! ha! very good, indeed!

BEATRIX.

What you are not married then?—I had heard that you were.

BERNARDO.

Lud, how could you think I was in that unhappy condition?—I was once indeed married, but she is dead.

BEATRIX.

Dead!

BERNARDO.

Yes—died of a dropsy by hard drinking—a poor unfortunate creature. (*affects to weep.*)—But she's gone, and I am happy.

BEATRIX.

Oh! the puppy! (*aside.*) Well I see how you treat the women; and I suppose you will serve me in the same manner.

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

You, my dear creature!—you are the quintessence of perfection, the paragon of beauty—Oh! words cannot express it.

BEATRIX.

Mighty well, Sir.

BERNARDO.

But, my fair incognita, just now to feed my eyes with one small view of your sweet face—come, come, you owe it to the ardour of my passion. (*endeavouring to pull aside her veil.*)

BEATRIX. (*gives him a box on the ear.*)

Take that then to cool your ardour—ha! ha! Adieu, my sweet Bernardo, adieu—ha! ha!—I'll shew him I'm not yet dead. (*aside.*)

[*Exit Beatrix.*]BERNARDO. (*alone.*)

Hell and the devil, what a vixen! this is the consequence of married men making love: but am I to call this love?—certainly—a very strong proof of passion, and given under her hand.

[*Exit Bernardo.*]

SCENE

S C E N E II.

An apartment belonging to Clara. Ursula waiting, disguised as a man-servant; folding up clothes.

U R S U L A.

Lud! how awkward I am!—Sure no one but such a madcap as my mistress would have thought of putting a maiden duenna into breeches. Such a disguise too, that one scarcely appears tolerable. Had I had the good fortune to have engaged the heart of some agreeable youth, then indeed I should have had no objection to have worn them like other women—but, however, it is lucky that I do not go much out, for my walk would betray me—they would soon see all was not as it should be.

Enter Clara, as Don Pedro; a guittar in her hand.

C L A R A.

There, Ursula, lay aside that instrument—I have been serenading my new mistress, and I believe have made some impression upon her.

U R S U L A.

Lack-a-day, how can it be otherwise, ma'am? For my part, it is lucky that I know you are not what you appear to be.

C L A R A.

CLARA.

Do I then become my assumed habit, and act the man tolerably, Ursula?

URSULA.

Oh! charmingly, madam—I wish though you could say as much for me.

CLARA.

I must confess that I have seen a handsomer man—but you will do extremely well for your character. You know I could not well trust a male attendant, and I have other services for Beatrix.

URSULA.

But she would have made twenty times as good a man as I do—the ladies now-a-days are grown so fond of boyishness and effeminacy, that even a woman with a good manly countenance is too masculine for them.

Enter Beatrix.

CLARA.

Well, my dear Beatrix, have you executed my commission?—is it done?—finished? come, tell me.

BEATRIX.

Yes, ma'am, I have given the things to Bernardo.

CLARA.

CLARA.

And taken great care that he did not know you, I hope?

BEATRIX.

Yes, ma'am, I am pretty certain he did not know me—nay, he even takes me for another woman, and is in love with his own wife.

URSULA.

Lack-a-day, what profligates the men are!

CLARA.

I have a thousand obligations to you, my dear Beatrix—you perform my orders charmingly.

BEATRIX.

Then, my sweet mistress, will you be so kind as to tell me the meaning of all these disguises? Poor Ursula there looks like a scarecrow.—And be so obliging as to let me into the secret of having two houses—this parade of violins and guittars—this serenading and making love to another woman.

CLARA.

And what, my dear Beatrix, is life without love?

URSULA.

Very true, Madam Clara!

CLARA.

CLARA.

One may as well live without reason as without an attachment; and when one has formed a pleasing connection——

BEATRIX.

One ought to keep to it.

CLARA.

And who denies it?

BEATRIX.

What then, madam, is become of your sweet lover, Don Lewis, who set you free from that odious match your father had destined for you? Much good has it done him, indeed, to kill his rival for your sake.

URSULA.

Well now, there is nothing would win my heart so soon as having a duel on my account, and then to bestow myself on the conqueror.

CLARA.

But I have not forgotten, my dear Beatrix, that Don Lewis was my deliverer.

BEATRIX.

Why so it seemed, madam; for when he was obliged to leave Madrid in disguise, you ran about from city to city in order to find him; but now at Seville, the very first man you

you see, robs you of your heart, and Don Lewis gives place to Don Antonio. I am sure, Madam, what I say for Don Lewis is all gratis, for I never saw him in my life. But take care—take care, I say, of that libertine Don Antonio.

U R S U L A.

Very true, my dear mistress, take care, as Beatrix says; for men are edge-tools, and must be handled with caution.

C L A R A.

But suppose I should tell you, then, I had not been inconstant; that Don Antonio was but an assumed character, and that Don Lewis and Antonio were one and the same person?

U R S U L A.

What! he Don Lewis?

B E A T R I X.

And the master of my husband Bernardo? Oh! now I see why you wished to have me settled; but, thank my stars, the master is as inconstant as the man.

C L A R A.

I confess it (*figbing*); but if my schemes succeed, I shall this day free him from so unworthy an attachment.

P

B E A T R I X.

BEATRIX.

Impossible, my dear mistress; Laura, the object of his passion, is one of the most artful minxes in all Seville. But, however, if you think so, why don't you discover yourself immediately?

URSULA.

Yes, Ma'am, and charge him with his perfidy to his face; that's the way I would deal with a man.

CLARA.

On the contrary, by taking the name of Don Pedro, and by his believing me his friend, I shall become acquainted with his real sentiments.

URSULA.

With his sentiments for another woman! Heavens, I would tear his eyes out.

CLARA.

Patience, my good Ursula! In this habit I may, at least, stand a chance of making her inconstant, should I fail to make him so. Might not a girl be taken with this manly appearance?

BEATRIX.

I'll tell you what, Ma'am; girls, now-a-days, are not to be deceived by appearances.

CLARA.

But I tell you, Beatrix, I have already succeeded in that point—

(A knocking at the door.)

That's Don Lewis, I am sure; do you conceal yourself, and let Ursula go to the door; but remember, you are a man now.

[Exeunt Beatrix and Ursula.]

Now for the trial of his attachment. But *(putting her arm in a sling)* I must not forget that I have been wounded in a duel.

Enter Ursula, shewing in Don Lewis, as Don Antonio.

LEWIS.

My dear Don Pedro, yours! 'Tis an age since I saw you; and here's your servant so long in hobbling up stairs, that I thought I should never see you again.

CLARA.

Don't mind him; we must pardon an old servant.

LEWIS.

Certainly; he carries his forgiveness in his face.

URSULA. *(going out.)*

Umph! Some people have the face to say any thing. *(aside.)*

P 2

LEWIS.

LEWIS.

Well, my dearest friend, I am so overjoyed to see—because I have something to tell you, that—but, hey day! what's this? (*looking at her arm*) You have been fighting now, I suppose, without letting me into the secret?

CLARA.

I had no occasion for a second.

LEWIS.

And you see what you have got by your obstinacy—a wound.

CLARA.

Oh! a mere scratch, not worth thinking of; but come, you were eager to tell me something.

LEWIS.

Well, then, I am the luckiest man in the world; such a piece of good fortune—but I'll shew it you. (*feeling in his pockets.*)

CLARA.

He little suspects that I am the author of it. (*aside.*)

(*Lewis producing a paper, and giving it.*)

What is all this?—"To all our faithful subjects, greeting." (*reading.*)

LEWIS.

O never read such stuff; it is sufficient for me

me to tell you that an affair of honour obliged me to fly from Madrid, and come hither for concealment; and, in short, some very obliging person has been kind enough to procure me a pardon, which I this instant received with some presents of great value.

CLARA.

And whom do you suspect, Don Antonio?

LEWIS.

Why, to say the truth, a girl here at Seville, whose name is Laura.

CLARA.

Laura? Laura?

LEWIS.

Yes; but then I am surprised how she came to know the story, as I never mentioned it to any one; though women do such things, my dear friend, that—

CLARA.

True; but do you believe her so liberal?

LEWIS.

Yes, I am pretty well acquainted with her liberality.

CLARA.

And did she acknowledge being thus generous to you?

P 3

LEWIS.

LEWIS.

Why—yes—she in a great measure acknowledged it—She did not deny it when I asked her.

CLARA.

A wretch! (*aside.*) Well done, Antonio; you are a happy man thus to engage a fair lady's heart.

LEWIS.

Not at all; I confess to you that I feel myself ashamed to derive any other advantage from love than a sincere return. I only wished for her affection.

CLARA.

You did? Wished for her affection?

LEWIS.

Yes, certainly; but you seem uneasy, Don Pedro. What is the matter?

CLARA.

No, no, I am not uneasy.

LEWIS.

Indeed but you are, my friend.

CLARA.

Not at all, not at all. You were—I think you were saying that this wretch—I beg pardon—

don—But pray how long may she have boasted of being thus generous?

LEWIS.

Much about the time of our acquaintance.

CLARA.

I must be satisfied. (*aside.*) And let me ask you, Don Antonio, do you really love her?

LEWIS.

Love her? bless me what a question! To be sure the girl has charms, and is very fond of me, and one cannot—

CLARA.

Lend me your arm, Don Antonio.

LEWIS.

Arm! for what, my dear friend?

CLARA.

To do myself justice. You see I cannot make use of my own.

LEWIS.

You have it, and my sword into the bargain, if you want it.

CLARA.

The latter I shall have no occasion for.

LEWIS.

No! How can you do yourself justice without?

P 4

CLARA.

CLARA.

Sit down there, and write for me what I shall dictate. (*drawing a writing table.*)

LEWIS.

Oh! it is a challenge then!—Well, now for weapons.

CLARA.

I tell you it is to break off a—

LEWIS.

Not a duel I hope, my dear friend.

CLARA.

No, no; I mean to break off a connection with a very unworthy girl; and will send her such a letter—Come, are you ready?

LEWIS.

Yes, yes—you may begin.

CLARA (*dictating*).

“Madam,

“I am now sensible how weak I was in deigning to pay you the smallest attention. Experience, however, has now convinced me—

LEWIS.

Very well.

CLARA.

“That though I may have been your dupe, I shall now be so no longer. From hence forward I shall see you no more.”

LEWIS.

LEWIS.

A very tender epistle, upon my honour.
Well, to whom shall I address it?

CLARA.

As to her name, you will excuse me, it deserves no notice; but believe me I think myself eternally obliged to you for this favour. I would not have trusted any one but yourself, be assured.

LEWIS.

I am obliged to you—indeed I believe it.

CLARA.

Be convinced of it.—But I have a little business upon my hands at present. If you will excuse me, I will meet you on the walks in an hour at farthest.

LEWIS.

Well then your servant. But, ha, ha! I can't help laughing to think how the poor creature will be surpris'd at that letter. Ha, ha! oh! it will shock her amazingly, ha, ha! Adieu.

[Exit Don Lewis.]

CLARA. (*alone.*)

Well, this is all I wanted. I have now only to send this letter, as she knows his hand, before he can see her. Here, Beatrix! (*going to the chamber door.*)

(Enter

(Enter Beatrix.)

Here, here, my dear Beatrix, I have obtained such a letter—Oh Beatrix! can't you guess?

BEATRIX.

Not for the spirit of me, Ma'am; I never could guess at any of your schemes in my life.

CLARA.

Then here is a farewell letter to Laura, which I have dictated, and Don Lewis written.

BEATRIX.

Impossible! Does he give her up then?

CLARA.

Yes, but without knowing it. What think you of that?

BEATRIX.

Why it is odd; but it saves the pangs of parting.

CLARA.

But I must lose no time. You must carry this to Laura's house.

BEATRIX.

Excuse me, Madam; I may have my brains beaten out; but I'll give it to my husband.

CLARA.

Then give it him immediately.

BEATRIX.

BEATRIX.

I'll not lose a moment Oh! I owe him a good beating, and I hope he may get one with all my heart. *[Exit Beatrix.]*

CLARA. *(alone.)*

If this succeeds, I shall break off his connection with Laura. But hold, is this an honest way of acting? alas, I cannot answer that question sincerely; but no matter, when the heart is thoroughly attached, love, like a good confessor, gives absolution for all our offences.

[Exit Clara.]

.....

SCENE III.

Another Street; on one side an house belonging to Don Lewis, and opposite, one with a balcony and grated windows. An Inn in the flat Scene. —Discovers Bernardo at his master's door; Tradesmen coming for their money.

FIRST TRADESMAN.

I say, Sir, I cannot be put off any longer.

SECOND TRADESMAN.

Nor I, master Bernardo; so come, let us go in.

THIRD

THIRD TRADESMAN.

Aye, aye! Let us see whether his master is not at home.

BERNARDO.

Well, gentlemen, I have no objection to your going in; but I tell you my master is not at home.

FIRST TRADESMAN.

Yes, yes—the old excuse: but let us see, master Bernardo—let us see. (*offering to go in.*)

BERNARDO.

Patience now, my good man! patience.—Can't you take my word?

SECOND TRADESMAN.

No, not for a farthing.

THIRD TRADESMAN (*a Taylor*).

Why here, master impudence, do look at this bill; it is a pretty unconscionable length, I think, hey? (*unfolding a long bill.*)

BERNARDO.

True; a very unconscionable bill indeed!

THIRD TRADESMAN.

Why, rascal, observe—not an article overcharged, though not one item is paid; no advance for interest; every order dog cheap—I have not a conscience like some taylors.

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

No more you have.

TAYLOR.

Only mind, puppy. "To an elegant sattin vest, only six ducats; making, stay-tape, twist, and buckram, other six. To a superb short cloak, richly laced, only twelve ducats; making, as much more." Do you think I can furnish gentlemen with short cloaks for nothing?

BERNARDO.

Nothing! Oh I wish you had seen my master wear it—so elegant—such a grace—you would have been surprised to have seen him.

THIRD TRADESMAN.

Yes, so I should, at his impudence—But come—

BERNARDO.

Upon my word, gentlemen, you will all be paid; step here again to-morrow, and you will be satisfied. Gentlemen, your very humble servant—very much obliged to you—(*bowing them out.*) Damn'd impudent dogs. (*aside.*) Your most obedient.

ALL.

We'll call again presently.

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

Pray do, gentlemen (*Exeunt Tradesmen*), and I'll take care to be out of the way.

(*Enter Beatrix, on the other side.*)

BERNARDO. (*seeing her.*)

My nimble-fisted goddess, as I'm alive; my cheek tingles at the very sight of her. I'll take care for the future to keep out of the reach of her hands—or, now I think of it, I'll take no notice of her. (*passes by her humming a tune, affecting not to see her.*)

BEATRIX. (*veiled.*)

Well, Bernardo, have you forgot me? What don't you see me? Do you pretend to take no notice of me? Why, Bernardo!

BERNARDO. (*to himself.*)

There's nothing like making oneself of consequence. (*still continues to sing.*)

BEATRIX.

Why, Bernardo! Don't you hear me? you puppy! hang dog!

BERNARDO.

Yes, yes; I knew I should make her civil at last. (*to himself.*)

BEATRIX.

BEATRIX.

So you don't hear me? Well, I must awaken your attention with a fresh salute upon the ear.

BERNARDO.

O no, not for the world! I have not yet forgot the first—I'm all attention, my dear creature, I assure you—but—

BEATRIX.

But what makes you keep at such a distance?

BERNARDO.

My respect. (*bowing.*)

BEATRIX.

Respect! Is that all you feel for me?

BERNARDO.

By no means; for my cheek can testify to the contrary.

BEATRIX.

Come, come, Bernardo! I must make it up with you. There's my hand for you.

BERNARDO. (*taking her hand and kissing it.*)

I know it again exactly; fine as alabaster, and nearly as hard.

BEATRIX.

Forget and forgive, Bernardo. But I want your services; I have a little commission for you.

you. Here's a letter you must carry to that house yonder.

BERNARDO.

Umph! And what shall I get for my trouble?

BEATRIX.

Something very handsome, I assure you. *(giving him the letter)* Well that is kind of you. Indeed, Bernardo, you are a very pretty fellow, to say the truth of it.

BERNARDO.

Ah, you coaxing creature! you know how to persuade well enough. I'll carry it, and in the mean time give each of those tradesmen there, who are watching my master home, just such a slap in the face as you gave me, and I will ask no other payment for my services.

[Exeunt.]

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The Street.*—Bernardo seen running across the stage in haste; Garva and Velasco appear watching, and then come forward.

G A R V A.

THAT's certainly the man, Velasco—but he runs so quick we shall never overtake him.

V E L A S C O.

Hold a moment, Garva; he seems coming this way again—Let us retire awhile. (*They retire to the side scene.*)

Enter Bernardo (*still running, and stops on the front of the stage*).

Oh the plague of this woman and her cursed veil!—I am rewarded for carrying her letters truly: wet to the skin in as fine a day as ever sun shone on!—Pogh! this is no scented water, I'm sure:—Well, if I can but find that the hypocrite, I will so curry—

(*Garva and Velasco come up to him, and lay hold of him.*)

Q

V E L A S C O.

VELASCO.

Friend!

BERNARDO.

O dear! no—you are mistaken, I protest.

GARVA.

Well, but for a moment.

BERNARDO.

Indeed I am in a great hurry.

VELASCO.

Just now, you know—

BERNARDO.

I! not I, upon my honour—

GARVA.

What! did not you receive a certain compliment from a window?

BERNARDO.

Yes, I know that—I have pretty strong marks of that about me, I believe.

VELASCO.

We perceive it.

BERNARDO.

You may satisfy yourselves about it when you please, gentlemen. But pray let me go. I say I am in a hurry.

GARVA.

GARVA.

So we see.—But you were to have waited for an answer to the letter you brought. So here it is for you, and mind you give it to your master.

BERNARDO.

Depend upon it.—Gentlemen, your most obedient. (*Offering to go.*)

VELASCO.

Hold—Madam Laura thinks herself so much obliged to your master, that she has ordered us to present you—

BERNARDO.

Present me?—I am glad of that.

VELASCO.

—To present you with a good beating.

BERNARDO.

How?

VELASCO.

Very true—So come, Garva—(*offering to beat him*).

BERNARDO.

Pray, good gentlemen, have mercy! Indeed I should but dirty your sticks.

GARVA.

We were ordered, and must obey.

Q 2

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

I'll give you a receipt in full, just as if I had received them.

VELASCO.

Why, he speaks like an honest fellow, Garva and will give us a receipt in gold, you hear.

BERNARDO.

Who, I?

GARVA.

Oh! very well then—(*offering to beat him.*)

BERNARDO.

Yes, yes, any thing you please, gentlemen I have a little money here.—But pray lay aside your sticks, they spoil my arithmetic.

VELASCO.

That is speaking like a gentleman. Come then, let us see it, and we'll divide it amicably.

BERNARDO.

Divide! (thank Heaven I shall save half!) (*aside*). Well, there they are—it grieves me though to part with such good friends—but necessity—I beg pardon—my regard for you gentlemen—well, there is one, two, three, four—oh dear!—five.—Ah! farewell to you

my sweet creatures.—Good day to you, gentlemen. (*Going.*)

GARVA.

Stop!—Now for me, if you please.

BERNARDO.

You?

GARVA.

Yes; you agreed to divide it, so give me my share.

BERNARDO.

And have not you got one half, and I the other?

GARVA.

Mighty well!—I'll shew you what it is to cheat honest people.—Here, Velasco.

BERNARDO.

Zounds, take them all.

GARVA.

Yes; now you are a fine fellow. This is behaving like a gentleman. Good morning to you.

[*Exeunt Garva and Velasco.*]

BERNARDO (*alone.*)

Like a gentleman! like a fool, I say.—A pretty day's business, truly! An urinal emptied upon my head, and ten good ducats out of my pocket,

pocket, and this cursed letter is all that I have got for it. Go to the Devil such love letters, I say (*throws down the letter in a passion*). Oh I am a miserable dog! But death is a cure for every thing; so I will e'en drown myself, and die in a clean skin. [*Exit Bernardo.*]

Enter Don Lewis.

L E W I S.

Was not that my rascal Bernardo? Yes, I am certain it was he; he never spies me but he gets out of the way as fast as he can.....Well, as Don Pedro was not in the walks, I'll e'en go and pay a short visit to Laura.....But what's this? (*Observing the letter.*)

——*To Don Antonio*——

To me? I think then I am entitled to open it without more ceremony. (*Reads.*)

“I have received the impertinent letter your “servant brought me”—(my servant brought you!)—“and I accept the separation with infinite pleasure, as it is impossible not to be a “gainer by losing such a heart as yours.

“L A U R A.”

What the Devil is all this! “Accept the separation!.....losing such a heart as mine!”.....What can all this mean?.....Psha! what signifies

lies thinking? That rascal Bernardo must know of this, and I'll break every bone in his skin but I'll learn the truth of it. [*Exit Don Lewis.*]

.....

SCENE II. *The Public Walks; different people walking; behind, a Savoyard and two Savoyard Girls, with their instruments.*

Enter Bernardo.

BERNARDO.

Yes, I will drown myself, I am resolved, when I can find a piece of water that's convenient..... (*Observing the Savoyards*) Why, how dare that dog look so cheerful when he sees me so miserable?.....Here, you fellow!

SAVOYARD.

A tune, your noble honour? (*Beginning to play and sing.*)

BERNARDO.

I tell you, don't sing.....Can't you see what a desperate condition I am in; so I won't have you sing.....Do you hear?

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL.

Then, perhaps, your honour would like a dance? (*Begins to dance.*)

Q4

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

I'll have no such thing, for I am going to drown myself.

SECOND SAVOYARD GIRL.

Much good may it do your honour!

BERNARDO.

Much good may it do me! Heh? now I recollect, I won't drown myself.

SAVOYARD.

Your highness is in the right: a living dog is better than a dead lion.

BERNARDO.

Lion? so I will be like a lion, and shew them they shan't play their tricks upon me. I will be so revenged—that I will, I am resolved.

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL.

And pray who has had the impudence to affront your grace?

BERNARDO.

I'll tell you.....But were you ever in love, my pretty child?

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL.

Oh yes, your honour, very often.

BERNARDO.

•

BERNARDO.

Humph! Much good may it do you! It has been the ruin of me.

SECOND SAVOYARD GIRL.

And of me too.....But pray what has happened to you?

BERNARDO.

You seem good, sensible kind of people.—Come this way, and I'll inform you—(*taking them to one side of the stage.*).....You must know, then.....

SAVOYARD.

Your honour's forgiveness, but we have got into a disagreeable kind of a corner here.....(*they move*). So.....well, Sir.....

BERNARDO.

You must know, then, I was carrying a letter to a lady, that shall be nameless.....for a person.....that is no matter.....without suspecting any harm—

SECOND SAVOYARD GIRL.

Lud, your honour, what a something there is here! Do let us move out of it. (*They change their ground.*)

BERNARDO.

Well, and whilst I was waiting at the door
for

for an answer, to carry to a certain person, all of a sudden—

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL,

Oh dear!—'tis stronger and stronger, I think.

BERNARDO.

What the Devil is the matter? You can't help dancing, I believe, tho' you are told to stand still.

SAVOYARD.

Yes.....but there is such a smell comes from somewhere, your honour.....

BERNARDO.

Hey? a smell, did you say?.....Oh! then I believe it does come from my honour. (*Putting his arm to the Savoyard's face.*)

SAVOYARD.

Peugh! Psha! Psha! What can this be?

BERNARDO.

That's the story I am telling you.

SAVOYARD.

How should I know? (*still coughing.*)

BERNARDO.

No! you ought to be acquainted with it by this time. — Oh 'tis an irreparable injury—that's certain.

SAVOYARD.

SAVOYARD.

Injury, your honour? It is the best thing that could have happened to you.

BERNARDO (*angrily*).

Why, you impudent dog?

SAVOYARD.

Yes, your honour, I wish it had fallen upon me.

BERNARDO.

So do I.

SAVOYARD.

I would set all the lawyers upon their backs in an instant.

BERNARDO.

Upon my honour that's no bad thought. Icod, I would go to a lawyer myself, if I knew of one.

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL.

There's one lives hard by here. If you please, we'll shew your honour the way.

BERNARDO.

With all my heart—I'll teach 'em to use gentlemen ill! It's a dirty business, and it is but proper that law should have a hand in it.

[*Exeunt Bernardo and the Savoyards.*]

SCENE

SCENE changes. Enter Clara (as Don Pedro), Ursula attending as a man servant.

CLARA.

I thought I should have met Don Antonio without fail....I had no idea of his keeping me waiting so long.

URSULA.

Yes, Ma'am, the men can keep their engagements with the softer sex—but as we have laid aside that, he has forgotten his promises.

CLARA.

Prythee no more, good Ursula! Pray look, he may probably be in some other walk....I must not miss seeing him on any account. (*They walk up the stage.*)

Re-enter Savoyards.

SAVOYARD.

Heh! who are those yonder? two fine gentlemen, I warrant 'em.—Come, put on a good lamentable face to implore their charity.

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL.

Hold, hold, François!—Let us go—we can persuade the gentlemen better than you can.

Two Savoyard Girls play an air.

CLARA.

CLARA.

Indeed, my good girls, I have nothing for you.

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL.

Do, your honour, have an eye upon two young creatures.

CLARA.

Pray leave me—I really have nothing.

SECOND SAVOYARD GIRL.

And can your honour refuse me? I am sure if you was to ask a favour of me, I could not deny it to you.

CLARA.

Go about your business—I have nothing to say to you.—I beg you will leave me. (*Retires.*)

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL (*to Ursula*).

How can such a fine made gentleman as you disregard a poor girl?—I think I could whisper something in your ear.

URSULA.

None of your impudence; I'd have you to know I'm a woman of as strict——Heavens! (*stopping her mouth.*)

SAVOYARD.

Hey! a woman? Gad I thought as much by her shape.

FIRST

FIRST SAVOYARD GIRL.

Ha! ha! What impudence, to think she could pass for a man—with such a pair of legs!

SECOND SAVOYARD GIRL.

Yes, but observe her sweet face—Ha! ha! no wonder she's ashamed of being a woman.

SAVOYARD.

Shake hands, friend, don't mind them—You and I will drink a cup of wine together. (*Offering to put his arm round her.*)

URSULA.

You are shameful people, and I'll fetch an Alquazil to quiet you—that I will.

[*Exit hastily, and Savoyards after her.*]

Enter Don Lewis hastily.

LEWIS.

I shall never find that rascal Bernardo.—What the plague can have become of him? At such a time too—and yet he must certainly have brought that letter.—But then—Oh! I must and will know the bottom of it. (*Going. During this time Clara comes forward.*)

CLARA.

Whither so hastily, my good friend?

LEWIS.

Don Pedro, your most obedient—But I am in a hurry.

CLARA.

CLARA.

Not so fast, Don Antonio. (*stopping him.*)

LEWIS.

I tell you I must go immediately.—I am your humble servant.

CLARA.

Then I tell you, you must not,....I have the most extraordinary affair—

LEWIS.

And so have I, and therefore I can't stay.

CLARA.

Then I tell you, you must—and here's my commission.

LEWIS.

Commission! for what?

CLARA.

Only to cut your throat.

LEWIS.

Cut my throat!—Pray for whom?

CLARA.

For a very beautiful and virtuous girl, I assure you—here are her orders in writing. (*giving him a letter.*)

LEWIS.

How!—this is Laura's hand.

CLARA.

Yes, faith, it is her hand, most certainly.

LEWIS.

LEWIS.

Heavens!—And is this possible?

CLARA.

If you doubt it, read the letter and satisfy yourself.

LEWIS (*reading*).

“A wretch who thought I loved him, enraged to find that you only had my heart—

CLARA.

Pray mark that—

LEWIS.

“Has affronted me in the grossest manner.
“The insolent wretch is Don Antonio, and his
“life can alone satisfy my revenge. To prevent, however, your being too much exposed,
“two very honest fellows, who are in my service, have orders to assist you. Execute this
“duty faithfully, and then fly to your

“LAURA.”

LEWIS.

Ah! Don Pedro, I fear the letter you made me write this morning—

CLARA.

Was for Laura, with whom I proposed breaking off every connection, on finding that she
had

had been base enough to encourage a passion for us both.

LEWIS.

I am so astonished at what I hear, that—

CLARA.

That you forget the inconsistency of women's characters,—that they are children of caprice and—

LEWIS.

What a discovery! And yet since chance has brought it to light, I cannot but forgive....

CLARA.

Rather say applaud the occasion, that has cured us of our follies.

LEWIS.

But then the various presents I have received from her were some proof of love.

CLARA.

And yet, suppose you should be informed that Laura never made you those presents you attribute to her?

LEWIS.

Explain yourself, Don Pedro; there is something about your words and manner that tells me—

CLARA.

Be satisfied, my dear friend.

R

LEWIS.

LEWIS.

My friendship insists upon it—be explicit.

Enter Garva and Velasco behind, with swords under their cloaks.

CLARA.

What occasion is there for more words?

GARVA to VELASCO.

Yes, you hear they are his last words.

LEWIS.

I beg my dear Don Pedro—

CLARA.

It is of no consequence, I assure you.

(Garva and Velasco come forward with their swords drawn.)

Oh heavens! turn, Don Antonio, or you will be murdered.

LEWIS.

Draw, Don Pedro, and we'll teach them—

CLARA.

Help! help!

Enter Ursula, running in haste, two alguazils following, who seize upon the assassins.

URSULA.

Here I am; I hope they have not been rude to you, too.

CLARA.

CLARA.

You are arrived most fortunately, gentlemen.

FIRST ALGUAZIL.

Indeed, Sir, we think so. Your servant there informed us only that a couple of disorderly girls were insolent to him.

URSULA.

So they were, and insulted my person.

SECOND ALGUAZIL.

Your person? They must have been very disorderly indeed. But we need not have been in such a hurry, for they would not have done it much harm.

URSULA.

Marry come up! I would have you to know—

CLARA.

No more words.—Gentlemen, be so kind as to conduct away your prisoners. My servant will attend you.

[Exeunt Alguazils, Affassins, and Ursula.]

I hope you are now convinced of the perfidy of your mistress.

LEWIS.

I think no more of her, believe me; and yet that Laura—I mean that woman—

R 2

CLARA.

CLARA.

Censure not the whole sex, because one is bad.

LEWIS.

Pardon me, I had no such thought; there is an exception, I know, but—

CLARA.

But what?

LEWIS.

No matter. In a few weeks you shall know every thing relative to your friend; at present—

CLARA.

Well?

LEWIS.

I must leave you; I am now setting off for Madrid. The pardon which I have received enables me again to visit that place; and circumstances, forcible circumstances, lead me thither. Adieu, my dearest Don Pedro—Adieu!

CLARA.

Hold a moment! That you may not forget me, take this locket in token of our friendship. (*dropping a picture as if by mistake*) Lud, I am so awkward—

LEWIS

LEWIS (*taking up the picture*).

Heavens! what do I see? Clara herself in the very dress she wore when I last saw her.

CLARA.

Clara! What Clara do you mean?

LEWIS.

Tell me how you came by this picture.

CLARA.

Why, what is the matter? The picture is the portrait of a young actress that lives near here, whom I have been following some time; a good pretty girl.

LEWIS.

An angel.—Ah! Don Pedro, if you possess the heart of such a girl, you are the happiest man in the world! What a charming picture!

CLARA.

Why you will devour it! Pray give it me: I don't think it safe in your hands.

LEWIS.

What a likeness! I beg your pardon for the warmth of my expressions.

CLARA.

Believe me I forgive you. I take them as a compliment to myself. There is the locket I meant to have given you.

R 3

LEWIS.

LEWIS.

I am obliged to you. Once more adieu. In a few days you shall know whether I am the most fortunate, or most miserable of mankind.

[*Exit Don Lewis.*]

Enter Beatrix.

BEATRIX.

Well, Ma'am, what is the result?

CLARA.

Most fortunate; he loves me, and me alone.

BEATRIX.

Then, Madam, you are to be happy immediately?

CLARA.

Yes; he sets out for Madrid in pursuit of me this afternoon.

BEATRIX.

Why, you are here, Madam.

CLARA.

No such thing.

BEATRIX.

Then pray, Ma'am, where are you?

CLARA.

I have not yet discovered myself.

BEATRIX.

Then you follow him to Madrid?

CLARA.

Not a step. I stay here, and go into my new lodgings immediately.

BEATRIX.

For what purpose?

CLARA.

To finish my trial of him; as he knows I am rich, I must be certain that his love is entirely disinterested; besides too, I want to return that appearance of infidelity which he has shewn to me, and see what effect it has upon him.

BEATRIX.

This is all very fine, Madam; but trust me, you will discover just nothing: no, no—the men are so deceitful now-a-days, that a woman scarce knows her own husband.

[Exeunt Clara and Beatrix.]

Enter Bernardo.

BERNARDO.

Aye; though my lawyer was out, I shall be with him again presently: my revenge shan't sleep. Well, it is a charming thing to be used ill after all. Hey! (*looking off the stage*) is not that my wife yonder, walking with a gentleman? Yes, yes, I see how it is; well, if I find

it is so, I will so violently—What? why what can one do in such a case?—I will be certain however;—I'll only just step to my lawyer, and then make the experiment. [Exit.]

.....

SCENE III.

A Lawyer's Office. Variety of Clerks discovered lounging in an idle manner at their desks.

Enter Attorney, as from walking.

Hey! did not I hear a noise somewhere? but I see it was not you, my good boys; no, no, that's right, stick to your business, mind your law, that's my good boys, mind your law. (going.)

FIRST CLERK.

Certainly, certainly, Sir.—(singing) “And
“who cares a fig for law?”

Enter Bernardo.

Pray, gentlemen, does one Goose-Quillos live here?

FIRST CLERK.

Yes, friend, he'll be here instantly—O here he is.

Enter Goose-Quillos.

GOOSE-

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Sir, your servant.

BERNARDO.

Sir, your most obedient.—I have a little business to transact: an affair of some kind; a sort of a—a something of a—in short, I want to go to law.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Law, Sir? very well, Sir. Want to go to law? Oh! 'tis all very well.

BERNARDO.

I am glad of it;—I am so provoked, I will go to law with such—

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

But hold a moment, friend! before you go to law, there is a little ceremony to be observed.
(*holding out his hand.*)

BERNARDO.

You need not mind ceremony with me.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

It must be minded, Sir! the ceremony I mean is the very support of the law. In short, Sir, you understand me, you must pay me, and then 'tis all very well.

BERNARDO.

What! pay before I go to law?

GOOSE-

GOOSE - QUILOS.

Yes, always before, lest you should not be willing to do it afterwards. Nobody, I assure you, ever goes to law without paying for it.

BERNARD.

No! well then there's a ducat for you.

GOOSE - QUILOS.

Very right; now you may proceed—but of all things, be sure to be brief, for brevity—that is to say—brevity, as our law-books term it, is—is—to be brief—any thing to the contrary, notwithstanding—

BERNARD.

Why so I will be brief, if you will but hold your tongue.—The case is, that about half an hour ago they threw me——out of the window.

GOOSE - QUILOS.

Out of the window? bless me! why that's a capital crime; but 'tis all very well, 'tis certainly a capital crime.

BERNARD.

To be sure; 'twas all upon my head.

GOOSE - QUILOS.

Then it is my opinion you will have a criminal action against the parties—but 'tis all very well.

BERNARD.

BERNARDO.

Certainly; pray let it be as criminal as possible.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

It shall be so; I see you understand things; you are a very sensible fellow. Give me your hand—but, hark ye, a criminal action is dearer than a civil one.

BERNARDO.

Dearer? I don't like that. Could not you contrive now —

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

O yes—for you to give me another ducat—and then you see, it will all be very well.

BERNARDO.

But are you sure it will be all very well?

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Certainly; for as the law very justly, and with great wisdom determines, that the more one gives—

BERNARDO.

The less one has, hey?

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

O no, the more it will produce.—Thank you.—Now you must tell me if you have got any witnesses.

BERNARDO.

Yes, yes: the whole town were witnesses.

GOOSE-

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

The whole town were witnesses? All very well; but then on these occasions the best counsel think it necessary to ask—you mind me—

BERNARDO.

To be sure I do—

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Think it necessary to ask—what money you have got?

BERNARDO.

Do they? Do they always ask that question? Well then I believe, in all, four ducats.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Very well: let us look at them. (*takes them.*) Aye, this will just pay four witnesses; witnesses must be paid.

BERNARDO.

Must they indeed? for what?

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

How can they swear that you had your bones broken, without they are paid for it?

BERNARDO.

No more they can; for I had no bones at all broken.

GOOSE -

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

No—all very well; then you tumbled upon something?

BERNARDO.

No, no; I tell you, something tumbled upon me.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Oh! 'tis all very well.

BERNARDO.

Yes, a girl—

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

A girl tumbled upon you? all very well.

BERNARDO.

Why I tell you 'tis no such thing.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Very well, then pray what is it?

BERNARDO.

Why don't you understand now?

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

No indeed; but 'tis all very well—

BERNARDO. (*to the clerks*)

Nor you? nor you? nor you?

ALL.

No—no—

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

Why that is the story—there, there, there,
that's it—and 'tis all very well, is it not? (*rub-
bing his arm over their faces.*)

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Why, you impudent dog, how dare you?

FIRST CLERK (*rising up*).

Yes, Sir, how dare you insult—

SECOND CLERK (*rising*).

The gentlemen of the law?

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

You audacious rascal, get out of my house.

BERNARDO.

I tell you though, I want to go to law.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

Go to the devil!

BERNARDO.

But I've paid for going to law.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

So you shall again if you don't get about
your business.

BERNARDO.

But I will have justice done me.

GOOSE - QUILLOS.

There's justice for you—there, there—go to
the devil! (*all push Bernardo out, and exeunt.*)

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The Public Walks.**Enter Beatrix.*

WELL, I wish this farce was almost over; for my part I am sick of it, and all to obtain a man who won't be worth having when she has got him. An husband! ah, I know what that misfortune is tolerably well! Bless me! what strange figure is this coming hither? talking to himself, too, he seems! I'll make bold, however, to watch him a little. (*Beatrix retires.*)

Enter Bernardo with whiskers, cloak, long sword, and hat and feather, stalking along slowly.

BERNARDO (*to himself*).

I have read, I don't know where—I suppose I have forgotten, so 'tis no matter; but I have read that a man here below is a bird of passage, a traveller—a—a—a—

BEATRIX (*coming a little forward*).

My husband, as sure as he's a rogue!

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

A—a scene-shifter—a what do you call it? that is always seeking his own misfortunes—a—*(Beatrix hems; Bernardo starting)* Hah! who's that? what is that I see? *(here he changes his tone of voice)* O delight inexpressible! supreme bliss! happiness unutterable! *(kneeling.)*

BEATRIX *(aside)*.

He must be mad.

BERNARDO *(rising)*.

And is it she? Have I then reached the extremity of my toils, after all that I have endured; scorching heat, and cold worse than an ague? Darling woman! garble of my affection! behold a Spanish grandee prostrate at your feet—there! *(kneeling again.)*

BEATRIX.

Oh Sir! what can this mean? *(aside.)*

BERNARDO.

Seven whole days have I suffered for your dear sake; damp beds defied, rivals subdued, and bugs encountered—

BEATRIX.

What! for me?

BERNARDO.

Yes, my moss-rose, for you—for you; I have followed

followed you long and often, in the hopes of
at length moving that flinty, obdurate heart.

BEATRIX.

Oh! now I guess his meaning. (*aside*).

BERNARDO.

And allow me to tell you, that you have engaged the attention of one of the first grandees in Spain, Don Stilletto Trinidados.

BEATRIX.

Really? I fear you jest.

BERNARDO.

Jest! a nobleman jest! No, by my mustaches I swear I am in earnest. Nay, my very walk might convince you that I am a man of gravity and fashion.

BEATRIX.

Yes, I see it.—But sure you don't know me—

BERNARDO.

Yes; I know every thing; I am not ignorant—you have an husband, fair damsel!—yes, an husband.

BEATRIX.

Spare my confusion—I confess I am ashamed.

S

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

Come, don't be frightened; I am sure you need not blush, for I am told he is a marvellous proper man, and all the world admires him—Hey? What do you smile at?—Yes a marvellous proper man—just now—like myself.

BEATRIX.

Oh! I'll give it him. (*aside.*)—Like you? No, indeed, quite the reverse; a poor, snivelling, weak, silly creature; without either shape or manners; and a countenance that would frighten your horse.

BERNARDO (*affecting to laugh*).

Ha! ha! Oh the slut! (*aside.*) Ha! ha! Very comical upon my word—how could then such an adorable woman bestow the favour of her fair hand upon such a creature?

BEATRIX.

I can't tell—and yet I feel myself inclined to bestow more favours upon him still.

BERNARDO.

Oh, the infernal! (*aside.*) That's right, my queen, that is right—and may I then flatter myself that Don Trinidados will have the honour of—

BEATRIX.

Ah, Signor! how can you ask such a question?

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

Nay, don't be coy, my charmer. I am rich,
and am in love up to the ears.—Don't be coy.

BEATRIX.

Did I say I was?

BERNARDO.

My head turns. (*aside.*) Kifs me then, my
fair one, to shew me that you love me.

BEATRIX.

With all my heart.

BERNARDO.

Oh, transporting! (*Kisses her, and bites her
cheek.*)

BEATRIX.

Heavens! you'll bite the piece out.

BERNARDO.

'Tis the transport of affection. But come,
you shall go with me to the tavern.

BEATRIX.

Not at present, Signor.

BERNARDO.

That looks well. (*aside.*) Can you then refuse
your languishing Trinidados?—think of my
nobility and my purse!

S 2

BEATRIX.

BEATRIX.

Perhaps I could meet you on the ramparts
this evening.

BERNARDO.

That completes me. (*aside.*) Inexpressible
felicity! one kiss more then, and—

BEATRIX.

Excuse me; your transports are too fierce.—
In the evening expect me.—Adieu, Don Stil-
letto, adieu, adieu!

*(Beatrix goes to the side of the stage, but as he
turns from her, she drops her veil, and comes
behind him unseen.)*

BERNARDO.

Ah! there's an end of me and my wife's vir-
tue.—Psha! what signify schemes to know
whether a woman is honest or no?—Honest!
did I say honest?—Infernal—

BEATRIX (*aside*).

Poor devil!

BERNARDO.

And shall this sinooth forehead lose its manly
appearance, and take the form and figure of a
beast?

(*Here*

(Here Bernardo puts his fingers to his head, as if to feel for horns; whilst Beatrix holds up her fingers behind his head, in the shape of them.)

Yes, yes; they are here sure enough.—'Sblood, I am as perfect an horned animal as ever butted at a bull feast.—Boo, boo. (*butts about the stage.*)

BEATRIX (*behind*).

If real cuckolds were as furious, there would be no walking the streets.

BERNARDO.

But gently: let me consider; 'tis the best way not to expose one's own secrets. Softly then, Bernardo, softly;—may not this dress have been the occasion of Beatrix's infidelity? Ah, she is not the first whom pride has ruined!

BEATRIX (*behind*).

There's a philosopher!

BERNARDO.

Come then, gentlemen, my fine clothes, march, if you please—there, master cloak, go to my wife, she wants one I'm sure—to cover her shame, go! (*throws away his cloak.*) And now for you, madam periwig, good bye to you; there are many black things that ought to appear white—that you have only to cover the first head you come to. (*throws it away.*)

BEATRIX (*behind*).

Extravagant puppy!

BERNARDO.

And now for you, my sword—farewell, my trusty toledo! we were never designed for each other; you were made to guard men's honour, and my wife has taken care of mine—there, farewell to you (*throwing it away*). Ah, these are the rewards of matrimony!

(*Beatrix calls out, Cuckoo! Cuckoo! and then runs off the stage.*)

BERNARDO (*alone*).

Zounds! what's that I hear? Every thing mocks me. Ah! I wish I were well dead once for all.—Dead! but would not that give my wife pleasure? Certainly.....Why then I'll live to plague her. Live—I'll outlive my shame, and break her heart. [*Exit Bernardo.*]

SCENE II.

Street in Seville; an Inn in the Flat Scene.

Enter Don Lewis, dressed as for a journey.

LEWIS.

Well, the more I think of it I am now certain that Don Pedro was the author of those pre-

sents I have received since I came hither. Alas! the generosity of his manner makes the obligation of double force. How shall I sufficiently thank him when we next meet? Meet, did I say? Who knows when that may be? for I must now bid adieu to Seville, and hasten to Madrid. But courage, Don Lewis, the presence of your Clara will compensate the loss of Don Pedro.—Here, host, host, I say. (*going towards the inn gate.*)

H O S T.

What would your honour have?

L E W I S.

My honour would have post horses immediately.

H O S T.

Yes, your honour—Immediately? your honour would wish to travel quick then? to set out with speed?

L E W I S.

Certainly—so pray make haste, friend.

H O S T.

Undoubtedly.—But, your honour, do use the beasts gently, for my sake.

L E W I S.

Pray be gone, my friend; I can lose no time. I beg you'll make haste.

S 4

H O S T.

H O S T.

Oh! I'm gone, I'm gone.—But, your honour, there's a tax upon post horses; you must pay that before you set out; to be sure it will detain you a little, but that's nothing.

L E W I S.

I wish there was a tax upon your tongue.—Pray be expeditious without more words.

H O S T.

Words! I assure you I hate talking.....there's nothing more tiresome, especially when one is in a hurry.—But, your honour, which way now may you travel?

L E W I S.

Heavens! what questions! Towards Madrid; so order the horses immediately.

H O S T.

Immediately—I only asked, because as how, one likes to know where every body is going. But I'm gone—to be sure it is no matter to me, so I'll go directly. But it is a natural kind of—but I'm gone—and every body is curious—I am going—and—

L E W I S (*stopping his mouth*).

Don't say another word, for I won't stay to hear it. (*pushes him in.*) Zounds, what a fellow

to

to expedite travellers! But where the Devil can Bernardo be?—that rascal?

Enter Bernardo.

B E R N A R D O.

I am here, Sir, if you meant me?

L E W I S.

So, you are come at last!—There, Sir, go yonder, and see that the horses are got ready immediately, for I am going to Madrid.

B E R N A R D O.

Madrid! I could I'm glad of that! (*aside.*) All shall be ready immediately, Sir.—Oh! I'm a happy fellow to have such an opportunity of leaving my cares, that is, my wife, behind me.

[*Exit, dancing into the inn.*]

L E W I S (*alone*).

Well, now for my future fortune.—No more Don Antonio but Don Lewis.—Hold! when I yield to my impatience, may I not be too confident? Am I not pursuing a happiness that is lost? No, I will not think so; I will only fancy that it is delay'd—for hope, more powerful than my fears, assures me of a favourable reception. Clara! divine Clara! what transport will it afford me to see you again—to converse with you—to hear that melodious voice

(*a voice*)

(a voice heard from the window opposite).—Sure I have heard that voice—let me listen.—Oh, Heavens! 'tis the voice of my Clara; her own voice! but from whence can it proceed? *(again)*It can be nothing but Clara—and yet how can it?—Oh! I am certain it is hers, and seemed to come from this house—I'll see, however. *(knocks at the door and pushes at it; Ursula appears at a balcony above.)*

URSULA.

Where do you want to go, Signor?

LEWIS.

Into this house, child; so let me in.

URSULA.

Why so, pray?

LEWIS.

Zounds, what is that to you?—I must go in, I tell you.

URSULA.

Not without my leave, I assure you.

LEWIS.

Why, are you a maid here?

URSULA.

Bless me, what a question that is to ask! I am my mistress's servant.

LEWIS.

LEWIS.

Is it you then, who have so enchanted me?

URSULA.

Very probably—and you are not the first, I assure you.

LEWIS.

I beg you will release me from my anxiety—was it you, or your mistress, who was singing in that apartment?

URSULA.

My mistress is fond of singing; and in truth she has need of it.

LEWIS.

How so? who is she?

URSULA.

A young orphan, happy amongst the misfortunes she has experienced, to have received from nature a good voice, which she now turns to her advantage—formerly, indeed, she was too rich to have occasion for it.

LEWIS.

And how happens it that she is not so now?

URSULA.

A foolish love affair occasioned her being disinherited by an obstinate father—but to shorten the matter, she was in love with a gentleman,

tleman, who, finding her going to be sacrificed to another, killed his rival in a duel.

LEWIS.

O Heavens!—And what followed?

URSULA.

Her father shut her up in a convent, and was so enraged, that when he died, he left her without a farthing.

LEWIS.

Unhappy attachment!—But one word more, fair damsel—pray tell me her name.

URSULA.

Lord what a number of questions!—Signor, your servant. (*goes in.*)

LEWIS.

Stay, one moment, for Heaven's sake!—What, gone?—Wretch that I am! what recompense can I make to her? How can I alleviate the ills that I have occasioned thee, unhappy Clara!

Enter Beatrix from the Door.

BEATRIX.

You are right, Signor, *Clara* is her name sure enough.

LEWIS.

Then pray, good woman—

BEATRIX.

BEATRIX.

Good woman! Very pretty, truly.

LEWIS.

I ask your pardon.....do not refuse me one request—allow me to see your mistress.

BEATRIX.

I cannot do any such thing.—I wish you a good day; Signor, your servant.

LEWIS.

Stop, stop; one question more, and I have done—Does she know one Don Pedro? Is he in love with her?

BEATRIX.

In love! What a thing to ask!.....How can we know a man's heart?

LEWIS.

Oh! I see it, and have no doubt it is returned.—Yes, yes, his shewing me her picture this morning is proof enough.—Oh! I'm distracted! Let me go into the house.

BEATRIX.

Indeed you seem so, and therefore I may as well keep you out. (*Shutting the door and going in.*)

LEWIS.

What shall I do? shall I force my way into the
the

the house and discover myself? Alas! would not that add to the injuries I have already done her?—No, no; I'll go to Don Pedro instantly, and make him explain this matter—and if I don't find him ready.....

Enter Bernardo in boots.

BERNARDO.

Ready! Yes, Sir, all is ready.

LEWIS (*hesitating*).

Are we always to be rivals?

BERNARDO.

Sir, I say every thing is ready.

LEWIS (*not minding Bernardo*).

I'm distracted to know which way to act.

BERNARDO.

Oh! there are but two—either go, or dismiss the horses.

LEWIS.

Had I in the morning, indeed.....

BERNARDO.

It would have been better, I think, for it grows late.

LEWIS.

But then the obscurity.....

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

There is a moon, Sir.

LEWIS.

At all events, I will be certain.....Don Pedro shall explain it—I'll go therefore—(*going*)

BERNARDO.

That's right.....Hark forward there.....Horses immediately. (*cracking his whip.*)

LEWIS (*starting*).

Hey! where are you going?

BERNARDO.

To ride before your honour to Madrid.

LEWIS.

Go to the Devil.....I have no occasion for you.

[*Exit Don Lewis.*]

BERNARDO (*alone*).

The Devil! sure he can't be going without me, and leaving me to my wife (*enter Beatrix*)
.....talk of the Devil and his imps——

BEATRIX.

So, you thought you were going to leave me?
.....ha, ha! booted for the purpose, hey?

BERNARDO.

Umph! and a very good purpose too.

BEATRIX.

BEATRIX.

But probably you will have no occasion for them.—Go and tell your master that the young actress wants to speak to him on business—go, immediately.

BERNARDO.

Probably I may, and probably I may not; as I think proper.

BEATRIX.

Hey day! What's the meaning of all this? Come, my dear Bernardo.

BERNARDO.

Hah! my dear!—don't dear me, I say; I'll have no such doing—nothing is so bad as love out of season—'tis like—'tis like—I can't think what—Oh! a slap of the face from a hand like alabaster (*aside*). [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Clara's new apartments, elegantly furnished; Ursula comes forward in her own dress.

URSULA.

Ay, now I appear as I ought to do—a proper, good-looking gentlewoman.—Well, I wonder how women can wish to ape the men, or think

think it becoming to imitate their manners; if ever I make a conquest, which I have no doubt but I shall, I'll trust, I am resolved, to the force of my own charms.

Enter Clara, elegantly dressed as a woman, Beatrix following.

C L A R A.

Well, Ursula, you seem happy at the change of your dress.

U R S U L A.

Yes, Ma'am; I hope we shall never change it again; for my part, I am for remaining as I am all the rest of my life; at least, till I am married.

B E A T R I X.

You mean all the rest of your life then, I believe; but I hope, Ma'am, now Don Lewis seems so very unhappy on your account, you will pronounce his pardon immediately.

C L A R A.

Indeed but I shall not; I must be certain that interest has no share in his affection before I undeceive him.

U R S U L A.

You are more cruel than I could be. I am sure I could not keep any gentleman in suspense.

T

B E A T R I X.

BEATRIX.

True, Ursula, for you are always ready—with an answer.

URSULA.

And so are other people with a——

BEATRIX.

But you will surely rate Don Lewis (*a knocking beard*)—ay, there he is; if you will rate him, I say, Ma'am, you must do it before he is your husband, or you may not be able to do it afterwards. (*knocking again.*)

CLARA.

Go! and be sure that every thing is prepared—Ursula, you may go too.

[*Exeunt Beatrix and Ursula.*]

I confess I feel myself flattered when I think of the difficult part I have to act.

Enter Don Lewis.

LEWIS (*starting*).

'Tis she! and I am undone.

CLARA.

Don Lewis, your most obedient. You seem displeased to find me at Seville.

LEWIS.

May I yet believe my eyes? Is this Clara whom I so lately remember at Madrid?

CLARA.

C L A R A.

I confess you find me in a different situation from what I formerly enjoyed; and as my circumstances are changed, your passion has changed also.

L E W I S.

Cruel Clara! I once thought that I possessed your heart, the only good I ever valued; the rest were the gifts of fortune, and the loss of them not worth lamenting.

C L A R A.

Such language from Don Lewis astonishes me not a little; reproach but ill becomes the guilty—and I should, at least, meet with your pardon, who have followed your example.

L E W I S.

What do I hear? Is this to insult me?

C L A R A.

Not in the least, Don Lewis; have not women the same right to be inconstant as the men? Is it proper that your love should be allowed wings, whilst we are encumbered with the fatigue of being faithful? No, Sir, I protest against such unnatural distinctions, and for my part I confess—

L E W I S.

Madam, there is no occasion; I already

T 2

know

know it all. Yes, Clara, I am already informed that you love Don Pedro—he himself avows it.

CLARA.

What has he avowed? be explicit, Don Lewis—say—did he boast his success with me?

LEWIS.

No, he never did. (*Clara smiles.*) Do you then insult my misery? 'tis too much; I'll fly to my rival, and inform him what a fickle heart he possesses; I will tell him—yes, Madam, I will tell him that, spite of the passion you now profess for him, you once loved me.

CLARA.

You may save yourself the trouble, for he already knows it.

LEWIS.

And does he, dares he, Madam, triumph in the victory?

CLARA.

But, Don Lewis—

LEWIS.

Madam, Madam, it is too much: I will not tamely give up my right; this sword shall determine which of us has the better claim to your affections. (*drawing his sword.*)

Enter

Enter Beatrix hastily.

BEATRIX.

Oh, Ma'am! all is over with us—fly, Sir, fly
I beseech you.

LEWIS.

Fly? Wherefore?

BEATRIX.

O, Sir, I am frightened out of my wits:
Don Pedro has overheard all that you have
said.

CLARA.

Heavens!

LEWIS.

Be composed, Madam; let him come, I will
meet his resentment. (*going.*)

CLARA.

Stay, Don Lewis, stay I conjure you: Beatrix,
you may leave us.

[*Exit Beatrix.*

My wretched situation indeed—

LEWIS.

Mention it not; were that all, I should have
reason to rejoice. The disparity of fortune
being removed, I could then convince you that
my love had you alone for its object.

T 3

CLARA.

CLARA.

But then the world—

LEWIS.

I despise it; and were my sentiments changed with your fortune, I should despise myself. No, Clara, interest never had a share in my attachment.

CLARA.

Ah, Don Lewis!

LEWIS (*kneeling*).

And can you forget your first attachment?
can you—

*Enter Beatrix with a variety of Musicians, Dancers,
in white cockades, &c. &c.*

BEATRIX.

Walk in, gentlemen and ladies—walk in.

LEWIS.

Heavens! who are all these?

BEATRIX.

Company invited to Don Pedro's nuptials.

LEWIS.

Nuptials! heaven and earth! his nuptials?

Enter Bernardo.

BERNARDO.

Sir, the postillions are swearing sadly. Pray
Sir, make haste.

LEWIS.

Nuptials!—I'll go this instant, and—

BERNARDO.

Yes, Sir, pray do, I'm tired of waiting.

LEWIS.

No; I'll wait till Don Pedro comes—I must see him at least.

BEATRIX.

That you may do easily; for he is here in the room.

LEWIS.

How!

CLARA.

Yes, Don Lewis, I and Don Pedro are the same person; I am at once the mistress and the friend of the man I love; and to convince you of it, there is the picture which I shewed you this morning.

LEWIS.

I live again! Oh! I see it all; every thing is now plain.

CLARA.

And there, Don Lewis,—there is my hand—I am now convinced of your attachment; I, and my fortune are yours. The pretended

T 4

loss

loss of it, was merely to try the disinterestedness of your affection. (*Don Lewis kisses her hand in transport.*)

BERNARDO.

What then, is Don Pedro a woman after all? Zounds, it is possible that I may not be what I think I am.

BEATRIX (*to Bernardo*).

Go and ask your woman in the veil, go.

BERNARDO.

What, did you know her?

BEATRIX.

O yes; the quintessence of perfection, with her dear little feet;—come, one peep at that sweet invisible face—fie, fie, Bernardo, what excuse can you make to me, hey?

BERNARDO.

Why faith, my dear wife, I scarce know what to say; but if you will meet me on the ramparts this evening, hey?—to be sure I am a sneaking, snivelling creature;—but, one kiss more! Oh yes, with all my heart. (*imitating what was said in a former scene.*)

BEATRIX.

So you fancy that I did not know you, puppy?

BERNARDO.

BERNARDO.

Damn it then, I am a man again—Huzza,
God save the king! huzza!

CLARA.

Come, come, we have all of us had our errors; but this evening we'll forget and forgive them all.

THE END OF
THE DISGUISE.

THE
MUSIC:

A
FARCE,

IN
TWO ACTS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

· M E N .

SIR GOOSECAP GARLAND.
SIR GREGORY GIZZARD
MR. MAC-HENPECK
CAPTAIN MALONEY
O COG-IT
CREOLE
JUSTICE BONDUM
PATRICK

W O M E N .

LADY GARLAND
MRS. MAC-HENPECK
MATILDA
LADY SHELANEY
LANDLADY

WAITERS, &c. &c. &c.

SCENE, BATH.

T H E
M U S I C O :
A
F A R C E.

A C T I.

S C E N E. *A Room at an Inn.*

*Enter Captain Maloney, and his servant Patrick
with a Portmanteau on his shoulder.*

S E R V A N T.

S H A L L I lay the baggage down here, Sir

C A P T A I N.

No, you rascal you ; do you think I shall
stay in such a room as this ? Where's the land-
lord ?

S E R V A N T.

I am afraid, Sir, we shan't easily get a better ;
for

for the house seems pretty well filled already, and there is a stage just drove in, crammed up to the top—eight within, twelve without, and six in the basket, besides two sucking children as lap passengers, and a fat cook on the box with the coachman. I left them struggling together who should get into the entry first, so that it is well your honour is before hand with them.

CAPTAIN.

Well then, lay the cloak bag down here, and now go and wait till the diligence arrives, and remember what I gave you to deliver; (*servant going*)—but hark ye, firrah, hold yourself in readiness to set off whenever I want you—at a minute's warning.

SERVANT (*leaving the portmanteau*).

Yes, Sir.

[*Exit Servant.*]

O C O G - I T (*speaking as he enters*).

Is your master here, Patrick?

SERVANT.

Yes, Sir, here he is. (*shewing him in, and then exit.*)

O C O G - I T.

Ah, Jack! you here? Who would have thought it? I am heartily glad to see you for all

all that; but I expected you were recruiting at Winchester.

CAPTAIN.

There you were mistaken, Frank, for I am come here to recruit; not with a drum and a serjeant, but with a whisper in a lady's ear, and a fee to her chambermaid; that is the way I raise volunteers. But now let me ask you, Frank, what may have brought you here?

O C O G - I T.

What brought me into this room was seeing you get out of your post-chaise; and what brought me to Bath was—why, faith, I don't know whether I can tell you that.

CAPTAIN.

Why? What the devil you are not ashamed of yourself?—An intrigue, I suppose; but I hope it is something that does you credit, something fashionable—some man's wife—

O C O G - I T.

Why—yes it is a man's wife, to be sure.

CAPTAIN.

Zounds! then, why all this hesitation?—but then her distinction—her name, Frank; I must know that too.

O C O G - I T.

O C O G - I T.

No, there you must excuse me—I beg you will.

CAPTAIN.

I only ask it for her own sake, that we may steer clear of each other; for it would be a cursed unfortunate were we to run foul of each other, as we did at Brighthelmstone. Poor Lady Languish has been an useless vessel ever since; but come now, Frank, be honest, and betray her.

O C O G - I T.

Why then—but you'll be silent—she is the wife of a limb of the law, from the North; I expect them here every moment, for I have been waiting their arrival these two hours; here are my orders for duty, and I arrived last night to put them in execution; the lady is a *bona roba*, I assure you, and pretty amorous, considering where she comes from; as for her husband—but here, this letter will give a better idea of him than I can. (*giving the letter to Maloney.*)

CAPTAIN.

Ay, ay—let us have it. (*reads.*)

“ My dear Frank,

“ I have at length persuaded my lawyer to
“ visit

" visit Bath, to forsake his courts, and leave
 " his own dear brats behind him. I can see,
 " however, that he is not above half recon-
 " ciled to this scheme; one would imagine,
 " my dear fellow, he had some idea of our
 " meeting. I cannot resist the temptation of
 " giving you a little sketch of him, as he is now
 " sitting before me. Conceive his figure, with
 " the embellishment of a red woollen cap, a
 " pair of ungartered stockings hanging about
 " his slippers, a black waistcoat covered with
 " snuff, and a plaid night-gown. In this de-
 " licate dishabille is he sitting, with his legs
 " across the fire at breakfast: and when I re-
 " present to him his appearance, he pats my
 " cheek, and tells me he is sure I love him
 " equally the same in every thing. Adieu,
 " my dearest Frank! I mean to examine with
 " you the truth of what he says."

CAPTAIN (*folding up the letter*).

Well, I see this lawyer will be a very happy man; but pray, how is he likely to receive the honour you mean to confer upon him?

O C C O G - I T.

Why, really, I never think of those things; all I know is, that he is immoderately fond of

U

his

his wife, and has that happy opinion of her, that he would not believe his own eyes.—But now tell me, worthy Sir, what has brought you to this place?

CAPTAIN.

A very charitable plan, I can assure you.

O C O G - I T.

Of relieving your own necessities, Jack?

CAPTAIN.

No; those of a poor little girl.....the daughter of a poulterer, and Knight of the city of London:.....Her only companions, as yet, have been her father's chickens. I danced with her at a Lord Mayor's Ball, and the child gave me the history of her life before we had danced down the first dance; in which I discovered two things.....first, that she had forty thousand pounds at her own disposal; and, secondly, that she had no objection to my person. In consequence of this I am come down here, to see what advantage I can make of her. By this time, I should imagine, they must be arrived, for her father, whose appetite is his God, comes down every year to eat out his Christmas.....But hark, I hear the sound of coaches.....“Lo! the hour
of

of attack approaches" (*sings*).—So to our posts
and away. [*Exeunt.*]

.....

S C E N E II.

The Bar. Landlady rings.

L A N D L A D Y.

Hark ye, John, Thomas, Betty, why don't
ye stir? are you all dead? There is the stage
come, and the passengers can't get out without
the steps.

*Enter Justice Bondum, with a blunderbuss, pistols,
and hanger.*

J U S T I C E.

No luck this bout; but we must try another
turn.—Hollo! Landlady—when does the stage
set out again for London?

L A N D L A D Y.

This evening, Sir.

J U S T I C E.

This evening!—At what hour has the man
on the pye-ball mare attacked the stages?

L A N D L A D Y.

Generally about eight o'clock.....after it is
dark.

U 2

J U S T I C E.

J U S T I C E.

Then set down a place for Justice Bondum.

L A N D L A D Y.

For whom, Sir?

J U S T I C E.

Why have you never heard of me? were you never at the office?.....Don't you remember me—examining highwaymen?

Enter Waiter hastily.

W A I T E R.

Oh! yes Sir, he's just taken.....

J U S T I C E.

Taken! Taken! damn it! that's unfortunate—by whom?

W A I T E R.

He was so hard pressed, he was obliged to quit his horse, and was taken in a man trap, as he was crossing Alderman Pippin's orchard.

J U S T I C E.

A man trap.....Oh! a man trap can get no reward. (*aside.*)—You are sure it was a man trap, waiter?

W A I T E R.

Yes, Sir.

J U S T I C E.

J U S T I C E.

Well then, as that is the case, I shall set him free, and take him myself some other time.

(*aside.*)

[*Exit Justice.*

(*Enter several different characters, who unload themselves of concealed money, and assist each other in doing it—bless themselves from escaping being robbed, &c. &c. and then crossing the stage go out.*)

L A N D L A D Y.

Harry, Tom, Will! don't you see a chaise at the door? Why don't you leave the stage and wait on the gentlefolks?

Enter Waiter, shewing in Mr. and Mrs. M^r Henpeck, as from a journey.

W A I T E R.

This way, Sir; this way, Sir; very good accommodation, Sir.

L A N D L A D Y.

Welcome to Bath, Sir: Ma'am, your most obedient. I hope you have had a pleasant journey?

W I F E.

Tolerable, Madam.

H U S B A N D.

Tolerable, lovey!.....damn'd bad—Why we

U 3

were

were over-turned, head over heels, and were pulled out of the chaise by the feet, aye?

W I F E.

Hush, hush; Mr. M'Henpeck, hold your tongue.—Pray, Ma'am, (*to the Landlady*) is there much company here this season?

L A N D L A D Y.

Rather thin at present, Ma'am;—nobody of much consequence as yet—a few Irish Peers, and two Scotch Baronets.

H U S B A N D.

A few Scotch Baronets! and pray, Maistress Lonladie, do ye reckon them of nae consequence?

W I F E (*to her husband*).

My dear, put your wig even, or I shall be ashamed of you. You have always such a strange head.

H U S B A N D.

Yes, I wull, my lovey.....Is it reight noow? Oney thing to be agreeable in your eyes.

W I F E.

Don't talk nonsense; but ask the landlady what entertainments are going forward at present.—I wonder I don't see Frank O Cog-it;
he

he promised to be here in waiting for us.
(*aside*).

H U S B A N D.

Eih, eih, Maistress Lonladie; my spoufe says reight—hoow do the people spind their teime, that lovey and I may amuse ourfals here? for you mun ken, we have left our lettles faamily behind us.

L A N D L A D Y.

Why, Sir, there are various amusements; you can never be at a losf how to spend your time. There are concerts, balls, cards.....I suppose you love cards.....I'm sure, Sir, you look as if you did.

H U S B A N D.

Do I?—No, you mistak; I dinna ken one ace fra another.....But how serious you look, Grizzey! (*looking after his wife*) I dare say you were thenking o' lettles *Sandy*—Weel, in troth he's a sweet babie, and our eldest born.

W I F E.

No, no, I was thinking of something else—Don't talk of your children in publick, 'tis so vulgar. (*to him*).

LANDLADY.

Well, Sir, if you don't like cards....there are publick breakfasts.

HUSBAND.

Publick breakfasts!... Why I am never fet to be seen befor twelve o'clock.—Lord, my lovey, what a pity it es we did na' breng lettles *Lexey* with us; she es so fond o' dressing in a morning. *(to her.)*

WIFE.

You are so low, Mr. M'Henpeck.—Ma'am, *(to the Landlady)* I hope you don't mind what my husband says—he's only joking with you; he's equally fit to be seen at all times.

LANDLADY.

And then, Sir, there are publick music meetings; and there are two famous Italian fingers—that the ladies all go to—the subscription is only thirty guineas.

HUSBAND.

Thirty gueneas, Ma'am! the Devil!—Lord, lovey, did you ever hear sic an extravagant—Why, lovey, what are you looking at?—Ah! noow I ken, you are thenking o' lettles Frank.

WIFE.

W I F E.

Why, really, to confess the truth, I was thinking of Frank——O Cog-it. (*aside.*)

H U S B A N D.

Ah! peur chield, hoow fond he is o' you! I wesh he was here.

W I F E.

So do I, I assure you.

L A N D L A D Y.

But Sir, the principal thing of all, is a musical meeting that costs you nothing at all; it is held at a little village not far from hence, and a prize is given to the best performer in the assembly, which consists of ladies and gentlemen.

H U S B A N D.

Ay, ay; a vara pleasant performance—but they dinna aw perform together, do they?

L A N D L A D Y.

No, Sir; one person only at a time. The house is open this day—I expect cards of invitation for all my strangers—of quality—and will take care to keep two for you and your lady, Sir.

H U S B A N D.

I am much obliged to you, Madam—but
noow,

noow, let me see a room where lovey and I con sleep.

LANDLADY.

Yes, Sir; this way, Sir; the chambermaid will shew you.

HUSBAND.

That's weel, for I am vara cautious in that particular. I'll gang wi' the chambermaid then, lovey, and leave you here—you'll wait here an enstant, lovey.

LANDLADY.

Sir, I'll shew you myself. [*Exeunt together.*]

WIFE (*alone*).

Heigh ho! I wish I could see O Cog-it any where.

O COG-IT (*coming from behind*).

Behold him here—(*she screams faintly*) But hush, for Heaven's sake, you'll bring back your husband.....I arrived here last night, all eagerness to meet you, and have been watching an opportunity—The Devil, here's your husband.....I have overheard every thing, and will be at the music meeting this evening. Adieu! (*kneels and kisses her hand.*) [*Exit O Cog-it.*]

Enter

Enter M'Henpeck.

H U S B A N D.

Laird, lovey, I thought I heard you scream
—What the Devil was that fallow doing
there?

W I F E.

Only a waiter buckling my shoe; he buckled
it a little too tight.

H U S B A N D.

An impudent doggie. I dare fay he would
ha' been glad to ha' taken ony leberties with
you.—I'll do it for you misal another time.

W I F E.

O, Mr. M'Henpeck, don't expose yourself—
What signifies whether you or he do it?

Enter Landlady.

L A N D L A D Y.

Well, Sir, I have prepared your room; but
won't you walk in? Perhaps you would wish to
have something—pray, Sir, look into the larder
—pray, Ma'am, do.

H U S B A N D.

Ay, that's true, shew us into a room then,
and let us ha' something to eat.

H O S T L E R (*from without*).

Shew the company in, waiter.

Enter

Enter Sir Gregory Gizzard, and his daughter Matilda.

SIR GREGORY.

Eat, eat!—Who was that talked of eating there?—Hoh! hoh! Landlady, let me speak to you first.

LANDLADY (*to the waiter*).

Shew the Goat to this gentleman and lady.

[*Exeunt waiter, and Mr. and Mrs. M^cHenpeck.*]
What did you please to want, Sir?

SIR GREGORY.

What have you in the larder, Landlady? Any thing nice and savoury? Any thing that I could have before dinner, by way of getting me an appetite?.....Have you taken care of the plover's eggs, Matilda? (*to his daughter.*)

MATILDA.

Lord! papa thinks of nothing but his belly. (*aside.*) Indeed, Sir, I am afraid they are all broken.

SIR GREGORY.

If they are, I shall break your head, huffey. They were the first plover's eggs that have been sent me out of the fens this year, and I would not have lost the eating of them for fifty pounds.

LANDLADY.

LANDLADY.

O, never mind, Miss, we have some in the larder.

SIR GREGORY.

Have you? Let me have them immediately, for I have scarcely eat a mouthful these two stages.....but be sure you do them nice.....give particular directions about them, Landlady.

LANDLADY.

I'll go about them myself.

SIR GREGORY.

That's a good woman; that's a good woman.

[Exit Landlady.]

And now, Matilda, come here; don't be staring and gaping at every body you see, but attend to what I say.....You are now, Matilda, in a strange place, and—a—strange place—must be new to you.

MATILDA.

To be sure, papa.

SIR GREGORY.

I have seen the world, and know this from experience—now you may think to behave as you have been used to do in Leadenhall-market; but it won't do, it won't do, child—for here you may be reputed, probably, to be a fortune,

tune, and the men will be all after you for it—
but they are all cheats, and you must not believe
a word they say to you.

MATILDA.

No, papa!.....Not believe a word they say to
me?

SIR GREGORY.

Why no—to be sure not.—Fifty idle puppies
will tell you they are in love with you, to get
your fortune, and then laugh at you for be-
lieving them.—So I tell you again, all men are
cheats.

MATILDA.

If that is the case, papa, how do I know but
you are cheating me now?

SIR GREGORY.

Because I can get nothing by it.

*Enter Fishwoman, with a basket upon her head,
crying.*

FISHWOMAN.

Dories—John Dories!—any dories wanted
to-day?

SIR GREGORY.

Yes, yes—Here, you dory, you, bring your
fish here; let us have a look at them.

FISH-

FISHWOMAN.

Yes, your honour, do but handle them—as firm as a rock, and as sweet as a violet—Pray, Miss, come look, it will do your heart good.

SIR GREGORY.

Pogh!—Don't talk to her, woman; she don't know fish from flesh.

FISHWOMAN.

Then 'tis high time she should, Sir.—And it shan't be my fault if she don't. (*aside.*)

SIR GREGORY.

Here, give me hold of that fat one there—What a fine fellow he is!—so!—(*Examines it for some time; in the mean while the Fishwoman makes signs to Miss, and gives her a letter.*)—Well, I never see one of these dories but it puts me in mind of poor Quin.—Ay, he was a great man, and understood the art of living well—What would he give for a slice of one of them now!

FISHWOMAN (*to Miss*).

Am I to carry any answer to the Captain?

MATILDA.

No, no.

SIR GREGORY.

Here, you fishwoman, take this sweet creature;

ture; I shall fall in love with it else.—Why, child, what's that paper you have got there?

MATILDA.

Only, Sir—a—a—paper, this woman has given me (*putting it in her pocket*).....Only a list, papa, of the fish-days.

SIR GREGORY.

Then take care you keep it—it will be very serviceable to me; but I believe I had best keep it myself.

MATILDA.

No, papa; I'll take very great care of it, I assure you.

SIR GREGORY.

Care of it—Ay, if it was a love letter I suppose you would take care enough of it—but come, good woman, carry that dory in, and bid the cook dress it for dinner. [*Exit Fishwoman.*]
As for you, Matilda, you may go and take a walk in the garden, and I'll go and eat my eggs.
[*Exeunt severally.*]

.....
SCENE III. *A Garden belonging to the Inn.*
Enter Captain Maloney.

CAPTAIN.

I have been watching her ever since she came,

came, and I think I saw her turn towards this garden, and yet she is not here. Where the devil can she be? These girls give one more trouble than they are worth—nothing, faith, but the patience of an Irishman is equal to them. Surely she is not gone back again before she is got here—oh! no, here she comes, here she comes—so! I will conceal myself, and surprise her. (*retires.*)

Enter Miss Gizzard.

MISS GIZZARD.

O gemini! how happy I am that I have got away from my papa!—and now for my dear Irishman's letter. (*taking it out of her pocket.*) I've only read it once over as yet—O my dear letter! (*kissing it*) What a genteel hand he writes! "My dearest angel"—there's a sweet fellow—"just got to Bath"—"hope to see you immediately"—"your old glutton of a papa"—so he is, so he is—"never be happy till I see you."—Nor I you, my dear, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet. (*kissing the letter.*)

Maloney comes from behind, and runs up to her.

CAPTAIN.

Sweet Maloney! (*and kisses her.*)

MATILDA.

O heavens!

X

CAP-

CAPTAIN.

What, I must stop your mouth again, must I?

MISS GIZZARD.

Pray, Mr. Maloney, be quiet; you Irishmen are so impudent, one can't open one's mouth; though I called you sweet, I did not mean you should overhear me.

CAPTAIN.

Why now, my dear crater, you are not ashamed of saying any thing to my face behind my back; and therefore, my dear, as you have given your opinion openly, don't conceal it any longer.

MISS GIZZARD.

Well then, Maloney, since I have been so indiscreet, I hope you won't take any advantage of it.

CAPTAIN.

Advantage! What advantage can I take that won't be mutual? Will I not give up myself for you? Would I not sooner live with you upon a potatoe than be the lord lieutenant of Ireland?

MISS GIZZARD.

I can't believe you, Maloney.

CAPTAIN.

What reason have you to doubt of it, my
dear

dear girl? Have I not ridden post from London at the hazard of my neck? Did I not swear to you that I would love nobody else, when I first saw you, a month ago, (an age, in a passion like mine)? And now, will you, can you refuse me, my dear Miss Gizzard, the reward of all my trouble?

MISS GIZZARD.

What do you mean, Mr. Maloney? what reward? Lord, my papa will be coming, and I must get dressed to go to the Musico.

CAPTAIN.

Talk not to me of Musicos, my cruel angel! Let us waste no time on such fooleries. Did you not promise to make me yours?

MISS GIZZARD.

To be sure I did promise you; you have a bewitching tongue. Well then, I do—love you, Maloney.

CAPTAIN.

But what signifies talking of love, unless you give me a proof of it? Come then, fly with me instantly, and I'll soon find a priest; there's a Welch parson at all-fours in the room, and he shall unite us. Will you consent?

X 2

MISS

MISS GIZZARD.

Lord, what signifies my answering? there's no standing against you, Maloney.

CAPTAIN.

Thank, thank you, my dearest girl; let me seal our union on your lips. (*kisses her*) Oh! I could devour you.

SIR GREGORY.

Hollo! who's that so voracious there? (*from without.*)

MISS GIZZARD.

Bless me, my Papa!

CAPTAIN.

Oh! I'll humour him.

Enter Sir G. Gizzard.

SIR GREGORY.

Who's that talks of devouring here?

CAPTAIN (*going up to Sir Gregory*).

Sir, I understand you love eating.

SIR GREGORY.

And what is that to you?

CAPTAIN.

Because, Sir, I am a French cook, and should be glad to serve you; I dress turtle a-la-mode de France; calipash and calipee, fish, soups, fricasees, frogs, mice and mushrooms. I live with

with Madame Bongout, and prepare dinners both at home and abroad; so, Sir, I have the honour to be your most obsequious, devoted, humble servant.

[*Exit, bowing.*]

SIR GREGORY.

Why, zounds! what is this man? who is this man? where the devil did he come from? what has a cook to do in a garden?

MISS GIZZARD.

Lud! papa, about his business I suppose.

SIR GREGORY.

About your business, I suppose, you huffey you; but I'll take care and have no more such fellows about you; he seems a suspicious character, and no more of a cook than I am.—But who is he? I'm sure he's no cook by his smell.

MISS GIZZARD.

Dear papa, I can't say.

SIR GREGORY.

You won't say, you mean; but to morrow you pack off to your mother in Leadenhall-market; so, get in huffey, and dress yourself; you must go with me to the Musico this afternoon, but it shall be the last entertainment you shall ever go to at Bath—there, get you in—get you in.

[*Exit Matilda.*]

SIR GREGORY (*alone*).

What an unhappy dog am I! with a strong constitution, affluent circumstances, and a vigorous stomach, I can't exist in London, for my wife; and when I come to Bath, the land of good living, where I expected to enjoy happiness, and dine comfortably, I find my only daughter in the embraces of a cook. Ah! I wish I was fairly rid of them both, and then I should be able to eat in peace and quietness.

[*Exit Sir Gregory.*]

.....

SCENE IV. *Mr. Creole's Lodgings; he sitting under the hands of his French Valet de Chambre; six other Servants in rich liveries attending.*

CREOLE.

How dressa my hair now, Chinion?

CHINION.

Oh! Monsieur, var well, fort bien. There be var strong curl by nature.

CREOLE.

Aye, me know a that, you rascal; but is it grow behind?

CHINION.

No, mi Lor, it be as short as this—but me have de remedie for dat—de fausse queue.

CREOLE.

Ah! but you dog, how doa the top?—the roupée?

CHINION.

Charmant, mi Lor; it be quite in the ton—bien frizee, it give the friseur no pain.

CREOLE (*to one of the servants*).

Here you dog! bringa me that glafs, to see how me looka. (*servant brings the glafs.*)

CHINION.

Oh! ma foi mi Lor; see how the poudre do set off your face.

CREOLE.

Yes, me tinka me shall do now. Tinka you, Chinion, me shall make a the conquest of the ladies?

CHINION.

Affurement, mi Lor; all de Englis ladis will fall down before you like the bidêt befor de chaise de poste.

CREOLE.

Why you be de agreeable dog, Chinion; takea that suit of clothes there.

CHINION.

And, mi Lor, you be de kind maister, you do think of the poor servant—de pauvre domestique.

CREOLE.

Bringa me that gold box—you there—(*servant*)

vant brings a box) now toucha me up with the rouge, Chinion.

CHINION.

Ah! then you be as blooming as de lady herself; all de ladies of *qualité* now make up the face—

CREOLE (*rising from his seat*) to his servants in turn.

Harkee me, you dog! brussha my back—there, you rascal, rubba my sleeve—comea here you villain, wipea my shoe—hah! how do I like to makea the *white man* workea from morning till night!

CHINION.

Certainment, mi Lor—certainment—the servants are made for de Grand Seigneur, like you.

CREOLE (*to the other servants*).

Now goa about your business till I want you.

[*Exeunt servants.*]

CHINION.

Eh bien, mi Lor; you look var^t handsome—bien mis to day. Where be your Lorship a going?

CREOLE.

Oh! me go to the sing-song—whata you call it, at Lady Garland's.

CHINION.

Ah! je comprehend—de Musico; I was there

there miself, mi Lor, once. I was dressed as de fine gentlemen though, and mi Lady Garland was var glad to see me—var glad to see me, mi Lor; for I did look like de angel—like your Lorship; and then all de compagnie did sing the petite chanson, de little air; but I did get the prize, mi Lor, and did sit with the sprig of myrtle, fur ma tête—as your Lorship will certainly do, when you go to-night.

CREOLE.

Yes, me knowa that—me ha got the song ready, and me wanta only the practice.

CHINION.

Ah! me be var seure mi Lor don't want dat; you be de prodigie, mi Lor—de black swan.

CREOLE.

What! you dog you! What, do you calla me the black swan, you damn dog?

CHINION.

Pardonnez moi, mi Lor; je demand pardonne—De black swan! dat is impossible; me speak var bad English; de white swan I meant to say, mi Lor—de white swan.

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Sir, here's Mr. Catguttini to wait upon you.

CREOLE.

CREOLE.

Oh! what my little music master? Shewa him up directly, shewa him up. (*Exit servant.*) Ah! me shall now geta the practice; all that me wanta for a finger.

Enter Signor Catguttini.

CATGUTTINI.

Servatore, Signor! Speak you Italian?

CREOLE.

No; me no speaka Italian.

CATGUTTINI.

Then, Sir, I will speak English; and now, Sir, what are your commands with me? am I to flatter myself with the honour of instructing so accomplished a gentleman in the science of music?

CREOLE.

Me be going to the Musico this evening, to singa the song, and me wanta a little of the Italian air—what you call it?

CATGUTTINI.

Oh! I understand you, the gusto.

CREOLE.

The gusto! What 'is the gusto? but what signifies the name, if me no understand. Come shewa me what it is. (*Catguttini sings.*)

CAT-

CATGUTTINI.

There, Sir. What do you think of that?

CREOLE.

Why, me tink dat very fine; you must certainly have a great reputation at this place.

CATGUTTINI.

Some tolerable one, I believe; but they don't reward merit, Sir, here; no, Sir, London is the soil for your great musical geniusses; the people of London, Sir, know how to distinguish merit.

CREOLE.

Yes, yes, the people of London have a great deal of sense.

CATGUTTINI.

Ay, Sir, a man may pick up a comfortable living there; but here, in this place, no performer can afford above three livery servants to his table, or to drive above a pair of horses to his chariot. Oh! Sir, the bad taste of this place is insufferable; sounds, Sir, have no effect upon them.

CREOLE.

Well, but comea you and practise mi song; teacha me gusto.

CAT-

CATGUTTINI.

Would your Lordship practise it here, or retire into the next room to your instruments? I have not the least doubt but I shall make you a very capital performer.

CREOLE.

No, comea you along with me, and we'll begin immediately.

[Exeunt Creole and Catguttini.]

CHINION.

Well, bon jour, mi Lor—bon jour—you go and practise your song, and I go and take my pleasure. Ah! the Italian and the Frenchman have varra good success in this country; de Italian do tickle de ear and de catgut, and de Frenchman do cut de hair and de caper, and both do put de poor Englishman's money into deir own pockets.

[Exit Chinion.]

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Room in Lady Garland's house; Sir-Goosecap and Lady Garland sitting together at a Table.*

LADY GARLAND.

PRAY, Sir Goosecap, have *you* provided a song for the entertainment to-day?

SIR GOOSECAP.

No, my Lady! upon honour I had not an idea of it; your Ladyship must recollect I got the myrtle sprig the last time, and it would not be polite to carry it off two days together—the world might suspect a collusion.

LADY GARLAND.

You are in the right, my dear; we must preserve our consequence without endangering our reputation; we must bestow our literary honours on the multitude to keep them in spirits. Were we always to give the rewards to our own productions, we should absolutely have no competitors.

SIR

SIR GOOSECAP.

'Pon honour, your Ladyship is in the right; you have an immense fine judgment, Lady Garland.

LADY GARLAND.

O, Sir Goosecap, no flattery I beseech you.

SIR GOOSECAP.

Nay, Lady Garland, I appeal to the world whether I flatter you or no. Is not the credit of all this entertainment given to you? 'Pon honour I have not the least hand in it.

LADY GARLAND.

How can you say so, my dear? But you are so over-modest—It was but the other day our friend Lady Brazen was complaining of that very fault in you; you are really too diffident of yourself, and therefore I have a right to say that your compositions, your songs, Sir Goosecap, have brought our little entertainment to the same it now enjoys.

SIR GOOSECAP.

'Pon honour, Lady Garland, you have infinite taste; but what are a few songs to the works you have written? admired in *print*! Poor I have only circulated in manuscript—no more, upon honour—Your Tour is allowed to be the quintessence of politeness, an absolute
diary

diary of the actions of great people; but yet, Lady Garland, just to say what strikes me—my dear Lady Garland, to speak the truth, you will pardon me, I cannot help saying—that—I cannot but think, my dear Lady Garland, you have been rather—a—little—a something—you understand me—rather, as it were,—too—*trifling*.

L A D Y G A R L A N D.

Why, really Sir Goosecap, it may be so; I love every body to be impartial; but you know, my dear, there are some people whose opinion one has no respect for, and who can form no judgment on such works.

S I R G O O S E C A P.

So far from that, Lady Garland, that every body are judges of such works, and, I believe, agree in my opinion.

L A D Y G A R L A N D.

Then, Sir, if they do,—I despise them and their opinions.—Mere song writers, Sir Goosecap, ballad fingers, Sir Goosecap, are not esteemed men of genius.

S I R G O O S E C A P.

But yet, Lady Garland, they are judges of your works.

L A D Y

LADY GARLAND.

But not sensible of their own folly.

SIR GOOSECAP.

Lady Garland, you know I have a respect for you; all I can say is for your good; I find fault with you merely out of regard; but I assure you, my dear, the world laugh at you; and, if you don't take care, will despise you; so mind my words—mind my words—

LADY GARLAND.

Why, I hope you do not flatter yourself, Sir Goosecap, that I pay attention to any thing you say: A man without a grain of abilities—without an inch of parts, Sir Goosecap, to pretend to judge of my capacity! The men of taste who frequent this house, know the difference pretty well betwixt Sir Goosecap and Lady Garland: they know what you are—

SIR GOOSECAP.

And pray, Lady Garland, what do they know? —What do they know? What am I? I beg to know what I am.

LADY GARLAND.

Don't force me, Sir Goosecap, to tell you what you are; if you had an head, you would find it out.

SIR

SIR GOOSECAP.

Take care what you say, my Lady Garland,
for I don't understand you.

LADY GARLAND.

I dare say you do not: you never took an
hint in your life.

SIR GOOSECAP.

And I wish, Lady Garland, you were not *too*
ready to take them: all husbands, Madam, are
not like Italian husbands; and a woman in
this country who prides herself on being the
public taste, may soon find herself the public
shame.

LADY GARLAND.

Sir! "Suspicion is the vice of little minds;"
but I disregard your insinuations; I despise
your low ideas, Sir. I retract all the little
compliments I paid you, and be assured they
were only flattery, Sir Goosecap—mere flat-
tery.

SIR GOOSECAP.

And so were mine; you are a conceited,
weak, illiterate—

LADY GARLAND:

Oh! now I am convinced it is all malice.—
Illiterate! O heavens!—illiterate!—

Y

Enter

Enter Servant.

SERVANT.

Madam, the company is beginning to come, and they are shewn into the saloon. [*Exit.*

LADY GARLAND.

There, Sir Goosecap, what a fine situation I am in to receive company! How can I be a judge of harmony at present? How can I determine the prize with impartiality?

SIR GOOSECAP.

Damn it! Madam, you may determine it as you please, for I shall have nothing to do with it.

LADY GARLAND.

Come, come, Sir Goosecap, we have been too warm; you know I can't bear to have my work mentioned with disrespect, and yet you are perpetually attacking me on that subject.

SIR GOOSECAP.

Well! and did not you undervalue my songs, Lady Garland? You know I never attempted any thing else, so it was cruel in you, indeed it was, Lady Garland—You know *I do*—*I do make a song well.*

LADY GARLAND.

Yes, yes, I acknowledge it.

SIR

SIR GOOSECAP.

Well, well, I retract what I said about your work—I am convinced it is not trifling.

LADY GARLAND.

O then, my dear, we are friends again ; and will forget what has past.

SIR GOOSECAP.

Certainly, my dear Lady Garland, certainly. Well, this is what polite people ought to do ; to put on a smiling countenance in public, and quarrel only by themselves.—Allow me the honour of your hand, Lady Garland.

LADY GARLAND.

You do me infinite honour, Sir Goofecap.

SIR GOOSECAP.

That is a most exquisitely beautiful cap, Lady Garland.

LADY GARLAND.

Nobody is a better judge than Sir Goofecap.

[*Exeunt together.*]

.....

SCENE II. *An Anti-room in Lady Garland's house ; enter several, well dressed, who cross the stage, &c. &c. then Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Henpeck coming in front ;*

Y 2

M R.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Lovey, this es a vara elegant hoose o' Ladie Garland's; et must ha' cost her a muckle deal o' feller, and the furniture too es vara magnefe-cent. These hongings here are damask, though thes es but an anti-room—do but feel 'em, lovey.

MRS. MAC-HENPECK.

My dear, don't touch any thing; don't expose yourself.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

No, I winna', lovey; but lookye at that chandelier there, et es cut into a thousand fantastek shapes, and branches like the horns of a stag.

MRS. MAC-HENPECK.

Hush! hush! my dear; it is very unfashionable to talk about horns in a gentleman's family,—somebody may overhear you.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

But, lovey, I long to see her Ladyship; I should leik to ken what kind of a crature a She-Baird es: I'll tak a squent, lovey, and see if I can find her oot.

MRS. MAC-HENPECK.

I tell you what, Mr. Mac-Henpeck, if you go on in this manner any longer, I'll leave you to yourself.

MR.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Nay, nay, lovey, I canna' bear that; but I'll tak one squent. (*looking about at the side of the stage.*)

MRS. MAC-HENPECK (*aside*).

I wonder O Cog-it does not come; this is not very gallant, but this is the fate of us wives, always obliged to court our lovers; I must detain my husband here, however, till he comes.

Enter a coxcombical character, who walks leisurely up to Mrs. Mac-Henpeck, surveys her, &c. &c. &c.

F O P.

Madam!

Enter Mac-Henpeck.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Lovey, lovey, I canna' see what I wanted.

MRS. MAC-HENPECK.

Nor I neither, my dear.

F O P.

Oh! oh! is it so? (*walks off.*)

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Why I canna' leave you a moment but there's a fellow comes in my place.

Y 3

M R S.

MRS. MAC-HENPECK (*going off*).

Poh! the nasty fellow is jealous! (*aside*.)

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

I ha' ge'en har a weipe—she taks it.

Enter Sir Gregory Gizzard and his daughter.

SIR GREGORY (*looking at his hat and feather*).

Who now would take this to be the feather of a goose? it looks as well—it is cheaper—and I am sure the goose eat better than any ostrich in Christendom.—Hark ye, Matilda!

MATILDA.

Yes, papa.

SIR GREGORY.

As this is the only diversion that you will see in Bath, you may look about by yourself and not mind me—you can come to no harm here; there are no sham cooks in this company;—for my own part, I shall sit down when I can get a seat,—walking about does not agree with me after dinner, especially to-day, for I have made a glorious repast. I ordered dinner for twelve, and dined all alone.

Enter O Cog-it.

O COG-IT (*to Sir Gregory*).

Pray, Sir, is the Musico begun? It begins very late to-night; (*looking at his watch*) I seldom

seldom come to an entertainment till the thing is half over.

SIR GREGORY.

Don't you, Sir? then you and I differ: for I always come the first to an entertainment.

O COG-IT.

And most probably rise the last—ha! ha!

MR. MAC-HENPECK (*to his wife*).

Eih, vara weel; that's a vara gude het, lovey; let us come forward—you will admire thes young gentleman.

MRS. MAC-HENPECK (*looking at O Cog-it*).

I dare say I shall.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Why, lovey, I believe thes es an acquaintance of ours. (*going up to O Cog-it*) Ah! Maister O Cog-it, es et you? I am vara hoppy to see you; I little expected to find you here—but hoow has aw ben wi' you sence we met at Kelso last summer; you recollect little Sandy, my son—but come you here to my wife. Lovey, lovey, here is Maister O Cog-it.

SIR GREGORY (*aside*).

I dare say he'll come fast enough, for he seems to have a damn'd deal of impudence.

Y 4

O COG-IT.

O COG-IT.

Really this pleasure is quite unexpected, I must confess, Sir. I received a letter (*looking significantly at Mrs. Mac-Henpeck*) which summoned me to Bath, and I came here to meet a person on very particular business.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Ay, I guess as much, Mr. O Cog-it; you are a mon o'gallantry. I dare say it was to meet a lassie, if the truth was known.

O COG-IT.

No, it was not, indeed.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Ay, you are reight to keep the secret; perhaps it may be some mon's wife.

O COG-IT.

Psha, psha! my dear friend, always suspecting.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Nay, nay, Maister O Cog it; 'tis nae business o' mine; if the husband dinna' observe you there's nae harm done.

O COG-IT (*to Mrs. Mac-Henpeck*).

Do you hear, Mrs. Mac-Henpeck, what doctrine your husband is preaching up?

(*Here O Cog-it goes up to Mrs. Mac-Henpeck, and they talk in dumb shew.*)

Enter

Enter Mr. Maloney, who goes up to Miss Gizzard, and converses with her in dumb shew at the back part of the stage, unseen by Sir Gregory, then leads her into the next room.

SIR GREGORY (*advancing up to Mr. Mac-Henpeck*).

Pray, Sir, is your name Mac-Henpeck?

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Yes, Sir.

SIR GREGORY.

Do you ken one Mac-Henpeck, an advocate?

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Why, I am the mon.

SIR GREGORY.

Then, Sir, I am very happy to see you; my name is Sir Gregory Gizzard, poulterer and alderman of the city of London. I had the pleasure of employing you once in a cause of mine.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Eigh! I dinna recollect et; pray what was et?

SIR GREGORY.

Gizzard versus Gible, for invading my patent for the importation of Solan Geefe. The fellow ran away, you may remember.

MR.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Ay, I remember it; we pursued him, and a damn'd wild goose chase we had of it—ha! ha! (*both laugh.*)

Enter Mr. Creole, a Servant following.

CREOLE.

Harkee, you dog, where be my song? Keepa you at a proper distance.

SERVANT (*presenting it respectfully*).
Here, your Highness.

MR. MAC-HENPECK (*touching Sir Gregory*).

By St. Andrew, here's a May-day chimney-sweeper a coming! What es at a Masquerade? Look at the black dog.

CREOLE (*overbearing, and coming up to him*).
Black dog! Whata you mean by a black dog? meana you me?

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

My dear chield, hoow can you thenk I could mean you?

CREOLE.

Damna you affurance. Whata you mean by affronting a gentleman-of my appearance, you damn Scots pedlar you?

MR.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Mr. O Cog-it—Gentlemen, you'll interfere; I had nae intention of ensulting hem. I am a peaceable mon, Sir, and never attack any body but by law; besides too, I never saw a bonnier appearance in my life.

O COG-IT (*to Creole*).

Sir, my friend here did not insult you.

MRS. MAC-HENPECK.

Hold your tongue, O Cog-it; let him quarrel with my husband if he pleases. (*to O Cog-it.*)

SIR GREGORY (*to Creole*).

Lord, Sir, affront you! He can't say boh! to a goose.

CREOLE.

Damna you, will you fight, Mr. Lawyer?

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Feight! upon nae account.

CREOLE.

Gah, me no tenk you worth kicking. (*walking off.*)

MR. MAC-HENPECK (*to O Cog-it*).

My dear friend, I shall thenk misal eternally obliged to you for sAVING me fra' that black savage there. I shall never get oot o' your debt—

debt—My dear lovey, I bag you'll shew your
senfibelety to Mr. O Cog-it.

MRS. MAC-HENPECK.

I'll endeavour it, as you wish it, my dear.

(A bell rings.)

SIR GREGORY.

But here, I see my Lady Garland is coming;
all the company are hurrying into the great
room—Let us make haste, and secure ourselves
a good place.

O COG-IT.

Ay, you gentlemen of the city are always
thinking of a good place; but this is not the
twelvepenny gallery, Sir Gregory. Allow me
the honour of your hand, Mrs. Mac-Henpeck.

*[Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Mac-Henpeck and O Cog-it
at one door.]*

SIR GREGORY.

Why, the impudence of that dog confounds
me. Well, if ever my daughter marries, I'll
take care she shall not unite herself to an Irish-
man. *[Exit.]*

SCENE III. *A magnificent Saloon, the com-
pany arranged on each side. A Vase, with a
Chaplet upon it; Musicians around it. Lady
Garland advances with a long measured pace
down the room, to the music in slow time.*

LADY GARLAND.

Ladies and Gentlemen,

I cannot exprefs to you, no language can paint the fatisfaction I feel, in beholding fo brilliant and fo numerous an affembly collected together, on fo laudable an occafion; an occafion in which genius may diftinguifh itfelf, and merit meet with its reward. Lover, as I am, of the good of my country, and of this village in particular, I cannot but recall with pleafure that fortunate day when I firft invented, by the decrees of fate, that myrtle chaplet there, to be the encourager of the polite arts, the difpeller of ignorance, and the parent of refined tafte. Ladies and gentlemen, obferve that chaplet there, and confider it as the elegant reward of all your labours; and though but one can get it, remember that this is the only conteft in which to be vanquifhed is to be glorious.

I have nothing further to fay, therefore, than to recommend to you the utmoft exertion of all your abilities, to banifh from your minds and countenances every degree of what is falſely called diffidence, as it is the fureft obſtruction to fuccefs.

S I R

SIR GREGORY (*to O Cog-it*).

Then I know who will get it, O Cog-it.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

That was an excellent speech, let me tell you, Sir Grigory; it wud ha' done nae discredit to the parliament hoose. What a pety et es that she is a woman, and that har sax prevents har fra' standing for a member.

Sir Goosecap Garland advances.

SIR GOOSECAP.

Silence, gentlemen, I beg of you; there is a gentleman going to sing—Pray, gentlemen, hear him.

(Here Mr. Creole steps forth to sing; and, after some little prelude, sings a song, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle.")

SIR GOOSECAP.

Extremely well sung, indeed Sir; your taste is exquisite, and your manner enchanting, 'pon honour.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Sir Grigory, I wesh mi eldest laddie was here, little Sandie; he has a sweet peipe at a Scotch ballad, and I'd mak hem one for the occasion.

SIR

SIR GOOSECAP.

Gentlemen, there is a lady going to sing, pray be attentive. (*leads forth the Countess of Shelaney, an old Irish Dowager.*) Now if your Ladyship will please to begin—(*to the Lady.*)

LADY SHELANEY.

Faith and troth, my dear, I am almost out of countenance to see so much good company.

SIR GOOSECAP.

The audience is brilliant, and will do your Ladyship the more justice.

LADY SHELANEY.

Faith, Sir Goosecap, you are vary right there, but this performing in public is quite new. If you and I were in private together, Sir Goosecap, I could touch you up—an air—that would do your heart good.

SIR GOOSECAP (*bowing*).

I make no doubt of it.

LADY SHELANEY.

The tune that I am going to sing you is rather old though, for it was made when Queen Anne was king of England; but I have taken the liberty of adding a few words of my own extempore.

SIR GOOSECAP.

Oh! that will make no difference, Madam;
but

but I believe, Lady Shelaney, that the company is waiting.

LADY SHELANEY.

Ay, I see that, my dear crater, and I'll begin; for I think it very impolite, Sir Goosecap, to keep Jontlemen standing in expectation, when one can satisfy them immediately.

SIR GOOSECAP (*retiring, and speaking to the music*).

Now mind your pianos and your fortes.

LADY SHELANEY.

There, you fellows, handle your instruments, for I am going to begin.

(*To the tune of Langolie.*)

I.

Ye musical ladies, so lovely and killing,
Competitors all with song, catch, or glee,
Leave, leave your Italian soft quavers and thrilling,

And stick to true Irish harmony!

Harmony! how noble the treasure is?
Sweet are the strokes, and expressive the measure is;
Oh! it goes to my heart, so bewitching the pleasure is—

Who can resist Irish harmony?

II. Sir

II.

Sir Patrick O'Rifle, who lives in the nation,
 When I sang *Teddy Foley* or soft *Gramacree*,
 Would be after to join in the sweet operation,
 And praise the vast powers of my harmony.

Harmony! how noble, &c. &c.

III.

Then should I obtain yonder chaplet entwining,
 The myrtle more fam'd than the laurel would
 be;

Tho' heroes meet danger for that unrepining,
 Ev'n heroes must yield to sweet harmony.

Harmony! how noble, &c. &c.

LADY SHELANEY.

Well, my dear crater; how did I perform?
 how am I in the shakes?

SIR GOOSECAP.

Oh, perfect!—Perfection itself.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

That's a vara poleite brogue the ladie has
 got, Mr. O Cog-it. (*Turning round and finding him
 gone*) Oh! he's gone, Sir Grigorie.—(*To
 his wife*) Lovey, lovey, where's Maister O
 Cog-it? (*Looking on the other side and finding her
 gone*) Why, where the Deevel is my wife?

Z

S I R

SIR GREGORY.

Never mind now; I am going to attempt a song.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

No, no; I canna' believe that.

SIR GREGORY.

Ay, but I am. (*clearing his voice.*)

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

That's reight, Sir Grigorie, tak aw advantages ye con.—What a damn'd fegure he'll mak! (*aside.*)

Sir Gregory sings to the tune of “down, down, derry down.”

I.

If life, as some wise ones have said, is a treat,
He'll sure fare the best, who has stomach to eat;
While ven'son and turtle the table shall crown,
And savory the sauce is to make it go down.

Down, down, derry down, &c.

II.

Let fortune select out her venomous dart,
It never can reach thro' fat sides to the heart;
While the banquet's before me, I laugh at her
frown,

For it is but one gulp, and I swallow it down.

Down, derry down, &c.

III.

But if the kind goddeſs ſhould open her hoard,
 And lead up the graces to ſet out my board;
 The girls are the ſame, whether black, fair, or
 brown,
 For my appetite's good, and alike all goes down.
 Down, derry down, &c.

IV.

But mark, my good gentlefolks, mark what I
 ſing,
 To live well, and eat well, is juſt the ſame
 thing;
 This maxim holds good, from the king to the
 clown,
 For the life of the beſt....is but eat and lie down.
 Down, down, derry down, &c.

MR. MAC-HENPECK (*to himſelf*).

What a feul the mon has made of himſal!—
 (*To Sir Gregory*) Weel, Sir Gregorie, you ha'
 done yourſal credit—a great deal o' credit....I
 ha' been aſtoniſhed aw the teime.

SIR GREGORY.

Ah, Mr. M'Henpeck; you ſhould have heard
 me before dinner though.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Ay; I ha' heard you after—'tis aw the same.

SIR GREGORY.

I wonder who will sing now (*looking archly*).

(*Sir Gooscap now invites a number of the company to sing in dumb shew, who seem to refuse. He then goes up to Lady Garland, and seems to speak to her—during this time the music plays.... Lady Garland then comes forward.*)

LADY GARLAND.

Well, ladies and gentlemen, I am sorry to observe this silence.—So few competitors for that charming chaplet there—nobody want it?nobody wish it?nobody ambitious of immortal honour?I beg some one will advance.

MR. MAC-HENPECK (*advancing to the middle, and addressing himself to Lady Garland*).

Mi Ladie Garland, I should be vara glad to oblige your Ladieship, but I canna feng; I ha' nae the poowers of haarmonie that mi friend Sir Grigorie Gizzard has—nor the enchanting foond o' that black gentleman....no, no, I mean o' that fair gentleman there....and as for my Lady Shelanie, I should be vara forry to match misal against her—but—

LADY

L A D Y G A R L A N D.

Oh! come Sir; do me the favour—do me the favour.

M R. M A C - H E N P E C K.

I wesh, Madam, I cud grant you the favour—but really, Madam, I hanna the abelitie. But, mi Ladie Garland, if a speech wul fatisfie you, I wul do my best endeavour.

A L L.

A speech, a speech—hear him, hear him.

L A D Y G A R L A N D.

Then, Sir, it is the sence of the company that you should proceed.

M R. M A C - H E N P E C K.

Weel then, in submission to your Ladieship, I'll say something in honour o' this occasion.

“ It is observed that aw wise enstitutions must be either philosophical, political, or legal; but as thes is certainly none o' these, I wul endeavour to prove et es superior to them aw. And first, can ony mon help kenning the difference between thes and our philosophical institution, the Royal Society? for there can be nae hesitation betwixt old women and young; and as to my political one, the Hoose of Com-

mons, et es a vara excallent enstitution, and vara useful I mak nae doubt; but then again, *they* want the graces, the gentelety, whech es certainly not the case here, for I see notheng else; and tho' many people talk o' the sense o' the Hoofe of Commons, the only defference that I see es, that in the one et es sung, and in the other said, and therefore thes gains it—by the tune. And lastly, to my legal one, Westminster Hall; but what a difference! here they gain a chaplet o' myrtle, but I wul, as a lawyer, venture to affirm, that nae one ever got as muckle by the law. I thenk, therefore, Madam, I ha' establisht the superiority o' thes institution over aw other; I wul now therefore say a few words upon its utility. When I look at that vase, I canna' but think how many men it alone has faved fra' oblivion: and when I look at that chaplet, I canna' but reflect, hoow often et has rewarded merit, that in any other place would ha' met with nae reward at aw. Besides too, it seems peculiarly adapted to the rudiments of genius; for here, is aw generositynae body that kens what a fault es. And ef sic are the virtues of the institution, what mun be the virtues of the institutrix herself! I wul be bold to say, she es the only person in the world

world fet for sic a purpose; for however mon
may boast of his abeleties, I believe there is nae
mon equal to her Ladieship."

(A plaudit from the company.)

*(Lady Garland walks up the room after bowing
to him, and seems to converse with Sir Goose-
cap whilst the music plays; then Sir Gooscap
takes the chaplet from the vase, and coming up
to M^cHenpeck, puts the myrtle-wreath upon
his wig.)*

S I R G O O S E C A P.

Thus I crown the victor.—All hail to the
winner of the myrtle sprig!

*(Bows to M^cHenpeck, then leads him to the chair
—the whole company form a circle and sing
round him—Just as they have finished, enter a
servant with a letter.)*

S E R V A N T.

Is one Mr. M^cHenpeck here?

M R. M A C - H E N P E C K *(rising up in his
chair, the myrtle on his head the whole time).*

I am the mon.

S E R V A N T.

A messenger has brought this letter, Sir, from
Mrs. M^cHenpeck.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

What! fra' lovie?—where the de'el es lovie gone? (*Takes the letter from the servant.*)

CREOLE.

Damna thes letter; et disturbs the sing.... singa you on (*to Sir Gregory*).

SIR GREGORY.

No, I want my supper, and will sing no more.
(*Mac-Henpeck reads the letter, and falls back in his chair as if in a fit. The company run to assist him. Sir Gregory takes up the letter, which M-Henpeck had dropped; reads it to himself.*)

SIR GREGORY.

Here is a letter indeed, that will account for my friend's uneasiness;.....a specimen of Mrs. M-Henpeck's affection.

ALL.

Read it—let us hear it.

(*Sir Gregory reads the Letter.*)

“DEAR LOVEY,

“Though I always thought you
“a good kind of man, yet I flatter myself I
“have found a better. You can't blame me,
“therefore,

“ therefore, for taking the best of the two.
 “ Lovy, I am now on my road to London
 “ with your friend O Cog-it, and intend to
 “ obey, for the last time, your instructions of
 “ shewing him “ *aw the sensebelety i’ mi poower*”
 “ —so, bye lovy, bye lovy, bye lovy.

“ LOUISA MAC-HENPECK.”

SIR GREGORY.

Here’s a woman with a vengeance! modern matrimony in perfection! Here’s a tender wife for you, Lady Garland, and a woman of wit too. This is the consequence of public amusements and Irish acquaintance. But I’ll take care of my daughter, lest she should be shewing her sensibility too. Here, Matilda, Matilda! ... Where’s Matilda? Where are you, Matilda?—Matilda! (*looking after his daughter.*)

Enter Maloney, leading in Miss Gizzard. Both kneeling at Sir Gregory’s feet.

MATILDA.

Here am I, Sir.

SIR GREGORY.

Oh, you are here, are you!—Why, where the Devil have you been?

MATILDA.

To be married, Sir!

SIR

SIR GREGORY.

Married!—Why how? where? when? to whom?

MATILDA.

To this gentleman, Sir.

SIR GREGORY.

What! to the cook?—My daughter married to a cook!

(Mr. M'Henpeck, rising from his chair and coming up to Sir Gregory.)

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Ah! Sir Grigorie, then you are my brother in affliction.—My wife is run away, and your daughter married to a cook.—Ah! we are a couple of sad unhappy dogs to be sure.

SIR GREGORY.

Ah! so we are indeed! *(Shaking his head.)*

CAPTAIN.

Not so unhappy, Sir Gregory, as you may imagine.—I am no cook—and though I may not have a fortune equal to your expectations, yet I flatter myself I shall not disgrace your family—for I am an Irishman—

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

An Irishman! another Irishman—Ah, Sir Grigorie

Grigorie—we twa are in the honds o' the Philistines.

LADY GARLAND (*advancing forward*).

Gentlemen, as these accidents have happened in my house, give me leave to interfere: as for you, Sir Gregory Gizzard, I beg leave to say, that in all these cases, supposing them ever so unfortunate, the most prudent way, when the step is once taken, is to think every thing for the best—but now you have no reason to think otherwise; I know this gentleman to be a man of family and a man of honour, incapable of treating a woman ill, who has estimated his affections alone above the mercenary views of the world. (*Here Sir Gregory walks on one side as considering.*)—As for you, Mr. M^cHenpeck, as you have nothing to reproach yourself with on this occasion, you have little reason to lament—and indeed you have lost nothing—for the affections of such a woman are not worth preserving.—The infidelity of your wife will be its own punishment; for however high the wives of this age may hold the reputation of an intrigue, and however they may affect to despise the world, they will soon find that world able to retaliate with tenfold contempt.—

(*Turning*

(*Turning to Sir Gregory.*) Well, Sir Gregory, what do you say?

SIR GREGORY.

Why, Madam, since my daughter has married a gentleman, and since he enjoys your patronage—they have my forgiveness—I forgive them.

LADY GARLAND.

Well then, Mr. M^cHenpeck, you cannot but follow the example of your friend Sir Gregory; and since you have forgiven them, Sir Gregory, we will make a night of it, and celebrate your daughter's nuptials.

SIR GREGORY.

With all my heart, Madam;—only give me a good supper.

MR. MAC-HENPECK (*considering still to himself*).

I did nae think that lovey would have served me so.

LADY GARLAND.

Come, Mr. M^cHenpeck, I must not permit a private anxiety to interrupt a publick rejoicing.

MR.

MR. MAC-HENPECK.

Weel, Madam, then I submet.....And now, Sir Grigorie, I'll enterrupt your happinefs nae longer;—I wesh your children joy, with all my heart.—But let me gi' you one piece of advice, young gentleman, (*to Maloney*).....never call your wife “*love*y” as long as you leve.

SIR GOOSECAP.

Strike up a dance.

(A Country Dance by the Characters.)

THE END OF

THE MUSICO.

W H O ' s A F R A I D ?

A

F A R C E ,

O F

O N E A C T ;

W I T H

S O N G S .

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

SIR NEPTUNE TOPSAIL.

GENERAL OLYMPUS.

JEMMY WHIM.

FRANK LOVE.

W O M E N.

LADY TOPSAIL.

MARIA, Daughter of General Olympus.

CHARLOTTE, Daughter of Sir Neptune.

SERVANTS, PARSON, &c. &c.

W H O ' s A F R A I D ?

A

F A R C E.

.....

SCENE. *A Room in General Olympus's house.
Maria discovered reading—Rises.*

S O N G.

M A R I A.

A VAUNT! ye prudes, whose artful eyes
Your inward sentiments disguise ;
Whose tutor'd lips your thoughts conceal,
And stifle what your bosoms feel ;
Whose hearts assume unnat'ral state,
And man, for whom you're made, would hate.

II.

My sparkling eye and blushing cheek,
With artless innocence shall speak ;
My tongue shall never fear t' impart,
Unfeign'd, the language of the heart ;
And, gen'rous as a virgin can,
I'll ever treat a gen'rous man.

A a

Enter

Enter Servant, shewing in Charlotte.

S E R V A N T.

Miss Topfail, Ma'am, to wait on you.

M A R I A.

Bless me! cousin Charlotte!

C H A R L O T T E.

I'm come to spend the day with you, Maria.

M A R I A.

Thank you, my dear; I never stood in need of company more in my life; I am the most unfortunate girl in the world—My father has just got a licence, and insists on my marrying Jemmy Whim to-day.

C H A R L O T T E.

To-day?

M A R I A.

Sir Neptune Topfail has put it into his head, that when once any thing of this nature is designed to take place, no time ought to be lost in concluding it, lest the parties should change their minds.

C H A R L O T T E.

I wish my father would keep himself at sea, and not bring his salt-water customs to interrupt us.

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

And I wish to God the peace had not brought home my father; he is much more fit to match his grenadiers than young ladies

C H A R L O T T E.

And what do you intend to do, cousin?

M A R I A.

Not have him, to be sure; I'll no more take my father's choice of a husband, than of a new gown. If Jemmy Whim were not a coxcombical puppy, his being my father's choice would be sufficient.

C H A R L O T T E.

But I fear you can marry nobody else. The time is so short, we have not an opportunity of contriving any means of escape.

M A R I A.

Stay—let me think—If we knew but a man—any man, though he were but a little handsomer than the Devil, so he were but a gentleman—

C H A R L O T T E.

But if you did know any man, how could you get to him, or he to you?—Nay, you could not send to him; the servants have orders neither to carry nor receive a letter, without ac-

A a 2

quainting

quainting your father; but that does not signify, since you know not to whom to send it.

MARIA.

I have it, though—I'll try, however.

Enter General Olympus.

GENERAL (*calling out*).

Sturdy, Sturdy! Zounds, where is that great monster? I believe the family have lost their ears.—Sturdy, Sturdy—

Enter a Servant, marching slowly.

GENERAL.

March with this letter to Sir Neptune Top-fail's; tell the servant that it comes from General Olympus, and must be given to his master with the utmost dispatch.—I expect, daughter, that you will be ready to receive Mr. Whim when he comes; I am going to invite a few friends to your wedding, and shall bring my brother Sir Neptune, and his lady, back with me. Mr. Whim will be here presently, so you may settle about the dinner and other matters, with him.

MARIA.

Yes, papa.

GENERAL (*aside*).

There's nothing like weighing a matter well, and then coming to the point at once. Sir
Nep-

Neptune was quite right; girls, like an enemy,
are best brought to action by surprise.

S O N G.

G E N E R A L.

Whilst dread Bellona threatens from afar,
And Janus ope's the gates of war;
The skilful general marches flow,
Unheeded, till he strikes the blow.

Then sudden comes,
With fifes and drums;
Horses neigh,
Colours display
Defiance, fear, surprise;
Cannons thunder,
Mines spring under,
Mortars hail,
Soldiers scale;

And see, in ashes low, the city lies.

Would you marry your daughter of sixteen years,
Thus you must take her, 'twixt hopes and fears;
(A lover's the same as a friend)

Ne'er tell her your plan,
Till you've fix'd your man,
Then wed her,
And bed her,

And all will go smooth at the nine month's end.

[Exit.

CHARLOTTE (*who has been looking out of the window*).

Is he gone, cousin?

MARIA.

I hope so.

CHARLOTTE.

Here's Mr. Franklove at the tavern window, looking for you.

WHIM (*speaking without*).

Don't let me detain you, General.

MARIA.

Hush! I hear Whim's voice.

Enter Whim.

WHIM.

Ha! my Maria—Miss Charlotte, yours.—Well, Maria, though the General has given the word of command rather suddenly, we are prepared for him. I have bespoke a parson as I came along; and as the licence enables us to be married any where, the business is to be done at the parish church over the way. Every thing will be ready before dinner.

MARIA.

Before dinner?

WHIM.

WHIM.

Yes, my dear ! you know I hate stirring after dinner. To be sure 'tis more in the *ton* to be married in the bedchamber, but as the General wishes it to be performed in a place of worship, I thought it was as well to have it done by day-light, and so save the expence of candles.

CHARLOTTE.

Bless me ! what an œconomist you are grown !

WHIM.

Yes ; now I am going to be married, and the cares of the world are coming upon me, I intend to turn over a new leaf.—Don't you envy your cousin's happiness, Miss Charlotte ?

CHARLOTTE.

Undoubtedly.

WHIM.

Not every girl could marry such a man as I am.

CHARLOTTE.

Surely it would have been more civil to have paid my cousin a compliment.

WHIM.

Quite the contrary ; nothing is so rude as to pay compliments to a person's face.

A a 4

CHAR-

CHARLOTTE.

So you speak in your own praise, because
you don't see yourself. Now I never do it, but
at the looking-glass.

S O N G,

CHARLOTTE.

The flattering mirror tells such tales,
That fancy over sense prevails :

Here gleam the eyes

Blue as the skies ;

Tho' fish's far

More lucid are,

And duck's in thunder roll,

With fifty times the soul.

Here pouts the lip,

Kisses to sip,

Tho' breath transpire

To put out fire ;

And there the tap'ring wrist,

Tho' join'd to mutton-fist.

Nature, too kind,

Made us purblind,

When we behold,

In perfect mould,

Ourselves thus cast, complete,

Unconscious of deceit.

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

Pray, Mr. Whim, do you know one Mr. Franklove?

W H I M.

Yes, very well.

M A R I A.

What kind of a man is he?

W H I M.

A pretty fo-fo kind of a man for an Englishman.

M A R I A.

How?

W H I M.

He's moderately tall, but—

M A R I A.

But what?

W H I M.

And handsome, as 'tis thought, but—

M A R I A.

But does he want judgment?

W H I M.

No! they say he has good sense and judgment, but—

M A R I A.

But what?

W H I M.

W H I M.

How comes it that you know him ?

M A R I A.

If you'll promise not to tell my father, I'll tell you.

W H I M.

Upon honour.

M A R I A.

Nor make a quarrel of it ?

W H I M.

I never do of any thing ; 'tis all fun to me.

M A R I A.

Then he's your rival !

W H I M.

The devil he is !

M A R I A.

You know this house looks backwards into the yard of a large tavern, from whence Mr. Franklove once seeing me at the window, has often since attempted to climb in, by the help of a low building adjoining ; and indeed it has been as much as my maid and I could do, to keep him out.

W H I M.,

Le Coquin !

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

For I detest him as much as I love you.

W H I M.

But what's to be done with this *Fanfaron*?—
He's at the tavern now ; I'll go to him.

M A R I A.

I thought what your promise would come to.

W H I M.

I'll not fight, I assure you ; I'll only rally
him a bit in my way.

M A R I A.

That's exactly what I wish ; 'twill be an ex-
cellent joke, and perfectly French.

W H I M.

So 'tis, the *veritable French method*. The
English, for want of wit, drive every thing to a
serious quarrel ; and if they afterwards would
make a jest of it, 'tis when it is too late ; for
a man cannot laugh when he is run through
the body.

S O N G.

W H I M.

I.

When honest John Bull is ruffled and vext,
He puffs and he frets, but he sticks to his text ;
If you still persevere, he will lay you a crown,
And if that will not do,—why, he knocks you
down.

Should

Should you rise,
 Damn your eyes !
 You must give him your word,
 With pistol and sword,
 You will meet in Hyde Park,
 Perhaps in the dark ;
 Where, with *Ha !* thro' your ribs, or with ball
 thro' your head,
 He sends you a surgeon, and walks home to
 bed.

II.

But Monsieur Soup-maigre, all frolic and gay,
 (If you but say yes, he will never say nay)
 Contradictions so flat, nor wagers so bubble,
 Nor money nor arguments banter, or trouble.
 Is he scorn'd ?
 Is he horn'd ?
 He looks in your face
 With sneer and grimace,
 Then simpers a rhyme,
 And, to minuet-time,
 Slides down,—one, two, three,—Garçon en
 aimable,
 And sings, *Vive la Bagatelle ! comme un*
diable.

M A R I A.

MARIA *and* CHARLOTTE.

Ha, ha, that's the only way in the world.

WHIM.

I am going to the tavern now to say I shall not dine at the club to-day.

MARIA.

Then you may put into execution the scheme which Charlotte and I have been contriving. Tell him this—That the lady whom he has so long courted from the great window in the tavern, is to be your wife this afternoon, unless he come to forbid the banns, for 'tis the last time of asking; and if he come not, let him hereafter for ever stay away, and hold his tongue.

WHIM.

Ha, ha, ha! A very good joke, by heavens!

MARIA.

And if the fool should come, my cousin and I will give him his own, I warrant you—My gentleman shall be *satisfied* for good and all.

WHIM.

Excellent, faith! I'll tell him it; and you know I am the best at improving a jest.

MARIA.

He'll deny, may be, at first, that he ever courted such a lady.

WHIM.

WHIM.

Yes, he'll certainly be ashamed of it; and I'll make him look so silly—

MARIA.

This discovery, now, won't prejudice me in your esteem?

WHIM.

Say no more—but I'm afraid, if I should tell him that I'm to be married to you this *afternoon*, he won't come; now all the joke lies in his coming.

MARIA.

Certainly; if he does *not* come, there will be no joke in it.

WHIM.

Well, leave it to me; I'll manage it—'twill be excellent, if he comes; and what is more, if your father finds he has been getting in at the window, he'll run him through the body as sure as he breathes—ha, ha, ha! devilish good, faith! perfectly French, in the true spirit of the French humbug. [Exit.

CHARLOTTE.

Upon my word, Maria, you were not educated at a boarding-school for nothing.

M A R I A.

Was not the thought admirable? Franklove will come as sure as fate—I'm certain he'll take the hint. Pray come and help me to get a few things ready to make my escape with him, if he'll take me.

C H A R L O T T E.

Yes, cousin, he'll take you; your fortune will make any man take you at a venture.

M A R I A.

Bless me! I never thought of that. I am sorry—

C H A R L O T T E.

At all events, however, he's better than Whim.

M A R I A.

True—come then; by the time we have done, we may be looking for him at the window. [Exeunt.

.....

SCENE changes to a Room in Sir Neptune Topsail's house. Enter two or three Footmen, walking across the stage, and Lady Topsail following.

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

Is the chair ready, Tom?

S E R-

SERVANT.

Yes, my Lady; and the chair looks as much like your own, as the Countess of Sedan's does. Her men, to be sure, are tall Irishmen, both of the same size; but our great coats would not fit Irishmen; so I have picked up two tight Welch ponies, who will trot away with your Ladyship in a trice.

Enter Sir Neptune Topsail.

SIR NEPTUNE.

What's all this, Lady Topsail?

LADY TOPSAIL.

Because you won't allow me a coach, Sir Neptune.

SIR NEPTUNE.

And because I will not allow you a coach with two horses, you must have a chair with four men.

LADY TOPSAIL.

To be sure, and with twelve, if I had a mind. Would you have me ride in a hackney, or trape on foot? Since you have not spirit enough to make any distinction of me, by a carriage, I am determined to make one of myself, by a chair.

SIR

SIR NEPTUNE.

Well, I don't know what you would have. You go where you please, and come when you please, live how you please, and do what you please, have money when you please, and yet I can never please you.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Therefore, I'll have those who can.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I suppose you have—

LADY TOPSAIL.

'Tis fit I should. Did not you promise me, when I married you, that I should live like what I was?

SIR NEPTUNE.

A beggar.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Did not I marry you when I could have had—

SIR NEPTUNE.

Nobody else.

LADY TOPSAIL.

The very best of quality; and yet you deny me a sneaking hundred a year for a coach, which every little tradesman keeps his wife a twelvemonth, though he breaks at the year's end. I dare say when our daughter Charlotte grows up—

B b

SIR

SIR NEPTUNE.

Grows up! why the girl has been marriageable these three years, though you still keep her in a white frock, as they do the young chickens of fifty in King's Place.

LADY TOPSAIL.

'Twill be time enough for her to come out some years hence. Do you think I will be followed about by a tall girl, like the mistress of a boarding-school? I am resolved she shan't appear in public, till I have left off dancing minuets myself.

SIR NEPTUNE.

There again! At your time of life to think of exposing yourself in a minuet! And now I think of it, I verily believe that all the money you spent last winter, was on some dancing master or other, to teach you to stand *on one leg*.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Suppose it was? I was always brought up to it. I dare say you would have me like our neighbours over the way, who were daughters perhaps of haberdashers.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I would have you, Lady Topsail, not ashamed of me.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Then you must keep me a coach.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I tell you I won't.

LADY TOPSAIL.

The apothecary, next door, keeps one for his wife.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Which his neighbour's wife pays for.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Pray, Sir Neptune, let me have a coach.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Not this year.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Shall I have one next?

SIR NEPTUNE.

I can't tell.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Then you won't say when I shall have this coach?

SIR NEPTUNE.

Perhaps never; or when there's another war.

LADY TOPSAIL.

I'll live on a biscuit, Sir Neptune—

SIR NEPTUNE.

But I won't, Lady Topsail. Nature gave us appetites that we might indulge them; but keeping a coach is a species of luxury that—

LADY TOPSAIL.

Unless you indulge *me* in, Sir Neptune, I say you are a mean, niggardly, dirty, naval-jew; and so you may walk or sail, if you please, I shall indulge myself in the luxury of a chair.

SIR NEPTUNE.

O vanity, vanity! In the cup of matrimony, thou art like vinegar in a cool tankard.

S O N G.

SIR NEPTUNE.

The married state, at best,
Is like the troubled ocean,
That knows no joy or rest,
But ever is in motion;
Like this, it ebbs and flows,
Has tides of neap and spring;
Now, nothing does, but blows,
Now, kissing is the thing.
Married life
Is a strife,
Heigh-ho!
Above, below—

Yaw,

Yaw, yaw,
In the straw ;
Children sprawl,
Gossips bawl ;
And in vain you may curse,
When the devil's in your purse.
Should Madam barren prove,
Nor heed obstet'ric lay,
She still must shew her love
Of breeding, t'other way—
All night she'll shake the dye,
Or shuffle for an ace ;
She'll paint, she'll — O fie !
To imitate her Grace——
Married life
Is a strife,
Heigh-ho !
Above, below ;
Yaw, Yaw,
Go to law—
Divorce bill
Is a pill,
And in vain you may curse,
When the devil's in your purse,

B b 3

Enter

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

A letter from General Olympus.

SIR NEPTUNE (*reads*).

"Dear Brother,

"I have come to a resolution of marrying
"my daughter to Mr. Whim, this afternoon;
"and shall be with you soon after you receive
"these dispatches, in order to conduct yourself
"and Lady Topsail to assist at the ceremony.

"From your affectionate

"FABIAN OLYMPUS."

—So, so! he is come to a conclusion at last;
that's more than I expected. My brother's
profession has made him so slow and cautious,
that he takes as much time in performing any
common business of life, as he does to move
his army, when he is in fear of a mine springing
under him.

LADY TOPSAIL.

To be sure he has not the rashness of a tar.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Rashness, Lady Topsail? We scorn the im-
putation. It is our nature to be quick and
precipitate; the sailor who deliberates, is un-
worthy

worthy that sublime element, whose very essence is motion and instability—Ha! brother Olympus!

Enter General Olympus.

GENERAL.

Sir Neptune, good day to you.—Sister, your most obedient; I'm here, you see, almost as soon as my aid-du-camp.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I see you are, General.

GENERAL.

I have wheeled about this morning, and been very expeditious.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I am glad to find it; in general you are rather slow in your operations.

LADY TOPSAIL.

There now;—well, I do say sea-faring folks have the worst manners—

GENERAL.

My brother and I, Lady Topsail, understand each other's language; we are both professional men, and have our particularities.

LADY TOPSAIL.

But the particularities of the army are very
B b 4 different

different from the disgusting roughness of a tar.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I'll tell you what, Lady Topsail; if you say another word, I'll order you up to the yard-arm.

GENERAL.

No disputes to-day, I beg; it will be such a bad specimen of matrimonial life to give my daughter.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Ay, poor girl; she little knows what she may meet with. Though I must own I have a tolerable opinion of young Whim—

GENERAL.

I am glad of it, my Lady; you must be a judge, if judgment in husbands is to be got from experience. I think you married six of my brother's daughters by his first wife, in a twelvemonth after you married him.

SIR NEPTUNE.

She!—If she had had any thing to do with it, I should have been allied to half the black-legs in town.—No, I thank you, I got them husbands myself, who can afford to keep them, and now I am sure they are safe off my hands; and as you are about to follow my example—

GENERAL

GENERAL.

I wish I may have done for the best—young Whim is not very clever, to be sure ; but he is a gentleman, has money, and, I believe, is an honest man.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Make the most of him, then ; for, damn me ! if they are not as difficult to find as the longitude.

GENERAL.

Lady Topsail, shall I have the honour to attend you ? By the time we get there, every thing will be ready for the wedding. Will your Ladyship give me leave—

LADY TOPSAIL.

I wonder how long it will be before Sir Neptune offers me his hand.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Stop her mouth, brother, for heaven's sake ; take her away.—(*Exeunt General Olympus and Lady Topsail*) Which ever way I steer myself, she's perpetually raking me fore and aft. [*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to a Room in General Olympus's house ; discovers Maria and Franklove ; —Musical Instruments, Piana-forte and Fiddle.*

MARIA.

MARIA.

I must confess, Mr. Franklove, I have no right to accuse you of assurance, after the modesty you have discovered in getting in at the window. Pray who is to pay for the glass you have broken?

FRANKLOVE.

Your father might have made the window bigger, then, since he has so fine a daughter, and will not allow people to come in at the door to her,

MARIA.

Well, I'll forgive you, for once.

FRANKLOVE.

And in token of it, let me kiss your hand.

MARIA.

I would let you kiss it; but I am afraid of your taking hold of me, and that you would carry me away.

FRANKLOVE.

Upon my word I won't.

MARIA.

You would, you would; I know you would.

FRANKLOVE.

I'll swear I would not, by—

MARIA.

M A R I A.

Nay, don't swear ; you will be more likely to do it then.

F R A N K L O V E.

Dear Maria, let me kiss your hand in token of your forgiveness, and my love.

M A R I A.

Why, do you love me ?

F R A N K L O V E.

How can you doubt it ?

S O N G.

F R A N K L O V E.

I.

Doubt the snow on the mount to be white,
Doubt the trees that you see in the grove,
Doubt the beams of the sun to be bright,
But, oh ! never doubt that I love.

II.

Doubt the counsel of truth can betray,
Or constancy's longing to rove ;
Doubt wisdom can lead you astray,
But, oh ! never doubt that I love.
Now will you let me kiss your hand ?

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

I am sure you would carry me away if I should.

F R A N K L O V E.

Don't be afraid; I'll use no violence, upon my honour.

M A R I A.

What did you come in at the window for, if you did not mean to steal me?

F R A N K L O V E.

If I should attempt it, you might call out, and I should be prevented.

M A R I A.

This is quite the back part of the house, and nobody could hear me; besides, I know you came to steal me, because I am an heiress, and have twelve hundred pounds a year, left me by an uncle, out of my father's power.

F R A N K L O V E.

Twelve hundred pounds a year!

M A R I A.

And a woman who told my fortune said I should be stolen away, and described the man as like you as possible.

F R A N K -

FRANK LOVE.

Well, and what do you think of it? You know 'tis in vain to resist fate.

M A R I A.

'Tis so, indeed.

FRANK LOVE.

Come then, my love, let me steal you; we have an excellent opportunity, the window is yet open.

M A R I A.

No, no; if I went, I should choose to go for good and all; but my father will come presently, and may quickly overtake us—besides, now I think on't, you are a stranger to me, and I know not where you would carry me.

FRANK LOVE.

To Scotland, my dear girl: and 'tis the most fortunate thing in the world, I have now at the tavern door a post-chaise and four, waiting for me.

M A R I A.

Then 'tis plain you intend to carry me away; for a post-chaise and four, though there were not another man in it but the postillions, would carry away any girl of my age in England.

FRANK-

FRANK LOVE.

Then you will go?

MARIA.

What young woman of spirit could ever say
no to a post-chaise and four? 'tis not in the
power of sixteen to resist it.

S O N G.

MARIA.

I.

You may talk of soft passion, and love's potent
dart,

To rob a weak maid of an unguarded heart;
Affection is poor, and love's dart of no force is,
Compar'd with fine gowns, and a coach and
six horses.

II.

Ye soldiers so brisk, and ye courtiers so gay,
Who think to maintain us on sixpence a day;
A kiss will not purchase or stockings or habit,
Nor the fuel of love roast a lark or—Welch-
rabbit.

III.

Your beauty it is not, nor eyes darting fire,
It is not your wisdom, ye men, we admire;
By prudence enlighten'd, a husband we wed,
By the length of his purse, not the length of
his head.

IV. We

IV.

We laugh in our sleeve at the am'rous gallant,
While to Scotland we fly for the sake of the
jaunt;

And if we repent, it has long been confes'd,
That in coach and six horses, repentance is best.

V.

An equipage grand is the joy of our life,
Where's the woman for that, who would not be
a wife?

For myself, in post-chaise I would visit the moon,
And if horses can't fly, I can mount a balloon.

FRANK LOVE.

Come then, my angel.

MARIA.

You are sure, though, it is a post-chaise and
four?

FRANK LOVE.

Upon my honour; pray let us take the op-
portunity, lest your father should return.

MARIA.

Indeed, old relations are apt to take the ill-
bred freedom of pressing into young company
at unseasonable times.

FRANK-

FRANK LOVE.

True, my dear; let us therefore prevent it by escape—It grows late.

MARIA.

'Tis late, I think; besides I am not ready.

FRANK LOVE.

Your father will certainly surprise us.

MARIA.

Let him, if he will.

FRANK LOVE.

He'll hinder our design.

MARIA.

No he will not; for mine is to stay here.

FRANK LOVE.

You are in joke?

MARIA.

No.

FRANK LOVE.

You were for going, just now.

MARIA.

I was then in the humour.

FRANK LOVE.

And have you changed so soon?

MARIA.

'Tis five minutes ago.

FRANK-

FRANK LOVE.

Then you are not five minutes in the same humour?

M A R I A.

I thought you had been a man of the world.

FRANK LOVE.

And you really will not go with me, after all?

M A R I A.

No indeed, Sir; but your loss will not be so great. I'll be ingenuous with you; I am no heiress, nor have I twelve hundred pounds a year. Now you will part with me, I dare say.

FRANK LOVE.

I wish I could; 'tis now too late.

M A R I A.

Would you be such a fool as to steal a woman who has nothing?

FRANK LOVE.

I'll convince you, for you shall go with me; and since you are twelve hundred pounds a year the lighter, you'll be the easier carried away. (*Takes her up in his arms.*)

M A R I A.

Stop; since I find you would take me without any portion (an infallible sign of true love), here's my hand in good earnest, and you may

C c

carry

carry me where you please. I have the twelve hundred pounds, out of my father's power, which is yours, and I am sorry it is not the Indies, for your sake.

FRANK LOVE.

My dear Maria, you but increase my fears, not my wealth; I desire but to be secure of you.

D U E T.

FRANK LOVE and MARIA.

I.

Golconda's gems, Potofi's mines,
Of wealth no source would prove;
Gold has no weight, nor diamond shines,
Deprived of her [*bim*] I love.

II.

In her [*bim*] what kings alone command,
What faints have wish'd, is given;
The rod of empire's in her [*bis*] hand,
Her [*bis*] mind itself is heaven.

Enter Charlotte.

CHARLOTTE.

O dear cousin, here's *your* father and *my* father,
and all the whole family, coming up stairs.

FRANK-

FRANKLOVE.

The devil! What's to be done?

MARIA.

Pray don't leave me; I'll invent something.

Enter General Olympus, Sir Neptune, and Lady Topfail.

GENERAL.

Hey day! who have we here? The young ladies and a man?

MARIA (*aside to Franklove*).

Take no notice of them. (*She hums a tune.*)

GENERAL.

So merry are you?

MARIA.

Ha! papa, are you returned? Good morning to your Ladyship.—Uncle, your most obedient.

GENERAL.

Who is he, Maria?

MARIA.

Mr. Soprano, the Italian finging-master, papa.

FRANKLOVE (*aside*).

Italian! Zounds, I can't speak a word of the language!

GENERAL.

A finging-master?

C C 2

SIR

SIR NEPTUNE.

Let me see him. (*puts on his spectacles*) He does not look like an Italian, I'm sure.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Psha! Sir Neptune, how should you know an Italian?

SIR NEPTUNE.

Not by what he *has*; but by what he *wants*. Besides, he does not look like a master of any thing.

GENERAL.

Nay brother, finging-masters and dancing-masters all look like gentlemen now-a-days; but how came he here?

SIR NEPTUNE.

Ay—how came he here?

LADY TOPSAIL.

How should he come here, but upon his legs?

SIR NEPTUNE.

So, she has put an excuse into his head; but ask him, brother.

GENERAL.

My daughter says you are an Italian finging-master, Sir.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

SIR

S I R N E P T U N E.

How does it appear?

M A R I A.

There are the music books on the table, and the instruments we have been playing on.

S I R N E P T U N E.

That's Jemmy Whim's fiddle, and I'll swear to it.

M A R I A.

He lent it to Mr. Soprano, uncle.

G E N E R A L.

That may be, to be sure.

S I R N E P T U N E.

But how came he here without my brother's knowledge?

M A R I A.

Mr. Whim sent him, because he wished me to recover my singing a little before we were married; so I have taken several lessons. Mr. Whim told you of it the other day; don't you remember, uncle?

S I R N E P T U N E.

Not I, faith.

M A R I A.

Indeed, uncle, you grow old; you senses fail you.

LADY TOPSAIL.

I have told him so a long time.

MARIA.

Cousin Charlotte, did not *you* hear Mr.
Whim say so?

CHARLOTTE.

Yes; cousin, upon my honour.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Then it is a lie, you may be sure; pray
question the man a little more.

GENERAL.

I will; there's nothing like being cautious.
My daughter says you are an *Italian*, Sir.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

GENERAL.

And a singing-master.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

SIR NEPTUNE.

A damn'd odd singing-master, if he sings no
better than he speaks; but if so, let us hear
him sing.

GENERAL.

True, brother. Pray, Sir, favour us with a
song.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

M A R I A.

Mr. Soprano does not sing himself; he only teaches to sing, papa.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

S I R N E P T U N E.

All false; I am certain this man is an impostor by his stammering so damnably.

M A R I A.

He does not speak English, uncle.

S I R N E P T U N E.

Nor Italian either, as far as I see.

M A R I A.

Because he labours under an impediment in his speech.

S I R N E P T U N E.

And so teaches to sing because he can't talk.

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

For shame, Sir Neptune, to harbour such suspicions; the gentleman is a singing master, and I have often heard of him.

G E N E R A L.

Well, well; if he does not *sing*, he must be able to *play*; one of these instruments will

C c 4

surely

surely fuit his hand. Let us see whether his *fingers* are not more glib than his *tongue*.

FRANK LOVE.

O the devil !

SIR NEPTUNE.

Suppose he plays us a tune on the piano forte, and Maria gives us a song, till Mr. Whim comes.

M A R I A.

He does not play on the piano forte, uncle.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I thought so.

G E N E R A L.

Then give him the fiddle, and let us have a scrape.

FRANK LOVE (*aside*).

I'm in a scrape enough, already.

M A R I A.

There is not time now ; I have finished my lesson, and he is in a hurry.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Don't believe it, brother ; this is all a sham. Insist on a tune, to be convinced who he is.

M A R I A.

Come then, Mr. Soprano, we'll play the favourite air in the last new opera ; tune your fiddle (*strikes the piano forte*) if you please.

FRANK-

FRANK LOVE (*aside to Maria*).

I don't know a note.

MARIA (*aside*).

Seem to tune it, and break the strings.

(*Franklove tunes the fiddle, and breaks the strings.*)

FRANK LOVE.

Damn the strings!

SIR NEPTUNE.

He swears in plain English, however; but he broke the strings on purpose, because he can't play. No, no; that's not the long bow he is used to, I am sure.

GENERAL.

Sir, I must tell you this seems very odd; I insist, therefore, on your proving to me immediately who you are, why you came here; or I shall be obliged to treat you in a way that won't be so agreeable.

FRANK LOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

GENERAL (*calling*).

Who waits there? (*Enter Servant*) Who let this person in?

SERVANT.

I never saw his face before, Sir.

GENERAL.

G E N E R A L.

How did he come into the house, then?

S I R N E P T U N E.

At the window; witness the breaking of the
glafs.

G E N E R A L.

If so, he shall go out at the window, that's
all.

M A R I A.

Indeed, papa, Mr. Whim sent him.

L A D Y T O P S A I L.

And surely he would not send a gallant to
the lady he is going to marry, and on the wed-
ding-day too.

S I R N E P T U N E.

I don't know that; depend on it, there is
some damn'd trick in this, by his *stammering*.W H I M (*without*).

Order the carriage to wait at the door.

G E N E R A L.

Now we shall know the truth.

Enter Whim, and a Parson.

W H I M.

Every thing is ready, General; I have
brought the parson.

M A R I A.

M A R I A.

Here's a terrible bustle, Mr. Whim; my father and uncle won't believe this gentleman was sent here by you.

W H I M (*laughing*).

Ha, ha, ha! Yes he was—O yes; I sent him, upon honour.

S I R N E P T U N E.

And what's his business?

W H I M.

Business!

M A R I A.

Is not he a singing-master?

W H I M.

O yes, he's a singing master.

S I R N E P T U N E.

And sings delightfully?

W H I M.

Like a sky-lark.

S I R N E P T U N E.

There, there—Does not that satisfy you?

W H I M.

The devil eat me if he is not the first singing-master in London.

G E N E R A L.

You know him very well?

W H I M.

W H I M.

Yes, General ; no man better.

G E N E R A L.

And you sent him to my daughter ?

W H I M.

I did, indeed.

G E N E R A L.

How long ago ?

W H I M.

Not an hour.

S I R N E P T U N E.

There again ; Maria said she had had several lessons. Come, come, brother, beware in time.

W H I M (*aside*).

This damn'd old fellow will spoil the joke.

G E N E R A L.

I must own 'tis strange he should have given her several lessons, and I not heard of it before.

S I R N E P T U N E.

How should you ? he makes no noise, you find. He neither sings, nor plays, nor speaks. He teaches something else, depend upon it.—He'll do't—

W H I M.

Let him do it.

S I R

SIR NEPTUNE.

He'll wrong you.

WHIM.

Let him wrong me; what's that to you?

SIR NEPTUNE.

You shall *not* be wrong'd.

WHIM.

I will—

SIR NEPTUNE.

You shall *not*; nor shall the fellow stir out of the room, till I know the truth.

LADY TOPSAIL.

Indeed, Sir Neptune, you grow ridiculous; if you would but give the gentleman time to speak for himself—

SIR NEPTUNE.

Time to speak? why he has been here several times, you are told, and has not yet got out a word.

GENERAL.

If he has any thing to say for himself, let us have it, however.

WHIM (*aside to Franklove*).

Why don't you tell them some lie or other?

FRANKLOVE.

Ye—ye—ye—(*stammers.*)

MARIA.

MARIA.

You know how poor Mr. Soprano stammers.

WHIM.

O zounds! I forgot his stammering.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Yes, yes; he is the dishonourer of your daughter, brother.

WHIM.

Do you think, now, I would tell you a lie?

GENERAL.

I tell you what, Mr. Whim; you are going to be my son-in-law, but if it prove to be a lie, I will disown both you and my daughter, for your folly and treachery to *yourselves*, as well as to me. You may have *her*, and her fortune; but not a shilling of mine, so look to it.

WHIM (*aside*).

Zounds! I must look to it; the joke will turn against me, else.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Now, brother, you have acted like a man of spirit.

WHIM (*aside*).

Yes, I must confess—They dare not kill him before the parson. Well, General, rather than lose

lose your favour, I must confess he is no singing-master.

SIR NEPTUNE.

There, there; 'tis out at last.

FRANKLOVE (*aside to Maria*).

He has betrayed us; (*going up to Whim*)
and now a thought strikes me—

SIR NEPTUNE (*running to the door*).

Nay, Sir, if you pass that way, my cane
shall pass this way, do you see.

MARIA.

Oh! hold, Sir Neptune.

GENERAL (*to Franklove*).

How dare you, Sir?

WHIM.

Indeed, General, there's no harm; he came
here on a frolick of mine and your daughter.

GENERAL.

The dishonour of your wife may be a frolick
to you, Sir; but my daughter—

WHIM.

'Tis all a jest—a mere jest, upon my soul,
General.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Don't put up with it, brother.

GENERAL.

G E N E R A L .

A jest ! Jest with my honour ! Who waits there ? run for a constable.

(The General draws his sword, and stands at the opposite door to Sir Neptune ; they advance by degrees towards Franklove.)

W H I M .

Nay then, if you come to this, by the same rule of honour, I must help him, as I brought him into the scrape. There, Mr. Franklove, go into that room ; I'll secure both you and Maria ; and, parson, do you go with them, for I see you are damnably afraid both of a sword and a cudgel.

(Maria, Franklove, Charlotte, and Parson, go into the back scene, whilst Whim, having drawn his sword, keeps off the General, and Lady Topsail keeps off Sir Neptune with her fan.)

Now, gentlemen both, I beg you would hear reason.

L A D Y T O P S A I L *(aside)*.

If Sir Neptune does, I shall not despair of my coach, at last.

S I R N E P T U N E .

Thou disgrace of thy country !

W H I M .

W H I M.

Pray have a little patience ; suppose—I say suppose—he were what you suspect ; and he had done——

G E N E R A L.

How, Sir ?

W H I M.

I say, suppose—suppose—

S I R N E P T U N E.

Well, go on—you'll stammer next.

W H I M.

I say again, *suppose* he had ; for I do but suppose it ; ayn't I here ready to marry her ? Now can't you suffer the shame but for one quarter of an hour, till the parson has joined us ? and then, if there be any shame, it becomes mine ; for the father has nothing to do with the daughter's business—honour—what do you call it ? when once she is married.

S I R N E P T U N E.

Here's a fellow, for you !

G E N E R A L.

I'll tell you what, Mr. Whim, all this may be the ton, and very polite at the west end of the town, but in the army, Sir—

D d

S I R

SIR NEPTUNE.

And in the navy, Sir—

GENERAL.

The least infringement on the laws of honour must be revenged.

SIR NEPTUNE.

To be sure.

GENERAL.

If, therefore, you do not perfectly explain this matter, to our satisfaction, I must insist on your fighting that gentleman, before you marry my daughter; for, let me tell you, I would sooner fire into my daughter's grave, than see her married to a man, who would hold the door whilst his friend dishonoured him.

SIR NEPTUNE.

In the first place, who is he?

GENERAL.

Ay, who is he?

WHIM.

His name is Franklove.

SIR NEPTUNE.

A damn'd name!

WHIM.

He's a gentleman of fortune.

GENERAL.

GENERAL.

And what brought him here?

SIR NEPTUNE.

What brought him here?

WHIM.

I'll tell you—have but patience.—On my coming here, this morning, to settle every thing with Maria about our wedding, in the openness of her heart (for she knew I should not be jealous) she told me Mr. Franklove was my rival; that he had often taken notice of her from the tavern window, and that he had even attempted to get in, by the help of a low building adjoining.

SIR NEPTUNE.

I said he broke the glass.

WHIM.

At this, you may suppose, I was somewhat angry; but as Maria had previously made me promise to make no quarrel about it, she soon pacified me, by giving me leave to go, and rally him in my way; and in order for Maria to have her laugh too, I prevailed on him to get in at the window. I suppose she had led him into a fool's paradise.

D d 2

SIR

S I R N E P T U N E .

And *you* not there ?

W H I M .

And almost made him believe, she would elope with him, when *you* came and spoilt the sport ; that's all, I assure you.

G E N E R A L .

But what will the gentleman say to all this, now he finds he has been made a dupe ?

W H I M .

We men of fashion, General, know how to settle these matters. If we fought every time we made fools of each other, our bodies would have as many holes as our coats have buttons ; we settle such disputes by wit, or retaliation.

G E N E R A L .

Well, well, every man in his way : if you understand each other, I am satisfied ; so call them out, and let us make all the reparation we can to the gentleman, by bidding him welcome to the wedding.

S I R N E P T U N E .

I dare say, though, he'll be bad company, he stammers so cursedly.

W H I M .

Ha, ha, ha ! that's part of the joke ; there's
not

not a more talkative fellow in St. James's parish.
Come, ladies and gentlemen, out with you;
your peace is made. (*going to the door.*) Hey!
no one answers; where the duce are you all?
Bless me, the birds are flown!

SIR NEPTUNE.

What! Blackbird and all?

WHIM.

Parson, and all, as sure as a gun.

GENERAL.

Where can they be? What's the matter,
now?

LADY TOPSAIL.

No harm can happen where the parson is.

GENERAL.

Zounds! I don't know *that*. Who waits
there? (*Enter Servant*) What's become of my
daughter, and the gentleman, and the parson?

SERVANT.

They went away in Mr. Whim's carriage, Sir.

SIR NEPTUNE.

Here's work for you.

GENERAL.

Is this a joke, too?

D d 3

WHIM.

WHIM.

A damn'd bad one—O, here's the parson come back again. (*Re-enter Parson*) Well, Sir, where's Miss Maria and Mr. Franklove?

PARSON.

They will be here immediately—only stopt a few minutes at the gentleman's lodgings.

GENERAL.

My daughter gone with a gentleman to his lodgings?

PARSON.

Where's the harm, Sir?

SIR NEPTUNE.

Ay, ay; he would have taken her to his own lodgings, I dare swear.

PARSON.

If I had been in the gentleman's situation—

WHIM.

He's a wit, Sir Neptune; this must be some joke.

PARSON.

Quite the contrary; marriage is a very serious thing. I am sure *Miss cried*, as if she thought so.

WHIM.

What Miss? when? where?

PARSON.

PARSON.

Miss Maria, just now, when I married *them*.

GENERAL.

Whom have you married, friend?

PARSON.

The couple I came to marry; Miss Maria Olympus, and Charles Franklove, Esq. I think the gentleman subscribed himself.

WHIM.

You have made a confounded blunder. *I* was to have been married to Miss Maria.

SIR NEPTUNE.

He'd make twenty such blunders, for five guineas, at any time.

WHIM.

Did I hold the door for this?

GENERAL.

You perfectly deserve it.

WHIM.

What a fool I have made of myself!

SIR NEPTUNE.

Yes; I said he would do it.

GENERAL.

O, here they come. (*Enter Maria, Franklove, and Charlotte*) Spare your kneeling, Maria, the parson has anticipated the whole story.

D d 4

MARIA.

MARIA.

And we hope for your forgiveness.

GENERAL.

Ask it of Mr. Whim; he is most injured.

FRANK LOVE.

My dear Whim, I ask you ten thousand pardons; but I could not help it—you put temptation in my way, and when you reflect you would have done the same thing to me, you cannot be angry. Come, come, don't look serious; your vanity will be gratified in making a good story of it.

SIR NEPTUNE.

He speaks pretty plainly now.

WHIM.

I see my error too clearly; I thought myself perfectly secure of Maria's affections, and have lost her by indiscretion and neglect.

LADY TOPSAIL (*aside to Sir Neptune*).

I wish, Sir Neptune, we could get Mr. Whim for Charlotte. When she's off I shall have the coach. (*aside*.)

SIR NEPTUNE.

Not a bad hint. Well, Mr. Whim, since this matter seems to be settled, what say you to repairing the loss of my niece by taking Charlotte? she is a good girl, and though not so rich,

rich, she may have some perfections to counter-balance the scale.

W H I M.

Indeed, Sir Neptune, I should think myself extremely flattered by the lady's good opinion, after the folly which I have just discovered. To shew her, therefore, that a reformation may make me worthy of her choice *hereafter*, I beg leave to have a little time to consider the matter seriously and deliberately. The misfortune which has just happened to me, has been occasioned by the conceit of good qualities, which, I fear, I do not possess. Let me profit by experience; and learn to *win* a woman's affections, by never thinking myself too *secure* of them.

F I N A L E.

CHORUS (*repeated after each stanza*):

In love, who feels himself secure,
Too often stands at peril's door;
Seize then the urchin, whilst he's kind,
For love, like time, is bald behind.

G E N E R A L.

Courtship is like a well-fought field;
If either wing incline to yield,
Your boldest efforts there display,
And conquest crowns the glorious day.

S I R

S I R N E P T U N E.

The failor thus, tho' angry gales,
Of ship, or Sufan, rend the sails;
If courage at the helm prefide,
With vigour stems both wind and tide.

W H I M.

Learn hence, ye wits, that none but fools
Attempt to meddle with edg'd tools;
Nor think to ravish maiden hearts,
By over-valuing your parts,

M A R I A.

And you, ye fair ones, warn'd by me,
Assert your right and liberty;
Nor listen to the base command,
Without your heart, to yield your hand.

F R A N K L O V E.

So shall you know, withot alloy,
Those tender hopes, that perfect joy,
Which love and friendship but bestow;
The choicest gifts of heaven below.

Chorus repeated.

T H E E N D O F
W H O ' S A F R A I D .

THE
B U L S E,

A
DRAMATIC PIECE,

OF
O N E A C T.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

SACKVILLE

RUPERT

WOODWARD

FITZWARREN

CHARLES FITZWARREN, his Son

BENJAMIN, Servant to Charles

PINCH

PORTERS

THE
B U L S E:
A
DRAMATIC PIECE.

SCENE I. *Rupert's House.—Rupert and Sackville.*

RUPERT.

FORMED an attachment already, Sackville? Why you won't be of age these two years.

SACKVILLE.

My youth will be no objection, I believe.

RUPERT.

And you want me to ask her friends consent?

SACKVILLE.

Yes, my dear guardian.

RUPERT.

My dear guardian! How polite people grow when they are in love! But you have not told me who she is.

SACK-

SACKVILLE.

A most adorable girl!

RUPERT.

Is she rich?

SACKVILLE.

She's beauty itself, and as innocent—as innocent as I am.

RUPERT.

But tell me, what is her fortune?

SACKVILLE.

If you were to see her, you would admire her as much as I do. Such a face, such a virgin look—

RUPERT.

But her fortune?

SACKVILLE.

She possesses every thing that makes an accomplished woman.

RUPERT.

But her fortune?

SACKVILLE.

She has so much grace, and so much manner, that one easily perceives she is all nature.

RUPERT.

But her fortune?

I

SACK-

SACKVILLE.

And though her face were not the handsomest in the world, yet her figure—

RUPERT.

Why don't you answer me? What is her fortune?

SACKVILLE.

There's not a girl in the world has so much wit and humour.

RUPERT.

All that's very well; but her fortune?

SACKVILLE.

Besides, too, she is of an excellent family, of an admirable family—

RUPERT.

The best families in the world are not always the richest. Her fortune, I say?

SACKVILLE.

I forgot to tell you, also, that she sings like *Mara*.

RUPERT.

I only want to know what money she has.

SACKVILLE.

I heard her sing yesterday, for the first time.

RUPERT.

It is too much to jest with me in this manner;

ner; if you will not vouchsafe me an answer, you may go your way, and I will go mine.

SACKVILLE.

Don't be angry, my dear guardian, I am going to answer you.

RUPERT.

Do then.

SACKVILLE.

What was it you asked me? You asked me, I think, if she was a good economist?—No one better; she will make an incomparable wife.

RUPERT.

Well, well, that's something; but that is not what I asked. I want to know what money she's to have; you understand me?

SACKVILLE (*in a melancholy tone*).
Money she is to have!

RUPERT.

Yes, money. I dare to say you never thought of asking that question. Ah, youth! youth! Well, if you do not know how much money she's to have, go and inquire, and then we'll talk seriously about the business.

SACKVILLE.

I have not been so stupid as you think me; I know all about it.

RUPERT.

RUPERT.

You know, then, what money she'll have?

SACKVILLE.

Pretty nearly.

RUPERT.

How much is it, then?

SACKVILLE.

Not a very large fortune, to be sure.

RUPERT.

Let us see, you are rich on your side——

SACKVILLE.

True, I am rich enough not to be very nice
in that point.

RUPERT.

Well, has she half what you have?

SACKVILLE.

Not quite.

RUPERT.

The third part?

SACKVILLE.

Not so much, neither.

RUPERT.

The quarter?

SACKVILLE.

Not quite.

E c

RUPERT.

RUPERT.

An eighth part? that would be about five thousand pounds—not much to begin house-keeping with!

SACKVILLE.

Have not I told you, that she has not a very large fortune?

RUPERT.

But still she has something; what is it?

SACKVILLE.

A little, my dear guardian.

RUPERT.

Very well, but that little?

SACKVILLE.

O 'tis very little—very little—

RUPERT.

But little as it is, it has a name.

SACKVILLE.

The little is, my dear guardian—the little is—nothing.

RUPERT.

Nothing at all? why would you marry a woman who has nothing at all?

SACKVILLE.

Nothing at all! Why she has all the accomplish-

complishments of her sex ; she wants nothing but money—

RUPERT.

That is to say, she would be an accomplished woman, if she had but that which makes a woman accomplished; but may one ask what is the name of this divine beggar?

SACKVILLE.

Beggar! what a name! Ah! Sir, if merit alone were riches, she would be rich, and we poor—

RUPERT.

Well, what is her name?

SACKVILLE.

Camilla.

RUPERT.

Camilla! the sister of that profligate Charles Fitzwarren?

SACKVILLE.

They say her father was one of the honestest men in the world.

RUPERT.

He is, let him be where he will; it is now nine years since he went from hence to try some chymical experiments among the mines in

E c 2

South

South America ; and it is four or five since we have heard any news of him. He is most likely dead ; and it is a happiness for him, for the vexation of seeing his son turn out so ill, would inevitably have driven him mad.

SACKVILLE.

You knew him, then ?

RUPERT.

He was the oldest and dearest friend I had.

SACKVILLE.

And yet you would be so cruel to his daughter, and deprive me of the satisfaction of placing her in a situation worthy her merit.

RUPERT.

If you were my own son, I would not hesitate a moment ; but you are only my ward. When you are older, you would, perhaps, change your mind, repent of what you had done, and then all the blame would fall upon me.

SACKVILLE.

My mind change ! cease to love Camilla !

RUPERT.

Stay, then, till you become your own master, then you may act as you think proper. If Camilla were in the same circumstances as when her father left her ; if her brother had not spent all ;
if

if old Woodward, to whose care Fitzwarren left his children, had not abused that confidence, to their ruin; I, myself, would use my utmost endeavours to insure you the possession of Camilla; but as things are, I cannot interfere in the affair.

SACKVILLE.

My dear Rupert—

RUPERT.

'Tis all in vain; nothing can make me alter my resolutions. I intend to call on Woodward this morning, to reproach him for his conduct towards Charles Fitzwarren; he has been buying the house his father lived in, of that young profligate, which is all he had left of the old gentleman's possessions—this is too much, and is inexcusable.

SACKVILLE.

I'll leave you, then, in hopes of seeing you return with sentiments more favourable to my wishes.—Adieu; you will not be gone long—

RUPERT.

Not an hour——

[Exit Sackville.]

It is certain, one gets nothing by telling people the truth, and shewing them their errors; but

no matter if it occasion an irreparable breach between us. I never can esteem a man who is capable of such an infamous transaction ; therefore his acquaintance will be of no value :—but who would ever have suspected Woodward ? a man in whom I thought, as well as old Fitzwarren, one might place entire confidence ; but he's a rascal—a very rascal.

Enter Servant.

S E R V A N T.

Sir, Mr. Woodward.

R U P E R T.

Bid him walk in.—The very man I was going to—

(Enter Woodward.)

Good morning to you, Woodward.

W O O D W A R D.

Friend Rupert, how goes all with you ?

R U P E R T.

I was going to your house.

W O O D W A R D.

I am glad I have saved you the trouble,

R U P E R T.

But on second thoughts, I would rather have spoken to you in the open air, there would be less fear of infection.

W O O D-

WOODWARD.

What do you mean? have I caught the plague since I saw you last?

RUPERT.

Something worse. O Woodward! Woodward! are you that virtuous Woodward that all the city thought the honestest man in it?

WOODWARD.

What do you mean?

RUPERT.

You cannot be ignorant of what is said of you; no one mentions your name that does not accompany it with the epithets deceiver, usurer, knave—

WOODWARD.

I'm sorry for it; but what can I do? the world will talk—no man can prevent it, or men's thinking; but if still more were said, it would give me little concern, satisfied in the conviction that they do me injustice.

RUPERT.

You are indifferent about it, then? that's more than I am for you. And do you think that indifference will justify you? People are often cool on these occasions, because they are

E c 4

sensible

sensible they have no right to be otherwise ; but if any one spoke of me in such terms, I should be tempted to run him through the body.

WOODWARD.

And after all, what do they charge me with ?

RUPERT.

Your conscience must be confoundedly hardened, that you cannot answer yourself that question. Was not old Fitzwarren your friend ?

WOODWARD.

He was, and is still, notwithstanding his long absence. Don't you know that at his departure he placed his son and daughter under my care ? Would he have committed so sacred a trust to any one that he did not consider as his friend ?

RUPERT.

Poor Fitzwarren ! how you have been deceived !

WOODWARD.

You are mistaken.

RUPERT.

A fine promising youth you have made of Charles.

WOOD-

WOODWARD.

Now you are going to blame me for the very thing in which you have so often taken my part. You know very well that all Charles's indiscretions were committed without my knowledge; and when I did know of them, it was too late to apply a remedy.

RUPERT.

I don't believe that, now. This last affair has detected your deceit.

WOODWARD.

What affair?

RUPERT.

Who bought old Fitzwarren's house?

WOODWARD.

I did.

RUPERT.

Come then, when you will, my old friend Fitzwarren, you will not have a house to put your head in. Ah! Woodward! Woodward!

WOODWARD.

Did not it cost me five hundred pounds?

RUPERT.

And the reputation of an honest man, into the bargain?

WOOD-

WOODWARD.

Then you think me to blame in buying it?

RUPERT.

Ought you to have bought any thing of Charles Fitzwarren? Is not giving such a man money, becoming his associate in the ruin of his family?

WOODWARD.

He was in the greatest distress; there was no other way of keeping him out of prison; and if I had not bought it, some one else would at a cheaper rate.

RUPERT.

And so another might, if I had been in your place—but say no more; your motive is too plain—the house was worth a thousand, and you have given five hundred. You could not refrain from making such a bargain. I like money as well as you do, Woodward, but I would sooner lose this hand, than acquire a jaggiere by such disgraceful means; in a word, I here renounce you as my friend.

WOODWARD.

You have got the better of me. Rather than forfeit your esteem, I must reveal a secret, which no one, hitherto, has been able to force from me.

RUPERT.

RUPERT.

I thought you knew me too well not to trust me with any secret.

WOODWARD.

But can't we be overheard? is there no one in the next room?

RUPERT.

Not a soul. 'Tis a secret, then, of importance?

WOODWARD.

Listen, then. (*whispers*) The day before Fitzwarren went away, he took me with him into a certain part of his house and said, My dear Woodward, follow me; I have a thing to communicate to you. In yonder—I see some one coming down your stairs, there. Stop till he is gone.

RUPERT (*looking*).

He is gone.

WOODWARD.

In yonder vault, behind some bricks—hark! I hear some one in the next house.

RUPERT.

'Tis only my neighbour's child.

WOOD-

WOODWARD.

Children are curious.

RUPERT.

But can't hear you whisper through the walls.

WOODWARD.

Behind some bricks, said he, there is concealed an iron chest, in which I have—don't I see something moving under that door?

RUPERT.

'Tis my shock dog.

WOODWARD.

A dog has ears—I have, said he, (*looking about very earnestly*) placed a *bulse*—

RUPERT.

Where?

WOODWARD.

'Tis not proper to repeat such things twice—

RUPERT.

A Bulse? Diamonds?

WOODWARD.

Yes, I tell you.—I have, continued he, placed a bulse of diamonds; 'tis the richest that ever came into this country. I am possessed of a secret to know the value of bulses without opening them; 'tis by this means I have

have made my fortune, and on this account I am going to the yet unexplored parts of the world in search of these precious jewels; for my secret will discover them even within the surface of the earth. I leave behind me a sufficient income for my son; he will want no more. If I should never return, my secret is concealed with the bulse, half of which I intend for the portion of my daughter, when she comes of age to marry; the rest my son may also possess: but do not let this be known till my daughter be of age, unless you are sure of my death. Let me conjure you, my dear Woodward, to keep this a secret from all the world.—I promised, and confirmed my promise by an oath. Now tell me, Rupert, what I ought to have done, when I heard that Charles Fitzwarren was determined to sell the house, the very house where the bulse is hid.

RUPERT.

Things begin to wear a different aspect.

WOODWARD.

Charles had advertised the house when I was in the country.

RUPERT.

He took the advantage of your absence.

WOOD-

WOODWARD.

I returned to town, not knowing what steps to take. Ought I to have betrayed my old friend, and discovered the bulse to this profligate son? or ought I to have suffered the house to have been purchased by a stranger, from whom, perhaps, old Fitzwarren would never have recovered it? To remove it was impracticable, without Charles's knowledge; in short, I could hit on no expedient, except buying the house myself, to save both one and the other. You see I make no use of the house, it remains uninhabited. Were Fitzwarren to return to-morrow, I would put him immediately in possession. The world, I was sensible, would be very severe on me in this affair; but it is better to be thought dishonest, than be so in reality. Am I now, do you think, an old deceiver,—an usurer?

RUPERT.

No; 'tis I that am a fool, and you an honest man. I am ashamed of my credulity, and sincerely ask your pardon.

WOODWARD.

Your intentions were good, so I'm not offended; it shews that my reputation was dear
to

to you, and I thank you for it; had you been less sensibly affected, you had not been my friend.

RUPERT.

I am heartily vexed at my conduct.

WOODWARD.

Never mind it.

RUPERT.

That I should once doubt your honour and probity—

WOODWARD.

I love you the better for it; you have acted with the utmost sincerity. It is the part of friendship to discover each other's faults;—pray continue to treat me with the same freedom.

RUPERT.

We are friends, and will ever remain so.

WOODWARD.

Certainly. Have you any thing else?

RUPERT.

I don't know—yes. Perhaps I may be able to give my ward a pleasure he little expects.

(*aside.*)

WOODWARD.

What is it?

RUPERT.

R U P E R T.

Did not you say that half the value of the bulse is intended for Camilla's fortune?

W O O D W A R D.

Yes.

R U P E R T.

And if you were to meet with an agreeable offer for Camilla, would you accept it?

W O O D W A R D.

If it were agreeable to her, perhaps I might. But why do you ask?

R U P E R T.

For example, now; suppose my ward, George Sackville——

W O O D W A R D.

Young Sackville? does he think of Camilla?

R U P E R T.

He's most passionately in love with her, and would marry her directly, though she did not bring him a penny.

W O O D W A R D.

That's love indeed! If you speak seriously, I have no objection.

R U P E R T.

Very seriously.

W O O D-

WOODWARD.

But does Camilla like Sackville?

RUPERT.

I don't know.—He likes her, that I'm sure of; and when forty thousand pounds will marry only a pretty face, the pretty face would be a fool indeed not to like the forty thousand pounds—I make no doubt Fitzwarren's daughter understands arithmetic.

WOODWARD.

If her father were to return to day, he could not wish for a better offer.—I'll do all I can, you may be sure.

RUPERT.

But the money must be forthcoming.

WOODWARD.

Ah! there lies the difficulty—What shall we do? Where shall I say I got the money?—If we take up the burs, Charles will lay hold of the rest of the money, and it will be gone in half a year.—If I give it out of my own pocket, the world will say I should not have been so generous, if my conscience had not reproached me.

RUPERT.

That may be.

F f

WOOD-

WOODWARD.

Would it not be better then not to touch the bulse till Fitzwarren returns?—Sackville will, at any rate, be sure of getting it.

RUPERT.

Sackville won't care about it, I'm sure.—But consider, my good friend, I am his guardian, and have to fear the malevolence of the world, as well as yourself.

WOODWARD.

True.—What then is to be done?—Think a little.

RUPERT.

Do you think.

WOODWARD.

If we—

RUPERT.

What?

WOODWARD.

That won't do.—

RUPERT.

Stop....I was thinking—but that's no better than the other.—(*Woodward and Rupert, after having been silent, speak together.*)

RUPERT and WOODWARD.

Could we not—

WOODWARD.

What's your advice?

RUPERT.

What were you going to say?

WOODWARD.

Speak.

RUPERT.

Tell me.

WOODWARD.

I wish to hear your opinion first.

RUPERT.

And I yours; mine is not yet digested.

WOODWARD.

And as to mine—'tis quite gone out of my head.

RUPERT.

Stop a moment—I have it—

WOODWARD.

Well—

RUPERT.

No, it won't do.

WOODWARD.

Try once more.

RUPERT.

If we could find some clever fellow, with wit

F f 2

and

and humour, and courage enough to tell a lie—

WOODWARD.

What good will that do?

RUPERT.

He might be disguised, and say he was just come from some distant country.

WOODWARD.

What then?

RUPERT.

And that he had seen old Fitzwarren—

WOODWARD.

And—

RUPERT.

Who gave him letters; one for his son and one for you.

WOODWARD.

And....

RUPERT.

Don't you perceive my drift?—In the letter to Charles we may make his father tell him, that he does not expect to return for some time; that in the mean while he intreats him to live regularly, and so on.—But in the letter which he writes to you, he may say that his daughter is now of a proper age to marry—he wishes to have

have her settled—and has sent her such a sum for her portion, if you meet with a proper match.

WOODWARD.

And this clever fellow is to pretend to bring the money?

RUPERT.

Yes.

WOODWARD.

Faith! I like the scheme prodigiously: but does not Charles know his father's hand-writing and seal?

RUPERT.

I have a thousand answers to your objections; but you may rest contented.—I have just thought of a comical fellow, who will act the part admirably.

WOODWARD.

That's well. Go then and consult with him whilst I get the money—But stop; how much is it to be?

RUPERT.

Half the value of the bulse, deducting the interest for three years, when it would be opened, of course, by Camilla's being of age.

F f 3

WOOD-

WOODWARD.

Say no more.

R U P E R T.

In half an hour the man shall be with you.

[*Exeunt severally.*]S C E N E.—*The Street.**Enter Charles Fitzwarren, and Benjamin.*

C H A R L E S.

Is this all that remains of the fifty—five, six, seven, eight, ten—what, only ten guineas?

B E N J A M I N.

'Tis almost incredible; but let me count it—*(takes the money)*—three, four, five, six, seven, eight, and not a farthing more.

C H A R L E S.

Ten; I counted ten.

B E N J A M I N.

I think I understand figures as well as you do.

C H A R L E S *(counting the money)*.

Ha, ha! Mr. Conjuror—fortunately you have not yet put your hands in your pocket—pray give me leave to search a little.

B E N J A M I N.

What would you have?

C H A R L E S

CHARLES.

Your hands, Master Benjamin.

BENJAMIN.

For shame, Sir.

CHARLES.

I insist on it.

BENJAMIN.

For shame, Sir; you make me blush.

CHARLES.

You blush! That would be something new, indeed.—Come, come, without any more to do, shew me your hands.

BENJAMIN.

Upon my honour I'm ashamed—I've not washed them to-day.

CHARLES.

Never mind (*taking out the money from between his fingers*). It is not then surprising that every thing should stick to the dirt. You see, my friend, what a commendable virtue cleanliness is—I might have taken you for a thief, when in reality you have only forgot to wash your hands—but if, out of every ten pounds I have spent, two have stuck to your fingers, you must be possessed of a pretty handsome sum.

F f 4

BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN.

Who would have thought that you were so good a calculator?

CHARLES.

And after all I cannot conceive how the fifty pounds are spent.

BENJAMIN.

I can tell you—first to discharge your note of hand that was protested—

CHARLES.

That's not much.

BENJAMIN.

To your sister for housekeeping—

CHARLES.

That was a trifle.

BENJAMIN.

To your bill at the tavern—

CHARLES.

That was an affair of only twelve pounds.

BENJAMIN.

Then the little debt of honour—

CHARLES.

All that together does not amount to thirty.

BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN.

But there were others, not lost at cards—for example, to Mrs. Nelson, and her two charming nieces, Miss Kitty Bond, and Miss Fanny O'Brien.

CHARLES.

All that was not more than a guinea apiece.

BENJAMIN.

And then the taylor—

CHARLES.

Is he paid?

BENJAMIN.

That's true; he is not paid yet—and I, Sir, I have the honour to tell you, that I have not yet been paid; there are due to me seven whole years wages.....

CHARLES.

But as a recompense for it, you have enjoyed the liberty of cheating me, and I know very well, have made the most of it.

Enter Woodward.

WOODWARD (*coming up behind them*).

So much so, that the master will soon be obliged to put on the livery, and serve his own valet de chambre.

BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN.

What a prophecy! I believe it comes from Heaven. Since it comes from you, Sir, you must have heard all that has been said.—Don't you therefore think it hard that a poor footman, after seven years service—

WOODWARD.

You deserve hanging, you rascal.—I have something to say to you, Charles.

CHARLES.

You want to reproach me for my ill-conduct—I know I deserve it; but it is too late.

WOODWARD.

Mr. Rupert has just been with me to ask your sister in marriage for his ward, George Sackville.

CHARLES.

He does her much honour.

WOODWARD.

It would be a very desirable match; but the question is about her fortune—Rupert had not the least idea that you were so far ruined as not to be able to give her wedding clothes, so the match is off.

CHARLES.

Unfortunate Camilla!—Wretch that I am!

WOODWARD.

WOODWARD.

It will be impossible for her ever to marry to advantage, entirely owing to your extravagancies.

BENJAMIN.

You might add then another hundred to the purchase-money of the house.

WOODWARD.

But I see this news has afflicted you, so I will not interrupt your reflections.

BENJAMIN.

Nor cause any, hey? otherwise t'other hundred would furnish excellent matter for reflection—a little advance would——

WOODWARD.

Take care, or I shall advance you something not quite so agreeable, my good, Sir. [*Exit.*]

BENJAMIN.

What's come over you, Master? I never saw you so thoughtful in my life—even at losing your money.—Now, if I can think what you are studying about.—Ha! you are vexed your sister has not got this young heir? Right—he would have been a nice pigeon.

CHARLES.

Hark ye, Ben (*thoughtfully*).

BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN.

Well—speak—I can't guess.

CHARLES.

Are you willing to repair all the injuries you have done in your whole life, by one generous action?

BENJAMIN.

Upon my word, a very extraordinary question!—what do you take me for? a rascal who am a rich man, or a rich man who am a rascal?

CHARLES.

I take you, Ben, for a man rich enough to lend me all you have stolen from me.

BENJAMIN.

And what would you do with the money, if you had it?

CHARLES.

Give it my sister—and then blow out my own brains.

BENJAMIN.

That would be a pretty way of repaying me.

CHARLES.

You know how dear my sister is to me, and that I would do any thing to repair the injury I have done her by my prodigality.

BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN.

Ah! there you have attacked me on my weak side; I'm devilishly generous; and the amiable sentiments of fraternal affection which you discover on this occasion, my dear master—Upon my soul, you have quite softened me—fascinated me. There is something so noble and affecting in it—Indeed your sister is truly deserving, and I yield to your entreaties.

CHARLES.

Let me embrace you, my dear Ben; God grant that you may have cheated me confoundedly, that you may be able to lend me the more. I did not think that you had so good a heart—how much is it?

BENJAMIN.

I can lend you, Sir—

CHARLES.

Don't call me Sir, but plain Charles;—from this moment I shall consider you as the best friend I have.

BENJAMIN.

God forbid that this little service should make me forget the respect I owe you.

CHARLES.

You are not only generous, but modest too.

BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN.

You overcome me—I will lend you, then, for ten years—

CHARLES.

Ten years! What an excess of goodness! I only ask it for five years—nay I only want it for two years; only lend it me, and we will make the time of payment agreeable to yourself.

BENJAMIN.

Let it then be only for five years.

CHARLES.

I see you intend to overwhelm me with obligations.

BENJAMIN.

For five years, without interest.

CHARLES.

Without interest too! I can't accept it on those terms; I insist on your taking legal interest, at least.

BENJAMIN.

Without any interest.

CHARLES.

Do you think me mean enough to take advantage of your goodness? If you will accept
legal

legal interest, I shall consider it as the same proof of your generosity.

BENJAMIN.

Without interest, I say.

CHARLES.

You don't know what you say. You ought to take twenty per cent. The most Christian-like Jews take that at least.

BENJAMIN.

Without interest, or—

CHARLES.

Be it so then—

BENJAMIN.

Or I will lend you nothing.

CHARLES.

If you are absolutely determined to enhance the obligation so much.....

BENJAMIN.

Without interest.

CHARLES.

I ought to be ashamed.—Well, then, you will lend me, for five years, without interest, the sum of—

BENJAMIN.

I will lend you, for fifteen years, all that you

owe

owe me for wages, for these seven years last past.

CHARLES.

What? the money I owe you?

BENJAMIN.

That's all I am worth, Sir; and you shall have it, with all my heart, for fifteen years, without interest.

CHARLES.

And is this, you rascal—

BENJAMIN.

Is this your gratitude?

CHARLES.

Have I been listening to a knave, a pick-pocket?

BENJAMIN.

'Tis all one to a philosopher—praise or blame, flattery or reproach—You saw how I took the one just now, and I can take the other as—

CHARLES.

How can I ever look my sister in the face?

BENJAMIN.

With as much assurance as ever.—My dear sister, you may say, I'm very sorry for it—it grieves me to death; but it can't be helped.—

I wish

I wish I may die if it ever came into my head that I was spending your money.—That's pretty nearly what you must say, Sir.

CHARLES (*thinking*).

Yes; that's the only way left—I'll go immediately and propose it to Woodward.—Follow me, rascal.

BENJAMIN.

This is the way to the tavern, where we were going.

CHARLES.

The Devil take you, and the tavern too.—But is not this Rupert coming this way?

Enter Rupert.

Good day to you, Mr. Rupert. Your friend Woodward has been telling me, that your ward Sackville has offered marriage to my sister.—Notwithstanding the bad opinion you may have conceived of me from my conduct, I beg you will believe that I am distressed to death that this union should be prevented by my imprudence.—My follies have, it is true, reduced me to great extremity; but poverty, of which I already begin to feel the horrors, afflicts me less than my conscience will, if I do not do every thing in my power for my sister's happiness. Consider then, Sir, whether the proposal I'm

G g going

going to make you, deserves attention.—You know, perhaps, that my grandmother left me, by her will, an estate of some value—I have that still.—It is, to be sure, mortgaged a little, but there is still a handsome rent-roll, and I will give it up, with pleasure, to my sister.—Your ward is rich enough to pay off the mortgages, and make the necessary improvements.—My sister will then have the fortune you expect, without which, you say, the alliance cannot take place.

B E N J A M I N.

Are you mad, Sir?

C H A R L E S.

Hold your tongue.

B E N J A M I N.

Part with the only thing you have left?

C H A R L E S.

I'm not accountable to you.

B E N J A M I N.

You will be obliged to beg.

C H A R L E S.

I shall do as I think proper.

R U P E R T.

I will not deny that it was the want of fortune that made me unwilling to consent to a match,

match, which in other circumstances I should have been glad to promote; but if you are ferocious in this proposal, I can make no objection.

CHARLES.

I'm perfectly in earnest, and will keep my word.

BENJAMIN.

For Heaven's sake, Sir, recall it.

CHARLES.

Silence.

BENJAMIN.

Think but a little.

CHARLES.

If you say another word—

RUPERT.

Before we proceed further in this business, you must put into my hands the title deeds of the estate, and an account of the mortgages; because all that must be examined into before any thing can be concluded.

CHARLES.

You are right; I will go immediately and get the papers for your inspection.....Where shall I have the pleasure to wait on you?

G g 2

RUPERT.

RUPERT.

You will find me at home whenever you please to call.

CHARLES.

Au revoir.

[Exit.

BENJAMIN (*aside*).

Now I am obliged to serve him against his inclinations.—Stop a moment, Mr. Rupert, only a single moment.

RUPERT.

What do you want with me, friend?

BENJAMIN.

You appear a gentleman that would profit by good advice, were one to give it you.

RUPERT.

I hope so.

BENJAMIN.

And you will not have the worse opinion of an honest servant for betraying his master.

RUPERT.

What do you mean? has your master any ill design against me?

BENJAMIN.

I beg you will keep this secret, by the regard you have for your ward, and the respect you owe your own grey hairs.

RUPERT.

RUPERT.

Speak; you may depend on my secrecy.

BENJAMIN.

The offer that my master has made you—

RUPERT.

What of it?

BENJAMIN.

Will ruin both you and him, if you accept it.—In the first place, the debt on the estate is almost as much as it is worth.

RUPERT.

Only almost?—

BENJAMIN.

I know what you are going to say—still there is something—but stop—only listen a bit—this miserable farm is so situated, that it appears as if all the curses denounced against the earth at the fall of Adam, had fallen on this very spot.

RUPERT.

You frighten me.

BENJAMIN.

When the neighbouring fields laugh and sing—there, there is nothing but weeping and gnashing of teeth—every year there is a distemper among the horned cattle.

RUPERT.

Then there is no occasion to keep any.

B E N J A M I N.

That's what I told my master—so he has been felling off all the sheep, cows, pigs, horses, goats, rabbits, hares, fowls, pigeons, and wild ducks, as fast as he could; but the misfortune is, when the distemper does not attack the animals, it seizes the inhabitants.

R U P E R T.

Is it possible?

B E N J A M I N.

Yes, Sir.—No farmer could ever keep it six months, though he had a better constitution than his horse. My master has employed the strongest fellows he could get from Ireland; but as soon as the spring came, they were obliged to give it up.

R U P E R T.

We must get some Highlanders then—hard as their own rocks.

B E N J A M I N.

And then again, the little wood, Sir; the little wood—

R U P E R T.

What of the little wood?

B E N J A M I N.

There is not a tree in it, that has not been split with lightning.

RUPERT.

Split with lightning!

BENJAMIN.

Or that some one has not hanged himself on—so that my master took such a dislike to it, that he is cutting it down every day.—Would you believe that the wood is not worth above half as much as any other?

RUPERT.

That's bad, to be sure.

BENJAMIN.

'Tis well if you get any thing for it—for those that buy it, if they knew the risk they run, would not give a farthing for it.—The other day, at a man's house, this damned wood made the frying-pan jump off the fire, and at neighbour Broadback's it exhaled such a vapour, that the cook was found fainting in the arms of her master.

RUPERT.

All this is terrible.—But don't you tell lies, my good friend?

BENJAMIN.

No, Sir; I never told a lie in my life—I'm incapable of it.—And the ponds, Sir, the ponds—

G g 4

RUPERT.

RUPERT.

There are ponds on this estate too?

BENJAMIN.

Yes; but then there have been as many persons drowned in them, as there are drops of water; so that the fish—you may easily guess what things they are.

RUPERT.

Probably very large, and fat.

BENJAMIN.

Yes; but their food has made them so subtile, that there's no catching them, even if you drain the pond.....besides, 'tis said no possessor of this estate ever died a natural death.

RUPERT.

Except the old grandmother, who left it to your master.

BENJAMIN.

I'm half afraid to say so.....or else that old grandmother—

RUPERT.

Well?

BENJAMIN.

That old grandmother, it is said, was smothered in the night by a black cat, that always slept with her—and who knows this black cat was

was not the Devil? What will become of my poor master I can't say—some say he will be robbed and murdered for his money—but I must do him the justice to declare, he spares no pains to break the charm by seldom carrying any money about him.

RUPERT,

Nevertheless I shall accept the offer.

BENJAMIN,

You won't, surely?

RUPERT,

I certainly will.

BENJAMIN,

An old fox! (*aside.*)

RUPERT,

What a pleasure 'tis to disappoint this rascal! (*aside.*) However, I am much obliged to you for your information;—it will be of use, because my ward shall sell the estate as soon as he gets the possession.

BENJAMIN,

The shortest way would be to have nothing to do with it, for I have other things to tell you.

RUPERT,

I can't hear them now, for I've no time to
lose;

lose ; to-morrow, perhaps, I may listen again to these marvellous stories. [Exit.

B E N J A M I N.

I've not taken him in—he is too cunning, or I'm too great a fool.—But what signifies giving myself any trouble? if my master chooses to throw away the little he has left, it is his own business—after all I can but get another service.—What I do for him, is out of pure friendship—he is a good-natured fellow, and I shall be sorry to see him in distress.—Ha! who's this man in boots?—let's see what news he brings.

Enter Fitzwarren and a Porter.

F I T Z W A R R E N.

God be thanked I have reached the end of my journey ; and here's my old house again.

B E N J A M I N.

His house !

F I T Z W A R R E N (*to the Porter*).

Set the portmanteau down, friend.—You are paid?

P O R T E R.

Yes, Sir ; yes, Sir.....How pleased you seem that you are returned home!

F I T Z W A R R E N,

FITZWARREN.

Certainly.

PORTER.

Joy makes some people generous.

FITZWARREN.

I understand you.....there's something for you to drink.

PORTER.

I thought by your looks that you were an honest gentleman, and I am glad I am not mistaken.—God bless you, Sir. [*Exit Porter.*]

FITZWARREN.

I see no one in my house; I'll knock at the door.

BENJAMIN.

This man is surely mistaken.

FITZWARREN.

One would think they were all dead (*knocking*).

BENJAMIN (*going up to him*).

Sir, you'll excuse me; you'll pardon me, (*drawing back*)—Surely that's a face I know.

FITZWARREN.

What do you want, friend?

BENJAMIN.

I want—I want—(*looking round him*).

FITZWARREN.

FITZWARREN.

Well; why do you survey me so?

BENJAMIN.

I want—

FITZWARREN:

To consider, perhaps, which way you can best pick my pocket.

BENJAMIN.

I am deceived—If it were he, he would know me.—I want—but mine is not an impertinent curiosity; I want to know, I say, Sir, I want to know what you want in that house?

FITZWARREN.

Rascal!.....but what do I see? Ben—

BENJAMIN.

Mr. Fitz—

FITZWARREN:

Benja—

BENJAMIN.

Mr. Fitzwar—

FITZWARREN.

Benjamin?

BENJAMIN.

Mr. Fitzwarren?

FITZWARREN:

FITZWARREN.

I don't wonder at your surprise.

BENJAMIN.

Is it possible? Ah! no, Mr. Fitzwarren has been absent these nine years—and it would be very extraordinary were he to return to day, just to day.

FITZWARREN.

You would have been as much surprised had I returned any other day, would not you?—I had better then never returned at all.

BENJAMIN.

That's true—But welcome, ten thousand times welcome, my dear old master; nevertheless, we certainly thought you never would return.

FITZWARREN.

But certainly I am returned.....Tell me immediately, how does all at home, Charles and Camilla, are they well?

BENJAMIN.

I can now no longer doubt that it is you. They are all well, Sir, very well.....(*Aside*) Let him learn the rest from some one else.

FITZWARREN.

They are at home, I suppose; I'm impatient
to

to embrace them.....take up this portmanteau and follow me.

BENJAMIN.

Where to, Sir?

FITZWARREN.

To my house.

BENJAMIN.

To this, Sir?

FITZWARREN.

Yes.

BENJAMIN.

Stop a little.—What shall I say to him?

(*Afide.*)

FITZWARREN.

Why not?

BENJAMIN.

This house is shut up, Sir.

FITZWARREN.

Shut up?

BENJAMIN.

Yes, Sir; shut up, because no one lives there.

FITZWARREN.

Where do my children live, then?

BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN.

Mr. Charles, and Miss Camilla? They live, they live—in a house....

FITZWARREN.

Very well; but what makes you speak so oddly?

BENJAMIN.

You don't know what has happened lately?

FITZWARREN.

How should I?

BENJAMIN.

That's true....you have not been here....many things happen in nine years....to be absent nine years, nine whole years, and return exactly on this day! it is so like a comedy....and yet 'tis very true....To return precisely to day, this very day; 'tis very singular; very singular.

FITZWARREN.

The Devil take this chattering fellow (*aside*).
I can contain myself no longer....tell me....

BENJAMIN.

I am going to tell you where your children are....Your daughter is with your son, and your son....

FITZWARREN.

What of my son?

BENJAMIN.

BENJAMIN.

He's removed, and lives.....Don't you see that house there, at the corner of the street? Your son lives there.

FITZWARREN.

Why has he changed his house?

BENJAMIN.

He found it too large.....too little.....too great.....too small.....

FITZWARREN.

Too great! too little! What do you mean?

BENJAMIN.

He will tell you better himself.....You don't know besides that he is become a great merchant?

FITZWARREN.

My son a great merchant!

BENJAMIN.

Very great, Sir; it is now a whole year since he has entirely lived on what he sold.

FITZWARREN.

What do you say? then he must have very extensive warehouses for his goods?

BENJAMIN.

So he has, Sir.

FITZWARREN.

FITZWARREN.

Excellent! I too have brought some goods with me from South America.

BENJAMIN.

My master will soon sell them for you.

FITZWARREN.

Take then this portmanteau, and shew me to him. You will carry it very easily, for there's nothing in it but papers, and a little linen.

BENJAMIN.

I hurt my arm a little while ago.

FITZWARREN.

Poor creature! Go fetch somebody to take it then.

BENJAMIN.

I'm well off.—Ah! master, master! what will you say to this news? (*He goes and returns.*)

FITZWARREN.

What, aren't you gone yet?

BENJAMIN.

Faith! I came back to look at you again, to be certain that it is you.

FITZWARREN.

The deuce take your doubts.

H h

BEN-

BENJAMIN (*going*).

Yes, yes, it is certainly he;.....after nine years absence to return just on this day!

FITZWARREN (*alone*).

'Tis very provoking to be left in this manner, kicking my heels about in the streets; but luckily the place is very private, and no one knows me.....What a deal of pains and trouble I have been at to amass a large fortune! But I shall now enjoy myself after all my fatigue.....Let me see—what will the amount of my jewels be? (*In finishing these words he lowers his voice, and sits down on the portmanteau, counting his fingers.*)

Enter Pinch, in the habit of a stranger.

P I N C H.

To make any tolerable way in life, one must act more parts than one.....Under this disguise, who would know Pinch? I scarcely know myself.....and I've undertaken a commission which I do not very well understand; but I shall be well paid, and that's enough for me.....It was in this street that Mr. Rupert said I should find my man.....he does not live far from his old house, and here that is.

FITZWARREN.

Who have we here?

P I N C H.

PINCH.

How every body stares at me!

FITZWARREN.

With such a large hat spread over his shoulders, he looks for all the world like a mushroom.

PINCH.

Are you, who look at me so attentively, are you as great a stranger here as I am? He does not mind me. You, Sir, who sit there upon a portmanteau, can you tell me any thing of a young man that I'm looking for, called Fitzwarren, and a grey-beard, like yourself, called Woodward?

FITZWARREN.

Fitzwarren and Woodward?—My son and my old friend! (*aside.*)

PINCH.

If you will deign to tell me where they live, you will oblige a man who will publish your complaisance all over the world.—A celebrated traveller, who has seven times made the tour of the globe, once in a boat, twice in a stage-coach, and four times on foot.

FITZWARREN.

But who are you? what is your name?

H h 2

where

where are you going? and what do you want with the persons you have just mentioned?

PINCH.

So many things at once! Which do you wish I should answer first?—If you'll ask your questions one after another, I will endeavour to satisfy you—for I'm civil even to a fault.

FITZWARREN.

Let us then begin by the shortest—what's your name?

PINCH.

You are mistaken, if you think that the shortest.

FITZWARREN.

Then I will ask another. What do you want with young Fitzwarren and Woodward? though you have *business*, no doubt, with the former; they tell me he is a great merchant.

PINCH.

Business! No, Sir; I have only some letters to deliver to him.

FITZWARREN.

Perhaps they are bills of invoice, or some other matters of that nature?

PINCH.

PINCH.

No, Sir, they are truly letters, which his father has sent—

FITZWARREN.

Who?

PINCH.

His father.

FITZWARREN.

The father of young Fitzwarren?

PINCH.

Yes; the father of young Fitzwarren, who is abroad; my particular friend.

FITZWARREN (*aside*).

Here's a rascal for you—but I'll catch him.—
I gave you letters for my son, say you?

PINCH.

Sir!

FITZWARREN.

Nothing—nothing.—You are well acquainted then with Fitzwarren's father?

PINCH.

If I had not been well acquainted with him, he would scarce have trusted me with letters of importance to his son, and friend; but he's my most intimate friend—

H h 3

FITZ-

FITZWARREN.

Your intimate friend?—Where was this intimate friend then, when he gave you these letters?

PINCH.

He was—he was—in good health.

FITZWARREN.

I'm glad to hear it—But where was he?

PINCH.

He was near Paphlagonia.

FITZWARREN.

Hey day! You know then this Paphlagonia? Is it the name of a person, or of a country?

PINCH.

A person, certainly.—Have not I drank many a bottle of wine with him? you know, Sir.

FITZWARREN.

True.—But pray tell me, what kind of a looking man is the father of Fitzwarren?

PINCH.

What kind of a looking man?—You are very curious; but I don't like you the worse for that.—He's about a head taller than you are.

FITZWARREN (*aside*).

Very well; it seems I am taller when I am
5 absent,

absent, than when I am present.—What's his Christian name?

PINCH.

His Christian name?.....'Tis not the same as his son's.

FITZWARREN.

Well?

PINCH.

Faith, I have forgot his name.

FITZWARREN.

The name of your intimate friend?

PINCH.

Stop a moment; I had it just now at the tip of my tongue.....tell me a name that's a little like it—it begins with an A——

FITZWARREN.

Adolphus, perhaps?

PINCH.

No.

FITZWARREN.

Anthony?

PINCH.

It is not Anthony.—And.....Andre.....And—
The Devil take the name.....AnAnd—

H h 4

FITZWARREN.

FITZWARREN.

It is not Andrew?

PINCH.

Exactly so; his name is Andrew. 'Tis enough to break out one's teeth to pronounce it—but, however—Andrew, did not we say? Yes, Andrew, that's right.—I tell you then, the last time I saw him, he was near Paphlagonia, and intended to make a tour to the Kings of Galliopoli.

FITZWARREN.

The Kings of Galliopoli! who are they?

PINCH.

Don't you know the two brothers who reign in Galliopoli? the two celebrated Dardenelles who made the tour of Europe about twenty years ago?

FITZWARREN (*aside*).

This is too much!

PINCH.

The Court of the Dardenelles is the most brilliant of all America. I am sure my friend Andrew will be very well received there; as he proposes to stay there some time, he gave me letters to his family to inform them—!

FITZWARREN.

FITZWARREN.

This is all very well ; but I must ask you one more question.

PINCH.

As many as you please.

FITZWARREN.

If any one was, half an hour hence, to shew you your friend Andrew Fitzwarren, would you know him, do you think ?

PINCH.

If I saw him, I certainly should ; but you seem to doubt that I know old Fitzwarren.—Hark you, I will give you one proof that will remove all your suspicions. He has not only given me two letters, but six thousand pounds, to give to Woodward. Would he, do you think, have put so much confidence in me, if I were not his most intimate friend ?

FITZWARREN,

Six thousand pounds !

PINCH.

In guineas too, and all weight.

FITZWARREN (*aside*).

I don't know what to make of this fellow ; one who brings money is a singular kind of a cheat.

PINCH.

P I N C H.

But we have talked too long on this affair; I see you either will not, or cannot give me any information of the people I want.

F I T Z W A R R E N.

One word more, if you please. Are you certain that Andrew Fitzwarren, the father of Charles Fitzwarren, gave that money to you?

P I N C H.

Yes. Why are you so inquisitive?

F I T Z W A R R E N.

Give it me, then.

P I N C H.

Give you what?

F I T Z W A R R E N.

The six thousand pounds I gave you.

P I N C H.

You gave me six thousand pounds?

F I T Z W A R R E N.

Have not you said so?

P I N C H.

What did I say? You are—Who are you, then?

F I T Z W A R R E N.

I am he, of whom you said you received six thousand pounds. I am Andrew Fitzwarren.

P I N C H.

PINCH.

You old Fitzwarren?

FITZWARREN.

Don't you know me? The kings of Gallipoli, the two famous Dardenelles, were so good as to let me come away sooner than I expected, so I am here to answer for myself. I could not encroach on my friends' complaisance any longer.

PINCH.

This fellow, by Jove, is a greater cheat than myself.

FITZWARREN.

There's no occasion to think about the matter; give me my money.

PINCH.

Who could have thought a man of your appearance would be capable of such a trick? You no sooner heard me say I had money, than you changed yourself into old Fitzwarren; but however quick you may have been in Fitzwarrening yourself, I must beg of you, my good friend, to make as much haste in diswarrening.

FITZWARREN.

Who am I then, if I am not myself?

PINCH.

How should I know?

FITZ-

FITZWARREN.

Come, give me—

PINCH.

Give you what?

FITZWARREN.

My money.

PINCH.

You need not give yourself so much trouble; for I told you a lie, when I said I had the sum in guineas. It is all in paper.

FITZWARREN.

You will force me to be angry if you do not give me the money. I'll have you arrested for an impostor.

PINCH.

You think, then, I am an impostor; and you are certainly old Mr. Fitzwarren?—I have the honour to wish you a good day, Sir.

FITZWARREN.

You shall not escape so easily, friend.

PINCH.

I beg your pardon, Sir. (*pushes him down over the portmanteau.*) This old fellow will raise a mob—I'll send some one to you who knows you better. [Exit.

FITZ-

FITZWARREN (*getting up*).

Where is the rascal? where is he gone? Am I awake, or is this a dream? Ah, poor Fitzwarren! thou art betrayed; there's something at the bottom of all this; there is, certainly, something; and Benjamin is not yet returned:—what can I do? I will call to the first person that goes past—Hollo, friend.

Enter a Porter, running.

P O R T E R.

Here, Sir.

FITZWARREN.

Take this portmanteau directly to the house of Mr. Fitzwarren, the merchant.

P O R T E R.

The merchant?

FITZWARREN.

Yes; they tell me he lives at that new house yonder, in the corner of that street. (*pointing.*)

P O R T E R.

I know no merchant of the name of Fitzwarren; it is Mr. Jones who lives in yon new house.

FITZWARREN.

No, no; 'tis Fitzwarren, who used to live in this house here.

P O R T E R.

P O R T E R.

Oh, now I know whom you mean; it is *Buck* Fitzwarren; I know him very well.

F I T Z W A R R E N.

What do you mean by *Buck* Fitzwarren?

P O R T E R.

All the world knows him—the son of Andrew Fitzwarren. His father was an old covetous wretch, who hoarded up his wealth, and has been abroad for many years, and no one knows whether he is alive or dead; but if he was to bring home the Indies, his son would soon spend it. I believe he has now scarce bread to eat. They say he has sold this house, too.

F I T Z W A R R E N.

Sold this house? Nothing can be clearer! That rascal Benjamin! Unnatural son!

P O R T E R.

What, you are not old Fitzwarren himself? I beg your pardon, Sir; I really did not know you. Folks have not their names writ on their foreheads.

F I T Z W A R R E N.

To whom has he sold this house? to whom has he sold it?

P O R T E R.

PORTER.

Old Woodward bought it.

FITZWARREN.

Woodward? Deceitful friend! Is this keeping the oath you swore to me? I am betrayed—I am murdered—he will deny every thing.

PORTER.

All the town cries out shame upon him; it was like setting the wolf to watch your sheep—but here he comes.

Enter Woodward.

WOODWARD.

Let us see who this impostor is, that calls himself Fitzwarren—but what do I see? it is he himself. My friend, let me embrace you. Are you returned at last? But why do you look so black upon me? Do not you know your old friend Woodward?

FITZWARREN.

I know too much—I know all. Could I have expected such usage from you?

WOODWARD.

Say no more, my dear Fitzwarren; I perceive some one has been prejudicing you against me. This is not a place to come to an explanation;

nation; let us go into your house, where we can talk more freely.

FITZWARREN.

Into my house?

WOODWARD.

Yes, 'tis still yours, and will never belong to any other, without your approbation; fortunately I have got the key. This portmanteau, is it yours? let us take it in.

FITZWARREN.

And my jewels?

WOODWARD.

You will find them where you left them.

[Enter into the house.]

Enter Charles Fitzwarren and Benjamin, peeping.

BENJAMIN.

You see it is he himself.

CHARLES.

It is indeed.

BENJAMIN.

Thank God, the first interview is over.

CHARLES.

I never was so ashamed of my conduct, as at this moment. What shall I do? Shall I run away, or throw myself at his feet?

BEN-

BENJAMIN.

The first will be of little use, and the last is not much better.

CHARLES.

What would you advise me to do? Will any one intercede for me?

BENJAMIN.

Intercede for you? a person who will speak a good word to your father? Mr. Trap, your taylor, perhaps.

CHARLES.

You are mad.

BENJAMIN.

Or Mrs. Nelson, the civil lady?

CHARLES.

Rascal!

BENJAMIN.

Or one of her nieces?

CHARLES.

I'll knock you down.

BENJAMIN.

There wants but that to complete you with your father.

CHARLES.

I dare not ask Woodward; I have too often

I i

disregarded

disregarded his advice, to hope he will speak in my favour now.

BENJAMIN.

Why don't you ask me?

CHARLES.

Find some one to intercede for you, rather.

BENJAMIN.

I know one.

CHARLES.

Who?

BENJAMIN.

You yourself.

CHARLES.

Me?

BENJAMIN.

Yes you, and that out of gratitude for my having found for you the best intercessor in the world.

CHARLES.

If you can make that out, my dear Ben——

BENJAMIN.

But let us go from hence; the two old men may be coming out.

CHARLES.

Tell me, who is this intercessor you have thought of?

BENJAMIN.

Be easy; your father himself will serve as your intercessor with himself.

CHARLES.

What do you say?

BENJAMIN.

I say I have an idea in my head which I cannot communicate to you here; therefore let us begone. [Exeunt.

.....
Scene changes, and discovers old Fitzwarren and Woodward in the house.

FITZWARREN.

I repeat it again and again, my dear Woodward; there never was a friend so faithful and prudent as you have been. I thank you a thousand and a thousand times. I wish it was in my power to make any acknowledgment suitable to the services you have done me.

WOODWARD.

If you are satisfied, I am amply rewarded.

FITZWARREN.

It is an uncommon mark of greatness of soul to expose oneself to the censure of the world, to serve a friend.

WOODWARD.

Censure gives but a slight wound, when conscience does not feel it. I hope you no longer blame us for the stratagem we used with respect to Camilla's fortune.

FITZWARREN.

So far from it, I think it is so good a joke, 'tis a pity it did not take place.

(Enter Rupert.)

WOODWARD.

Ha! Mr. Rupert, you are come quite apropos.

RUPERT.

Is it true, then, that Fitzwarren is returned? I'm glad of it, with all my heart.

FITZWARREN.

I rejoice to see my old friend again in good health, though much afflicted that the first thing I have to say to him is to give him a refusal. Woodward has just informed me of the intentions of your ward, with respect to my daughter, which I should gladly have accepted on your account, though he is entirely unknown to me; but unfortunately my daughter is promised to the son of my most intimate friend, who died in Turkey.—Just before he expired,

expired, he made me promise to give my daughter to his son; the engagement was made in writing, and my first care shall be to find out *young Sackville*, to inform him of it.

RUPERT.

Young Sackville? he is my ward.

FITZWARREN.

The son of William Sackville?

WOODWARD.

The same.

RUPERT.

Himself.

FITZWARREN.

What a fortunate circumstance! I confirm with all my heart the promise Woodward made in my name. Let us go and congratulate the young man and my dear Camilla. If it was not for my unfortunate son, I should now be the happiest man in the world.

Enter Benjamin in a hurry.

BENJAMIN.

O what a misfortune! what a dreadful misfortune! Who can tell me where to find Mr. Fitzwarren?

FITZWARREN.

Is not that Benjamin? What does the rascal make a noise about?

BENJAMIN.

Unfortunate father! what will he say to the melancholy news?

FITZWARREN.

What news? Speak—

BENJAMIN.

The unfortunate Charles—

FITZWARREN.

What has happened to him?

BENJAMIN.

What a tragical event!

FITZWARREN.

Don't keep me in suspense, but tell me quickly.

BENJAMIN.

Ah, Mr. Fitzwarren! your son—

FITZWARREN.

What of my son?

BENJAMIN.

When I went to tell him of your return, I found him extended in an elbow chair; his head leaning on his hand—

FITZ-

FITZWARREN

Expiring, perhaps.

BENJAMIN.

No; he was finishing a bottle of excellent Burgundy.—Rejoice, Mr. Charles, rejoice, cried I; your father, so beloved, and so long wished for, is arrived—"My father!"—In saying these words, the bottle dropt from his hands: it broke into a thousand pieces, and spilt the precious liquor on the floor. "My father really returned! What will become of me?" What you deserve, said I to him; so he immediately jumped up, ran to the head of the pond—

FITZWARREN.

And threw himself in?

BENJAMIN.

I thought he would have done it, for some minutes.—"My sword," he cried, with a furious look, "My sword." I refused to give it him, because there are many instances—"What do you want with your sword, Sir?" "Don't speak, or"—The manner in which he spoke these words was so frightful, I gave him his sword; he took it, and immediately—

FITZWARREN.

Plunged it through his body?

B E N J A M I N.

And—

F I T Z W A R R E N.

Unfortunate father that I am!

(Enter Charles Fitzwarren, unseen.)

B E N J A M I N.

Put it into the scabbard again.—“Come here, my dear Ben,” said he; “my father will never forgive me, and I cannot support the thought. I would die this moment, if there were no hopes of regaining his affection.” So he jumped down two pair of stairs, ran out into the street, and threw himself—

[While Benjamin says this, and old Fitzwarren is looking at him attentively, Charles, on the other side, kneels to his father]

at the feet of his father.

C H A R L E S.

Pardon, Sir, this stratagem to try whether you had still any spark of affection for your undutiful son. What you feared, will really happen, if I rise from this place without having obtained your pardon. I know I am unworthy of your affection; but I cannot live without it. My youth, my inexperience, and my sincere repentance, will plead, I hope—

W O O D-

WOODWARD.

Pray forgive him, Sir.

RUPERT.

Let me intreat you ; he has seen his error—

FITZWARREN.

If I could think so!—Come, come, rise ; I'll give you one more trial. But if you relapse again, remember I have not forgiven you. The smallest error will draw on you the punishment of all your faults.

BENJAMIN.

That's but just.

FITZWARREN.

As the first proof of your reformation, turn off that rascal, Benjamin.

BENJAMIN.

That will be unjust—but 'tis all one ; only pay me my wages, for which I have trusted you these seven years, and which I offered to lend you for fifteen more.

F I N I S.

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